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P O E M S,

BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

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Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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THE WRECK,

A TALE.

'T WAS a calm summer evening—on the sea
Spread out a perfect mirror, there was seen,
In the blue hazy distance, one white sail,
That caught the eye of hope and love. She came,
When her light task was ended, to the brow
Of a commanding precipice, that hung
Its dark wall o'er the waters. By the staff,
On which a flag was hoisted, she sat down
In the red sun-light, which, to all below,
Gave a deep tincture to the towering cliff,
And the loose folds, that tremulously waved
In the scarce-breathing sea-wind, and the snow
Of her own tender paleness. She had caught
The sail from the lone cottage of her sire;
For she was motherless, and had not known
The name of sister; but her heart was bound
In the affection of a father's heart,

And in the love of one who was not there,
But far upon the ocean. She had been
Nursed tenderly and fondly; for the hand
That reared her in that solitude was full,
And might have lived in cities, and have been
Courtied by the vain crowd, but that he chose
The silence of a distant, wild retreat,
Which left him to the company of books,
And the dear culture of the infant mind,
To which his heart was knit by all the links
That bind us to the cherished and the young,
The gentle and the lovely. He had fled
From a harsh world; and on the ocean's brink,
And in the bosom of romantic hills,
And by the channel of a broken stream,
Had sought communion with the beautiful
And the sublime of Nature; but he still
Nourished the kindest feelings; and in one
Who had from him her life, and was the life
Of his decaying years, he treasured up
All he had ever known of early love
And youth's devoted passion. She had grown,
In her unstained seclusion, bright and pure
As a first opened rose-bud, when it spreads
Its pink leaves to the sweetest dawn of May,
After a night-shower, which had wet the woods
And gardens with the big round drops that hang
Dancing in the fresh breeze, and tremblingly

Specking the flowers with light. She too had been
Not only shielded from all tint and stain
Of the world's evil, that the first clear stream
Of feeling in her heart still flowed as clear
As when it first ran onward, like a spring
That ever comes from the deep-caverned rock
Flowing in virgin crystal—but her mind
Was lifted by the guidance of a mind
Wrought to habitual greatness, and endued
With the true sense of glory. She was taught
That happiness was in the tender heart
And the waked soul; that the full treasure spread
In beauty o'er the ocean and the earth,
With change of season, and its ever new
And grand or lovely aspect, was enough
To move the heart to rapture, and supply
The food of thought, the never-failing spring
Of sweet sensations and unwasting joys.
But nature still was in her, and she soon
Felt, that the fond affection of her sire,
And her loved tasks—the study of high thoughts,
Poured out in sainted volumes, which had been
Stamped in the mint of Genius, and had come
Unhurt through darkest ages, bright as gems
That sparkle, though in dust—the skilful touch
Of instruments of music, and the voice
Sweet in its untaught melody, as birds
Clear-warbling in the bushes, but attuned

To the just flow of harmony—the hand
That woke the forms of penciled life, and gave
Its colour to the violet, and its fire
To the dark eye, its blushes to the cheek,
And to the lip its sweetness; or that drew
O'er the pure lawn the silken thread, and wove
The full-leafed vine, and the luxuriant rose,
All petals and vermillion—or the walk
On the rude shore, to hear the rushing waves,
Or view the wide sea sleeping—on the hill
To catch the living landscape, and combine
The miracles of nature in one full
And deep enchantment—or to trace the brook
Up to its highest fountain in the shade
Of a thick tuft of alders, and go down
By all its leaps and windings, gathering there
The forest roses, and the nameless flowers,
That open in the wilderness, and live
Awhile in sweetest loveliness, and die
Without an eye to watch them, or a heart
To gladden in their beauty—or in that,
The fondest to the pure and delicate,
The gentle deed of charity, the gift
That cheers the widow, or dries up the flow
Of a lone orphan's bitterness, the voice,
The melting voice of sympathy, which heals,
With a far softer touch, the wounded heart,
Than the cold alms dropped by a scornful hand,

That flings the dole it grudges—such but tears
Anew the closed wound open; while the friend,
Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely couch,
And does kind deeds, which any one can do,
Who has a feeling spirit, such a friend
Heals with a searching balsam:—though her days
Passed on in such sweet labours, still she felt
Alone, and there was in her virgin heart
A void that all her pleasures could not fill.
She was not made to waste her years alone,
But the great voice of Nature spake to her,
That loving, and beloved by one like her,
Youthful and beautiful, her heart would find
In the fond interchange of looks and thoughts,
And in the deep anxiety of love,
The measure of her joyous spirit full.

And such an one she found. One Sabbath eve
She sat within an ivied church hard by,
Beside her honoured father, when the choir
Sang their last chant, and the deep organ-peal
Was dying through the twilight vault away;
When the set sun had thrown upon the broad
And chequered window, one full saffron blaze,
So that the pillars glittered, and the gold
And crimson of the pulpit tapestry
Shone like the clouds that curtained o'er the west,
And seemed to glow, as they were folds of fire
Hung round the dark blue mountains; when the light

Fell through the aisles, and glanced along the seats
So clear, the eye was dazzled, and all forms
Were half intensely bright, and half deep shade—
Then, as the magic sunset, and the place
Hallowed to her pure spirit, and the sounds
Of closing melody, and the calm words,
That asked a blessing on the silent crowd,
Who listened to the prayer with breathless awe—
As these came o'er her feelings with a charm
Of most delicious sweetness, when her soul
Caught part of the new energy abroad
In that deep-hallowed mansion, and was far
Ascending to the glory which pervades
The one Eternal Temple—then her eye,
Living with her rapt spirit, chanced to fall
On the bright features of a noble youth,
Whose eye fell full on hers. As if a sense
Of kindred being had at once possessed
Their spirits, and a sacred fire informed
Their souls with one new life, they looked and loved.
It was the birth of passion—there went forth
From each an influence, that as a chain
Linked their young hearts together. They would turn
Aside their eyes, but in an instant back
They glanced and met; and as they met, they fell
In deep confusion downward. Then their hearts
Beat throbbingly; a blush rose on their cheeks,
Flushing and fading like the changeful play

Of colours on a dolphin. Thus they looked
Few minutes, and then parted; but as back
They sauntered to their several homes, they turned
Momently to behold the lovely thing,
Which, once beloved, grew dearer every time
Their fond eyes met; and when they heard a sound
From lips that long had trembled—when the touch
Thrilled them, and tender words were given in fear,
So that the low voice quivered, and the words
Died half unfinished—it was then beheld
As something more than mortal.

Love went on,

Day after day expanding, like the flower
That closes with the darkness, and awakes
When the new morn awakens. So their love
Caught new life from their often interviews,
And opened, and grew riper; their young hearts
Beat in a truer harmony the more
Their looks were blended, and their words exchanged.
So they passed on in love, a flowery path
Over a fragrant meadow, where all hues
Of loveliness were painted, and all airs
Of fragrance flowing. In the pure blue heaven,
Calm as a summer day, serenity
Smiled ever, and their hearts partook the calm,
That reigned so bright around them. 'T was a time
Of Eden, such as soon will pass away,
And leave the storm behind it. Not for earth,

Not for the changeful beings, who in sport
Or sorrow dwell amid its thorns and flowers,
Is this serenity a certain thing,
Above the reach of passion, or the clouds
That chill and darken. They had lived awhile
Most happy, in their pure and innocent love:
They were too young for evil; and they knew
But ill the feeling which pervaded them,
And drew them to each other's side, and made
Their hours of meeting ecstasy. Their play,
Their walks, their books, their talk of other days
And other nations, all that they had gleaned
From nature and from man—these had a zest,
Which they could ill account for; but they knew,
And keenly felt, its happiness. They looked
Affection, but they told it not: their love
Was silent; it grew on through many years,
And ripened as the tender down of youth
Showed the approach of manhood. Then it spake,
And would not be denied. The quiet stream,
Which through its banks of velvet turf and flowers,
Flowed in an unseen channel, with a voice
Low whispering o'er its smooth and sandy bed—
This stream now gathered strength, and checked and
bound,
Rushed to its freedom—it could not prevail.
The laws of honor, and the stern behest
Of a false order, chained them, and compelled

Their kindred spirits to a separate path,
And told them they must part, and meet no more.

Her life was humble, and her simple home
Showed little of the greatness which lay hid
Beneath so plain a shelter. Ivied walls,
And woodbines trained to overarch the doors
And windows; some few beds of summer flowers,
And a wild shrubbery, where neatness reigned,
And only checked the too luxuriant growth
Of Nature, but subdued it not; within
A plain well-ordered household, without show
Of wealth or fashion—this concealed from all,
Who were not in the secret, what had marred
The peace of its possessor, and had drawn
The parasite and flatterer to disturb
The rest he sought so earnestly and long.
He found it and was happy. He had marked
The growing fondness of these youthful ones,
And sometimes feared, but did not yet refuse
His sanction to their interviews. No sign
Of aught but common friendship yet had met
His watchful eye; but when he saw the flame
Come forth in energy, and at the time
When love is danger, and if checked not, death—
Then he was filled with fears, and well he knew,
Unless their fondness could be linked by law,
In the pure bond of wedded love, that ruin
Would soon o’ertake them, and his treasured child

Be cast on the cold world, its sport and scorn.
Therefore he sought the parents of the youth,
The high and lordly. In their castle hall
They met him, under frowning battlements,
Behind the high-arched gateway, in the midst
Of trophies and of pictures, which revealed
The greatness of their ancestry. Their pride
Was stung by the base offer, and they spurned
The good man from their presence, and pronounced
Their deepest malediction on their son,
If he should ever think of stooping down
From the high perch of his nobility,
To woo and wed with plebians, and those poor.

It soon was ended—with the generous heart
Of a young noble, who has joined the pride
Of lofty birth with all the unchecked force
Of nature, he refused to bend his soul
To the stern mandates of society.
He loved—loved keenly; and he could not bow
To what seemed tyranny, and so he sought
His wonted happiness, at least the bliss
Of mutual tears, and vows of tenderness,
Never to leave their loves, but always cling
To the fixed hope, that there should be a time,
When they could meet unfettered, and be blessed
With the full happiness of certain love.
He sought his usual meeting, but he found
The welcome door closed on him, and was told,

He must away, for though his noble life,
Bright with its many virtues, and high deeds,
Had nought to alienate her father's heart,
Yet their unequal fortunes must forever
Part them, and therefore he must not delay.
He turned with heavy heart, and slowly went,
With often pauses, to the sounding shore,
And, seated on a broken rock, looked long
Over the far blue waters. "I will go,"
He said, after long silence, "I will go
To other lands, and find in other worlds,
Wherewith to quell this passion, if a love
So long and deeply cherished, can be quelled
By time and change. There is no pleasure here;
The cold dead-hearted nuptials, which the great
Seek, in their anxious longing to retain
The show of their once sure ascendancy,
Made sure by personal greatness, and the sway
Of a high spirit, and a lofty mind
O'er meaner souls——these are my deepest scorn,
My horror, and my loathing. I am one
Who find within me a nobility
That spurns the idle prating of the great,
And their mean boast of what their fathers were,
While they themselves are fools, effeminate,
The scorn of all who know the worth of mind
And virtue. I have cherished in my heart
A love for one, whose beauty would have charmed

In Athens, and have won the sensual love
Of Eastern monarchs ; but to the pure heart,
And the great soul within her, 't is to me
As nothing, and I know what 't is to love
A spiritual beauty, and behind the foil
Of an unblemished loveliness still find
Charms of a higher order, and a power
Deeper and more resistless. Had I found
Such thoughts and feelings, such a clear deep stream
Of mind, in one whom vulgar men had thrown
As a dull pebble from them, I had loved,
Not with a love less fond, nor with a flame
Of less intense devotion. I must go ;
I must forget. There is a sense of death
Comes o'er me, when I tear myself away
From one so bright and lovely. Had the Sun
Set in an endless darkness, life had been
Not darker than the journey I must take
Alone, along a hard and thorny way,
Where only interest rules, and faith and love
Are banished, and the cold and heartless crowd
Live, each the other's plunderer, as if life
Were only meant for rapine, and poor man
Were made to prey upon his kindred wretch.
But I must go—only one short adieu,
Only a few fond words, a few dear looks,
One kiss at parting, and our hopes are ended.
We long have dreamed of happiness, long known

Joys which were more than mortal, long have felt
The bliss of mingled hearts and blended souls,
And long have thought the vision was eternal :
It vanishes, and I am now a wretch,
And what will be her sorrows, none can tell."

The sun was setting, and his last rays threw
Bright colours on the clouds that hung around
The mountains, dimly rising in the west
Over a broad expanse of sheeted gold,
On which a ship lay floating. It was calm—
Her sails were set, but yet the dying wind
Scarce wooed them, as they trembled on the yard
With an uncertain motion. She arose,
As a swan rises on her gilded wings,
When on a lake at a sunset she uprears
Her form from out the waveless stream, and steers
Into the far blue ether—so that ship
Seemed lifted from the waters, and suspended,
Winged with her bright sails, in the silent air.
A voice came from that ship, the voice of joy,
The song of a light heart, and it invoked
The coming of the breeze, to send them forth
Over the rolling ocean. He looked out
On the wide sea, and on the sheeted bay,
And on the rocking vessel ; and at once
His purpose was resolved. He must away,
He must to other regions, and there strive
To conquer love so cherished. He drew out

His pencil, and then traced few hurried lines,
Telling her of his absence, and his hope
Of happiness at his return, and yet
Ending it with a fear, that he should never
Cross the wide waters to her :—he too gave
His signal ; if perchance a ship drew near,
And bore a pennon on the topmast yard,
White with a heart stamped on it, she might know
He was there, hastening home, and be prepared
To meet him, and be happy. This he took,
And up a narrow valley, hung with trees,
Whose roots clung to the rifted rock, whose boughs
Met, and o'erarched the glade ; along the bank
Of a clear stream, that calmly wound its way
Under this verdant canopy, and flowed
Through a fresh turf, and beds of scented flowers—
Up this he took his path, and as he drew
Near to the garden wall, and stood with ear
Attentive to a sound, that came to him
On the still evening air, as if a hymn
Were sung above the clouds, and floated down
Through mist and dews, and softly fell to earth,
Charming the ear of darkness—soon he saw
Beneath a vine bower, seated on a couch
Of closely matted turf, the tender girl,
Where all his wishes centered, and he drew
Silently through the thicket to her side.
She started first in fear, but when she saw

The well-known youth, she deeply blushed and smiled;
Then thinking of his banishment, she dropped
Warm tears of truest sorrow. He, with fond
And feeling voice, consoled her, and renewed
His oft repeated vows, and told of years
Of undisturbed affection—how that time
And truth would conquer, and their love would be
Brighter by their affliction. Though his heart
Ached with the thought of parting, and was forced
Even to a stern composure, yet he smiled
To make her happy. “We must part awhile;
I must go o’er the sea to other lands;
It is the call of duty; but fear not,
I shall return, and then our loves are sure.
Dream not of danger on the sea—one power
Protects us always, and the honest heart
Fears not the tempest. We must part awhile;
A few short months—though short, they must be long
Without thy dear society; but yet
We must endure it, and our love will be
The fonder after parting—it will grow
Intenser in our absence, and again
Burn with a keener glow, when I return.
Fear not; this is my last resolve, and this
My parting kiss.” He put the folded lines
In her soft hand, and kissed her offered lips
Ardently, and then suddenly withdrew
From her embrace, and down the narrow vale

Fled on with hasty footsteps to the shore.
Along the beach he wandered, looking out
Upon the glorious sunset, which arrayed
All things in glory, painting them with gold
And deepest red and azure—over head
The sky was coloured with a purest blue,
And there one star shone forth, the star of love,
His beacon; and it hung above the ship
As if it led him thither. He received
The omen, and went onward. Out at sea
The broad waves heaved, now blue, now green, now
tipped
With a gilt foam, and on the unruffled bay
There was a circle round the setting sun
Of a most glittering gold, and as it spread
Farther and farther out, it changed its hue
To a clear glassy silver, till it seemed
Thin air, and the far mountains hung above it
Suspended in the sky. They darkly frowned,
And their long shadows travelled o'er the bay,
As the sun sank still lower, while their ridge
Glowed like a flaming furnace, and a line
Of mottled clouds, that rose behind them, streaming
Into the clear cold North, was dyed with tints,
Like the new rainbow, when it first comes out
From the dark bosom of the thunder cloud,
And spans it with its beauty, or the hues
That veiled Aurora, when she first awoke

And sprang from darkness, and with saffron robe
And rosy fingers, drove her fiery car
On over Ida to the higher heaven.

He went amid these glorious things of earth,
Transient as glorious, and along the beach
Of snowy sands, and rounded pebbles, walked,
Watching the coming of the evening tide,
Rising with every ripple, as it kissed
The gravel with a softly gurgling sound,
And still advancing up the level shore,
Till, in his deep abstraction, it flowed round
His foot-prints, and awoke him. When he came,
Where a long reef stretched out, and in its bays
Scooped from the shelving rocks, received the sea,
And held it as a mirror deep and dark,
He paused, and standing then against the ship,
He gave his signal. Soon he saw on board
The stir of preparation; they let down
A boat, and soon her raised and dipping oars
Flashed in the setting light, and round her prow
The gilt sea swelled and crinkled, spreading out
In a wide circle; and she glided on
Smoothly, and with a whispering sound, that grew
Louder with every dipping of the oars,
Until she neared the reef, and sent a surge
Up through its coves, and covered them with foam.
He stepped on board, and soon they bore him back
To the scarce rocking vessel, where she lay

Waiting the night wind. On the deck he sat,
And looked to one point only, save at times,
When his eye glanced around the mingled scene
Of beauty and sublimity. Meanwhile
The sun had set, the painted sky and clouds
Put off their liveries, the bay its robe
Of brightness, and the stars were thick in heaven.
They looked upon the waters, and below
Another sky swelled out, thick set with stars,
And chequered with light clouds, which from the North
Came flitting o'er the dim-seen hills, and shot
Like birds across the bay. A distant shade
Dimmed the clear sheet—it darkened, and it drew
Nearer. The waveless sea was seen to rise
In feathery curls, and soon it met the ship,
And a breeze struck her. Quick the floating sails
Rose up and drooped again. The wind came on
Fresher; the curls were waves; the sails were filled
Tensely; the vessel righted to her course,
And ploughed the waters; round her prow the foam
Tossed, and went back along her polished sides,
And floated off, bounding the rushing wake,
That seemed to pour in torrents from her stern.
The wind still freshened, and the sails were stretched,
Till the yards cracked. She bent before its force,
And dipped her lee-side low beneath the waves.
Straight out she went to sea, as when a hawk
Darts on a dove, and with a motionless wing

Cuts the light yielding air. The mountains dipped
Their dark walls to the waters, and the hills
Scarce reared their green tops o'er them. One white
point,

On which a light house blazed, alone stood out
In the broad sea, and there he fixed his eye,
Taking his last look of his native shore.
Night wore away, and still the wind blew strong,
And the ship ploughed the waves, which now were
heaved

In high and rolling billows. All were glad,
And laughed and shouted, as she darted on,
And plunged amid the foam, and tossed it high
Over the deck, as when a strong curbed steed
Flings the froth from him in his eager race.
All had been dimly star-lit, but the moon
Late rising, silvered o'er the tossing sea,
And lighted up its foam-wreaths, and just threw
One parting glance upon the distant shores.
They met his eye—the sinking rocks were bright,
And a clear line of silver marked the hills,
Where he had said farewell. A sudden tear
Gushed, and his heart was melted; but he soon
Repressed the weakness, and he calmly watched
The fading vision. Just as it retired
Into the common darkness, on his eyes
Sleep fell, and with his looks turned to his home,
And dearer than his home—to her he loved,

He closed them, and his thoughts were lost in dreams
Bright and too glad to be realities.
Calmly he slept, and lived on happy dreams,
Till from the bosom of the boundless sea,
Now spreading far and wide without a shore,
The cloudless sun arose, and he awoke.

The sky was still serene, and from the bed
Of ocean darted forth the glowing sun,
And flashed along the waters. On they sailed :
The wind blew steady, and they saw that sun
Rise, and go down, and set, and still it blew
Freshly and calmly. They had left the shore
Long leagues behind them, and the mid-sea now
Bore them upon its bosom on their way
To lands where other flowers and other trees
Dress out the landscape, and where other men
Walk in the light of Heaven. Thither he went,
And none knew, of his kindred, when or where
He had escaped them. They, with anxious quest,
Sought him, and after long and fruitless search
Believed him dead. Awhile they mourned his loss,
As great ones mourn, and then he passed away
Into oblivion, and they filled his place
In their affections with a gilded toy,
And found their treasures ampler by his death.
Not so with her who loved him ; when he fled,
She followed, but soon sank beneath the weight
Of deep and sudden sorrow. He had gone

Over the sea ; had sought the dangerous wave,
And might be wrecked, or on some distant shore
Lingering a hopeless captive. To that point
Where the flag waved, she often bent her steps,
And gazed upon the ocean earnestly,
Watching each dim speck on the farthest verge
Of sight, and deeming every cloud a sail,
And every wreath of foam her lover's sign.
Two years had gone away, and she had thus
Sought the high cliff at morning, noon, and night,
And gazed in eager longing till her eye
Was fixed and glazed. Her cheek grew thin and pale ;
Her form was wasted ; and all knew that sorrow
Preyed on the blossom of her health, and eat
Her life away. A little while, and death
Would come to her deliverance. Little know
The cold unfeeling crowd how strong the love,
The first warm love of youth ; how long it lives
Unfed and unrequited ; how it bears
Absence and cruel scorn, and still looks calm
And patient on the eye, that turns aside,
And shows its studied coldness—how much more
It burns and feeds upon the flame of life,
When it was fully met, and found a heart
As warm and ardent, and as bent to hers,
As hers to him. Youth is the time of love ;
All other loves are lifeless, and but flowers
Wreathed round decay, and with a livid hue

Blowing upon a grave. The first fresh love
Dies never wholly ; it lives on through pain
And disappointment : often when the heart
Is crushed and all its sympathies pressed out,
This lingers, and awakens, and shines bright,
Even on the borders of a wretched grave.
Unhappy he, who throws that gift away ;
Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,
Bound to him by the earliest ties of love,
Fall from him by his own neglect, and die,
Because it met no kindness, and was spurned
Even in the earnest offer. Life soon fades,
And with it love ; and when it once has faded,
There is no after bloom, no second spring.
“ So passes in the passage of a day
The flower and verdure of our mortal life ;
Nor, though the spring renew her fruits and flowers,
Doth it renew its beauty, but it fades
Once and forever. Let us pluck the rose,
In the unclouded morning of this day,
Which soon will lose its bright serenity.
O ! let us pluck the first blown rose of love ;
Let us love now in this our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return.”*

One evening I had wandered by the shore,
Looking upon the ocean, as it lay

* Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno, &c. Tasso.

Spread in its beauty round me. 'T was a time
For spirits, all had such serenity.
Scarce had a cloud chequered the autumn sky,
That rose above me in a boundless arch
Of purest azure. All the woods were hung
With many tints, the fading livery
Of life, in which it mourns the coming storms
Of winter, and the quiet winds awoke
Faint dirges in their withered leaves, and breathed
Their sorrows through the groves. My heart felt soft
Under their tender influence. I seemed
A sharer in the grief of sighing winds,
And whispering trees. I clomb the rock, and trod
The dying grass that grew upon its brow,
And gazed upon the ocean, now as bright
As in the freshest spring, unchangeable,
Always the same, or only to the force
Of calm and tempest yielding, never old,
And never fading; in its wildest storms
Soon to be calm, and when in sheeted light
Spread to the farthest circle of the sky,
Soon to obey the winds, and wake in wrath.

I walked along that rock, and heard the waves
Chafing its foot, and saw the tossing foam
Playing in eddies round it. Then the tide
Had risen, and a wind came from the sea
Curling the little waves, until they broke
In infant surges on the murmuring shore.

The sky grew dark; and, as I homeward turned,
I saw a woman sitting by the staff
On which the signal hung, with mantle wrapped
Close round her, and with eye intently fixed
On an approaching vessel, as it came
Quickly before the wind, and up the bay
Glided. She followed it with earnest look,
Until it turned a distant point, and drew
Dimly behind the hills and vanished. Then
She turned again to sea, and long she looked
On the white curls of foam, as if she saw
A signal there; but yet there was no sail
On the dark waters. With a lingering foot
Back she retired, and, often turning, looked
Still earnestly abroad, and found no hope.
I saw her weep, and faintly hang her head,
As a pale lily hangs, when, filled with rain,
After long summer heat and heavy showers,
It bends upon its withered stalk, and sheds
The unwelcome moisture. Slowly she withdrew
Into a thicket, where a trodden path,
Her daily path, led to her father's home.

He saw her fading cheek; he knew the fire
That wasted her; and with a parent's love
He sought to heal her grief, but only made
The wound still deeper. Comfort cannot soothe
The heart, whose life is centered in the thought
Of happy loves, once known, and still in hope

Living with a consuming energy.
He found remonstrance fruitless, reason vain;
And therefore, with a kindness, which was wise,
He humoured her, and let her seek that rock
Unchecked, and only watched, that nought of harm
Might meet her. So she sought it, when the snow
Mantled it, and the sea was rudely lashed
By the cold north wind; but a father's hand
Was near to guard her. It was now divined,
That he, whom she had loved, had crossed the sea,
And still was living, and would soon return.
Some then were joyous, not with unfeigned joy;
For when they told their hopes, that he would come
From his long wanderings home, they inly felt
A sorrow, which revealed itself, and checked
Often the words of comfort, which they gave
To those, who wept his loss sincerely, those
Who cannot conquer nature, which will make
A child forever dear, and through the clouds,
That vice and selfish greatness cast around,
Sometimes will flash abroad, and be revealed.

Winter had passed away, and then Spring came,
Lovely as ever, with her crown of flowers,
And dress of verdure. She was decked with smiles,
And as she danced along the springing turf,
New flowers awoke to welcome her, and birds
Hailed her from bush and forest. Then the sea,
Girt by its greener shores, seemed rolling on

With brighter waves, and the sun sparkled there
With an unusual brilliancy. The earth
Was beautiful, and like the seat of Gods,
Or what we dream of Eden; and all hearts
Were sharers in its gladness. Bird and beast
Felt it, and, as they leaped, or as they flew,
They spake their joy; and even the voiceless woods,
Mute in themselves, were vocal with the winds,
And the low murmuring breezes through their boughs
Seemed to speak out their still and quiet bliss.
All hearts were glad with the glad season. One
Alone knew nought of pleasure, and the smiles
Of others were a mockery to her,
And told her of the joy, that once had been,
But was not, and she could not hope, would be.
Hope, by too long deferring, had gone out,
And left her soul in darkness. Still she went
Daily to that one point, and there she gazed
Fixedly on the ocean, till her head
Grew dizzy, and her reason almost went;
And then she wandered home, and wept away
The fever of her brain. A woodbine grew
Over her window, and its leaves shut out
The light, and now its flowers were opening forth
Their sweetness, and the wind that entered there
Came loaded with its perfume. Once she loved
The tufted flowers, and she inhaled their breath
With a deep sense of gladness; but she now

Repelled it as a hateful thing, and wished
The vine were torn and scattered. Every year
A linnet came, and built her cup-like nest
Within that arbour, and she fed her young,
And sang them to their slumbers, and at dawn
Wakened them with her clear and lively note.
She fed the timid creature, till it grew
Familiar, and would sit upon her hand,
And pick the crumbs she gave it; but she now
Neglected it, and when it came, and sought
Her former kindness, she regarded not
Its fluttering and its song. Her heart was chilled
And dead to all its softer sympathies.
It cherished but one feeling, hopeless love,
Love stronger by endurance, ever growing
With the decay of life and all its powers.

He had been wandering long, and found no rest—
Nothing could tear the image from his soul,
That dwelt there as an ever present God,
Controlling all his being. He had seen
Nature in a new beauty; and a heart
Free from all other influence, had swelled
Beneath the bright enchantment; but he looked
On all the fair variety around
With a cold eye, because he looked alone,
And felt that what he looked on, was not seen
By one, who had been ever in his walks,
As an attendant spirit, watching all

That lifted him, or soothed him, with a sense
Of kindred awe or pleasure. When alone
He could not mingle with the glorious things
Of Earth and Heaven ; he could not pass away
Into the open depths of the far sky,
And dwell among its many-coloured forms
Of cloud and vapour, where they hung the arch,
As with imperial tapestry, and veiled
The throne of the Omnipotent. The Earth,
Now in its newest Spring, all dressed with flowers,
And redolent of roses and of vines
From their wide purple beds, and sunward slopes,
Where the bee murmured, and the early dews
Soon rose in clouds of perfume, as the dawn
Came o'er the pine-clad mountains, and lit up
A world of present life and ancient ruin,
Where the rose bloomed as brightly, and the vine
Shot forth as heavy cluster and full wreaths
Of ivy twined around each tottering pile,
And mantled arch and column, with its deep
Luxuriant verdure ; all that he beheld
Of evergrowing nature and of man,
Whose works are fading, and when they decay,
Have no restoring energy, but drop
Fragment by fragment into utter ruin ;
All that had waked in other hearts the love
Of ancient glory, and the proud resolve
To be, as they were, glorious, or had filled

The soul with sorrow, and the eye with tears,
Over their fallen greatness, yet had made
This sorrow partly joyous, by the sight
Of a new life forever springing round them,
And still as fresh and fragrant, as when first
Bright from the quarry, their new temples stood
Proud in the sun, and lifted high their fronts
To the admiring eye of gods and men—
This had to him no pleasure; he could not
Raze out the deep-fixed passion, which so long
Had been his daily happiness, and formed
And fashioned all his studies and his joys
To this one pure enjoyment. Earth was fair,
And Heaven was glorious, when he heard her say,
They were thus fair and glorious; but alone,
They had no form nor colour, and were lost
In one dim melancholy hue of death.
And so with man—he wandered through the crowd
In solitude, that coldest solitude,
Which tortures, while it chills us. They were gay
And busy, but he heeded not; the great
Rolled by him, and were noticed not; the poor
Pleaded, and yet he listened not:—one thought
Alone went with him, and all other things
Stirred round him like the shadows of a dream.
He would not linger thus; he looked to home,
And her who gave to home a double charm.
He was resolved, and soon again the sea

Received him; and for many days the sun
Beheld him steering to his native shore.

'T was a calm summer evening—one white sail
Moved on the silent water, motionless,
Scarce stealing to the shore. She watched that sail,
And followed it with an inquiring eye,
In every tack it took to catch the wind,
Fancying she saw the signal. Slowly on
It came. The glassy ocean seemed to change
At distance into air; and so the ship
Seemed moving like a bird along the sky.
Sometimes it stood athwart her, and the sails,
Hung loosely on the yards, seemed waving lines
Tinged with the sunset; and again it turned
With prow directed to her, and at once
The broad white canvass threw its silvery sheet
Full on her eye, and glittered in the west.
Nearer it came, but slowly; till at length
Its form was marked distinctly, and she caught
Eagerly, as it waved upon a yard
Near the main topmast, what her wearied eye
Had sought so long, and found not. It was there;
The signal, one white pennon, with a heart
Stamped in its centre; and at once her joy
Was speechless and o'erflowing. Fixed, she looked
With trembling earnestness, and down her cheeks
The tears ran fast, and her scarce-moving lips
Had words without a voice. Thus she sat long,

Motionless in the fervour of her joy,
Absorbed in one emotion, which had bound
Her form unto her spirit, and had made
All other powers the ministers to thought.
They hurried through her mind, her first fond love,
Its many pleasures, hours of early hope
Unclouded by the fear of coming ill,
And present happiness, which, like the dawn
In the sweet month of May, is full of life,
And yet serene and tranquil, budding out
With blossoms of futurity, and spreading
To the bright eye of Heaven the tender flowers,
Where the young fruit lies hidden, till the sun
Ripen it to its full maturity.
These hurried through her mind, and with them came
Long anxious days, long days of bitterness,
Dark with the fears that weigh upon the heart
Whose love is young and tender, when the chance
Of sea or battle passes o'er the head
Of him who has the secret of her soul.

The sun was setting, and the dazzling orb
Sunk down behind the mountains, darting up
Long rays of golden light into the air,
Like glories round the sacred countenance
In one of Raphael's pictures. All was clear
But one dark cloud, which rose from out the point
Where the storm gathers after sultry days,
And launches forth the lightning. This heaved up

Its dusky billows, and their tips were tinged
With a bright flame, while all below was dark
Fearfully, and it swelled before the wind,
Like the strong canvass of a gallant ship
Standing before the tempest. It just crowned
The hill at sunset; but it now came on,
First slowly, till it rose upon the air,
Frowning, and threw its shadow o'er the earth,
And flashed intensely; then it seemed to move
With a new pace, and every instant swept
Still farther on the sky, and sent its voice
Deep-roaring with the mingled sound of winds
Amid the shaken forests, and the peals
Re-echoed from the mountains. Now the sea
Darkened beneath its shadow, and it curled
Without a breath, as if it shook in fear
Before the coming tempest. She looked wild,
First on the cloud, then on the ship, which now
Steered to a cove behind a sandy point,
On which the light house stood, but yet the winds
Were light and baffling, and against her course;
And so the sails flapped loosely, and she rocked
Motionless on the crisping waves, and lay
Waiting, a victim, for the threatening storm.
Then, as she looked with an intenser gaze,
She saw the sweeps put out, and every arm
Strained to the effort, but their strength availed not
To send them to a haven. Then her heart

Sank, and her hopes were darkened, till her form
Shook with her fears. The clouds rolled on the wind
In mingling billows, and the lightnings leaped
From point to point ; then in an instant burst
The thunder crash, and one undying roar
Filled the wide air. At last the cold wind came,
And the flag streamed and quivered, and her robes
Flew lightly round her. First short broken waves
Rose on the bay ; their tops were white with foam,
And on they hurried, like the darting flight
Of sea-mews when they fly before the storm.
She looked upon the ship ; all hands aloft
Took in the sails, and scarcely were they furled,
When the blast struck her. To its force she bowed,
And as the waves rose now with mountain swell,
Upward she sprang, and then she rushed away
Into the gulfy waters. Now the storm
Stood o'er her, and the rain and hail came down
In torrents. All was darkness ; through the air
The gushing clouds streamed onward, and they took
The nearest headlands from her straining sight,
And made the sea invisible, but when
A flash revealed it, and she saw the surge
Pouring upon the rocks below, all foam
And fury. What a mingled sound above,
Around her, and beneath her ; one long peal
Seemed to pervade the heavens ; and one wide rush
Of winds and rain poured by her ; and the sound

Of the dashed billows on the rocks below
Rang like a knell. No vessel met her then;
They lit the signal lamp, she saw it not;
They fired the gun, but in the louder roar
Of waters it was drowned, and they were left
Alone to struggle with the warring waves.
A cry went forth, "a ship was on the rocks,"
And hundreds crowded to the shore to aid
The suffering crew, and fires were kindled there,
But all availed not—not a man was saved.
The storm went swiftly by; and soon the winds
Subsided, and the western sky shone out,
And light glanced o'er the waters. On a reef,
That stretched from off the cliffs along that shore,
The broken wreck lay scattered; and at last
One and another corse came floating up,
But none were saved. They wandered o'er the sands;
And here a bale lay stranded; there an oar,
And there a yard. Just as the cloud had flown
Over the zenith, and the moon shone out
From its dark bosom, she went down the rocks,
And bent her trembling steps along the shore.

The moon looked out in sadness, and her light
Threw a faint glimmering on the broken waves,
And paled the dying watch-fires, as they fell
Flickering away, and showed the fearful looks
Of those who watched the wreck, and stood to save.
The waves still rolled tremendously, and burst

Loud thundering on the rocks: they tossed the foam
High up the hills, and ploughed the moving sands,
Sweeping the fragments forth, then rushing back
With a devouring strength, that cleared the shore.
The west shone fair; the evening star was bright,
And many glittering stars were gathering round,
Set in a deep, dark blue. The distant hills
Showed faintly, and long wreaths of mist arose
Curling around their sides, like cottage smoke
Sent from the hidden valley in the dawn.
O'er all the moon presided, and her face,
Though clear, was darkened, and it filled the heart
Of the beholder with a silent awe,
And a cold heavy sadness. On the sea
Her light descended, and a silver wake
Came from beneath her onward to the shore,
Crossing the bursting waves. The cloud still lay
Dark-rolling in the east, and often sent
Pale flashes forth; and still the thunder growled
Fainter and fainter, as the storm moved on
Over the distant ocean. There the moon
Lit a faint bow, that spanned the cloud, and seemed
Just fading into darkness. All was still,
But the contending waters, and the drops,
Now trickling from the forest leaves, were heard
Pattering upon the grass; and as a sign
That a sure calm had come, the fire-fly lit
Its lamp along the meadows, and the chirp

Of the green locust from the thicket told
How tranquil was the air. A solemn fear
Went through the hearts of all, as they surveyed
The corpses, but their faces all were strange.
They took them from the beach, and decently
Conveyed them to a shelter, there to wait
The last sad offices. Alone she went
Still farther on the shore, until she came
Where a long reef stood out, on which the ship
Was broken; and the very reef where he
First went on board, despairing and resolved.
One feeling led her onward, and sustained
Her wasted body, (which was sinking fast
Beneath the desperate conflict,) with the strength
Of madness, and her easy steps betrayed not
The woe that wrung within her. She had seen
Her lover standing far upon that reef;
Had seen the boat go there, and bear him off,
And as the ship went out to sea had fainted.
Therefore she sought that reef, with a wild hope—
Such often tokens madness—that she there
Might find him safely rescued. She now stood
On the projecting rocks, and as she threw
Her dark eye downward to a glimmering cove,
She saw him. Lifted by the swelling wave,
He seemed yet living, and a shrill laugh told
Her glad but wandering spirit. Down she leaped
And clasped him;—he was motionless and cold.

She kissed him, but he opened not his eyes,
And smiled not. Then she spake the much-loved name,
With an endearing tone, but none replied.

“ Art thou not living? thou wert once so kind,
Thy smile so happy, and thy kiss so warm;
But thou art cold now, and thine eye darts not
Upon me, as it wont to do; thy lips
Move not, thou hast no voice, no welcome for me.”

She raised her head, and as she caught the moon
Half veiled in vapour, from her glassy eye
The tears stole down, and with a quivering voice,
Faint as a night wind through the falling leaves
In autumn, “ It is over then,” she spake;

“ The dream is over; he indeed is wrecked,
As I had fancied long; he cannot wake;
This is not sleep; there is no life-blood here;
No flush upon his forehead; he is cold,
And will not wake again. He said to me,
Farewell, perhaps forever;—O! too true
The last fond words at parting;—but forever—
Ah! no—I meet him—I have lingered long—
He calls me on my journey—he awaits me,
And why do I delay?—I come, my love;—
Only a moment, and I come, my love.”

Suddenly she sprang forth, with outstretched arms,
And a wild look, that told there was no hope;
A few short steps, she paused, and then sank down,
As a flower sinks upon the new-mown turf,

Beautiful even in death. They came, and raised
The dying girl. Her loose locks floated wide;
And on her slender neck her languid head
Drooped, and her eyes were closed. Her lips still
moved

With the last breath, and then were still. At once
Her madness was no more. A tender smile
Played round her, and her looks were full of love
And gentleness, such as when first she met,
And first awoke his love. She long had borne
The conflict, and with desperate energy
Been nerved to all endurance; but this shock
Subdued her, and her spirit had departed,
And well they knew its passage was in peace.
They both were buried, where they first had met,
Beneath one stone, and they were wept by all.
A willow grows above them, with its boughs
Drooping, as if in sorrow; and at night
A sweet bird sings there, and the village girls
Say 'tis a spirit's voice. They dress that grave
Each Sabbath-day with roses; and they strew
Fresh violets there on May-day, and then sing
A simple tale of true love, till their hearts
Are swelling, and their cheeks are bathed in tears.
Love knows no rank, and when two hearts would meet
On earth, but cannot, they will meet in Heaven.
All hearts that love are equal in the grave.

PROMETHEUS.

Συ δ' ουδέπω ταπεινος, ουδ' εικεις κακοις,
Προς τοις παρονσι δ' αλλα προσλαβειν θελεις.

ΑΙΣΧ. ΠΡΟΜ. ΔΕΣΜ.

PROMETHEUS,

PART I.

'THEY talk of love and pleasure—but 'tis all
A tale of falsehood. Life is made of gloom—
The fairest scenes are clad in ruin's pall,
The loveliest pathway leads but to the tomb;
Alas! destruction is man's only doom.
We rise, and sigh our little lives away,
A moment blushes beauty's vernal bloom,
A moment brightens manhood's summer ray,
Then all is wrapped in cold and comfortless decay.

And yet the busy insects sweat and toil,
And struggle hard to heap the shining ore—
How trifling seems their bustle and turmoil,
And even how trifling seems the sage's lore;
Even he, who buried in the classic store
Of ancient ages, ponders o'er the page
Of Tully or of Plato, does no more
Than with his bosom's quiet warfare wage,
And in an endless round of useless thought engage.

Then close thy ponderous folio, and retire
To shady coverts, undisturbed retreats,
And lay thy careless hand upon thy lyre,
And call the muses from their woodland seats:
But ah! the Poet's pulse how vainly beats;
'Tis but vexation to attune his strings.
Even he, who with the Chian bard competes,
Had better close his fancy's soaring wings,
And own, earth's highest bliss no true enjoyment brings.

We find this earth a gloomy, dull abode,
And yet we wish for pleasure—sense is keen,
And so this life is but a toilsome road,
That leads us to a more delightful scene:
Well, if thou find'st a solace there, I ween,
It is the only joy thou e'er can'st know;
And yet it is but fancy, never seen
By mortal eye was all that lovely show,
That paradise where we so fondly wish to go.

We have a body—and the wintry wind
Will not respect the Poet. No; the storm
Beats heavy on the case that holds a mind
Of heavenly mould, as on the vulgar form;
When bleak winds blow how can the soul be warm?
Can fancy brighten in the cell of care?
Can inspiration's breath the soul inform,
When the limbs shiver in the gusty air,
And in the thin, pale face the fiends of hunger stare?

O! they may tell me of the ethereal flame
That burns and burns forever;—'tis the dream
Of those high intellects, who well may claim
Relation to the pure, celestial beam:
The life eternal—'tis a glorious theme,
Whereon bards, sages, have out-poured their fire;
Yet view it narrowly, and it will seem
But the wild mounting of unquenched desire,
The long extended wish to raise our being higher.

True—'tis a mighty stretch, when unconfined
The soul expatiates in imagined being,
And where the vulgar eye can only find
Dust, by a second sight strange visions seeing,
And still from wonder on to wonder fleeing,
By its enkindled feelings wildly driven,
It leaps the walls of earth, but ill agreeing
With those high-mounting thoughts to genius given,
Nor rests till it has set its eagle-foot in heaven.

And there it culls the choicest fields of earth
For all the pure, and beautiful, and bright,
And gives a gay and odorous Eden birth,
And rains around a flood of golden light,
Where sun, moon, stars, no more awake the sight,
But pouring from the Eternal's viewless throne,
It fills us with ineffable delight,
And every stain of earth forever flown,
We bathe and bask in this ethereal fount alone.

And flowers of every hue and scent are there ;
The laughing fields are one enamelled bed,
And filled with sweetness breathes the fanning air,
And soaring birds are singing overhead,
And bubbling brooks, by living fountains fed,
O'er pebbled gems and pearl sands winding play ;
One boundless beauty o'er creation shed,
The storm, the cloud, the mist, have hied away,
And nothing dims the blaze of this immortal day.

And man, a pure and quenchless beam of light,
All eye, all ear, all feeling, reason, soul,
He takes from good to good his tireless flight,
And ever aiming at perfection's goal,
Sees at one instant-glance the moral whole ;
Powers ever kindling, always on the wing,
The disembodied spark Prometheus stole,
To science, virtue, love, devotion spring
His fancy, reason, heart—creation's angel king.

The whole machine of worlds before his eye
Unfolded as a map, he glances through
Systems in moments, sees the comet fly
In its clear orbit through the fields of blue,
And every instant gives him something new,
Whereon his ever quenchless thirst he feeds ;
From star to insect, sun to falling dew,
From atom to the immortal mind he speeds,
And in the glow of thought the boundless volume reads.

Truth stands before him in a full, clear blaze,
An intellectual sun-beam, and his eye
Can look upon it with unbending gaze,
And its minutest lineaments descry;
No speck, nor line is passed unnoticed by,
And the bright form perfection's image wears,
And on its forehead sceptred majesty
The calm, but awful port of justice bears, (she spares.
Who weeps, when she condemns, but smiles not, when

Mercy ! thou dearest attribute of heaven,
The attractive charm, the smile of Deity,
To whom the keys of Paradise are given—
Thy glance is love, thy brow benignity,
And bending o'er the world with tender eye,
Thy bright tears fall upon our hearts like dew,
And melting at the call of clemency,
We raise to God again our earth-fixed view,
And in our bosom glows the living fire anew.

The perfect sense of beauty—how the heart,
Even in this low estate, with transport swells,
When Nature's charms at once upon us start—
The ocean's roaring waste, where grandeur dwells,
The cloud-girt mountain, whose bald summit tells,
Beneath a pure black sky the faintest star,
The flowery maze of woods, and hills, and dells,
The bubbling brook, the cascade sounding far,
Robed in a mellow mist, as Evening mounts her car,

And with her glowing pencil paints the skies
In hues, transparent, melting, deep, and clear,
The richest picture shown to mortal eyes,
And lovelier when a dearer self is near,
And we can whisper in her bending ear,
“How fair are these, and yet how fairer thou,”
And pleased the artless flattery to hear,
Her full blue eyes in meek confusion bow—
That hour, that look, that eye, are living to me now.

But there the cloud of earth-born passion gone,
Taste, quick, correct, exalted, raised, refined,
Rears o'er the subject intellect her throne,
The pure platonic extacy of mind;
By universal harmony defined,
It feels the fitness of each tint and hue,
Of every tone that breathes along the wind,
Of every motion, form, that charm the view,
And lives upon the grand, the beautiful, and new.

The feelings of the heart retain their sway,
But are ennobled—not the instinctive tie,
The storgè, that so often leads astray,
And poisons all the springs of infancy,
So that, thenceforth, to live is but to die,
And linger with a venom at the heart,
To feel the sinking of despondency,
To writhe around the early planted dart,
And burn and pant with thirst that never can depart.

Such are the wounds indulgent parents give,
Who slay the smiling blossom of their love ;
And if the blighted plant should lingering live,
The spirit cannot wing its flight above,
But in its restless agony will rove
Still on and onward in forbidden joy,
Till wildly, as a whirlwind's fury drove,
He rushes to the foes that soon destroy,
And then they weep, and curse their lost, deluded boy.

His friendship warmed to love—all things, that feel,
In all his tenderness of feeling share ;
His love, bright as devotion's holiest zeal,
For sex, without its ill, has being there ;
All pleasure's smile and virtue's beauty wear,
And kindred souls in dear communion blend,
Love, purest love, without its sigh and care,
And hand in hand their mounting way they wend,
With hope that meets no chill, and joys that never end.

Devotion—'tis an all-absorbing flame—
The Omnipotent, all-perfect, endless Being,
The builder of the universal frame,
At one quick glance, past, present, future, seeing,
By whom, hot, cold, moist, dry, good, ill, agreeing,
At last, the perfect birth of bliss comes forth,
And evil to its native darkness fleeing,
Virtue shines out in her unspotted worth,
And blasts to meanest dust the proudest forms of earth.

Hark—hear the holy choir around the throne;
Their lips are coals, their pæans vocal fire;
They sing the Eternal Lord, who sits alone,
And still their swelling anthem rises higher,
The warbling of the universal lyre,
The harmony of hearts, and souls, and spheres—
O! how my bosom burns with long desire,
How flow my bitter, penitential tears;
O! 'tis a strain too loud and sweet for mortal ears.

But stop, delirious fancy! now awaking
From thy enchanted dream, what meets thy sight?
The charmed spell, that bound thy senses, breaking,
Thy Eden withers in a simoom's blight,
And all its suns have set in endless night;
Love, sanctity, and glory, all a gleam,
Thy airy paradise has vanished quite,
And falling, fading, flickering, dies life's beam,
Thy visioned heaven has fled—alas! 't was but a dream!

O! for those early days, when patriarchs dwelt
In pastoral tents, that rose beneath the palm,
When life was pure, and every bosom felt
Unwarped affection's sweetest, holiest balm,
And like the silent scene around them, calm,
Years stole along in one unruffled flow;
Their hearts aye warbled with devotion's psalm,
And as they saw their buds around them blow,
Their keenly glistening eye revealed the grateful glow.

They sat at evening, when their gathered flocks
Bleated and sported by the palm-crowned well,
The sun was glittering on the pointed rocks,
And long and wide the deepening shadows fell;
They sang their hymn, and in a choral swell
They raised their simple voices to the Power,
Who smiled along the fair sky; they would dwell
Fondly and deeply on his praise; that hour (shower.
Was to them, as to flowers that droop and fade, the

He warmed them in the sunbeams, and they gazed
In wonder on that kindling fount of light,
And as, hung in the glowing west, it blazed
In brighter glories, with a full delight
They poured their pealing anthem, and when night
Lifted her silver forehead, and the moon
Rolled through the blue serenity, in bright
But softer radiance, they blessed the boon (noon.
That gave those hours the charm without the fire of

Spring of the living world, the dawn of nature,
When Man walked forth the lord of all below,
Erect and godlike in his giant stature,
Before the tainted gales of vice 'gan blow;
His conscience spotless as the new-fallen snow,
Pure as the crystal spouting from the spring,
He aimed no murderous dagger, drew no bow,
But at the soaring of the eagle's wing, (spring.
The gaunt wolf's stealthy step, the lion's ravening

With brutes alone he armed himself for war;
Free to the winds his long locks dancing flew,
And at his prowling enemy afar,
He shot his death-shaft from the nervy yew;
In morning's mist his shrill-voiced bugle blew,
And with the rising sun on tall rocks strode,
And bounding through the gemmed and sparkling dew,
The rose of health, that in his full cheek glowed, (flowed.
Told of the pure, fresh stream, that there enkindling

This was the age, when mind was all on fire,
The day of inspiration, when the soul,
Warmed, heightened, lifted, burning with desire
For all the great and lovely, to the goal
Of man's essential glory rushed; then stole
The sage his spark from heaven, the prophet spake
His deep-toned words of thunder, as when roll
The peals amid the clouds—words that would break
The spirit's leaden sleep, and all its terrors wake.

He stood on Sinai, wrapped in storm-clouds, wild
His loose locks streamed around him, and his eye
Flashed indignation on a world defiled
With sense and slavery, who lost the high
Prerogative of power and spirit, by
Their longings for their flesh-pots—O! 'tis lust,
Which robs us of our freedom, makes us lie
Wallowing in willing wretchedness, nor burst (curst.
That thraldom, of our woes, most foul, most hard, most

He saw those Samsons by a harlot shorn,
He saw them take the distaff, and assume
The soft and tawdry tunics, which adorn
The leering siren; all their flush and bloom,
And might and vigour, all that can illumine
And blazon manhood, by the magic rod
Of pleasure changed to weakness, squalor, gloom,
And they, who erst with port majestic trod, (gic nod.
Then drunk, and gorged, and numbed, in sleep lethar-

He stood and raised his mighty voice in wrath,
And sent it, like a whirlwind, o'er those ears,
And thrilled them, like a simoom on its path
Of havoc. See, the slumbering giant hears,
And waked, and roused, and kindled by his fears,
Starts into new life with an instant spring;
This is no time for soft repentant tears;
At once away their wine-drenched spoils they fling,
Their energy is up, their souls are on the wing.

They did not lie, and wish, and long to break
The manacles which clasped them; they did tear
Cables as we would silk-threads, and did take
An upward journey, where the world shines fair,
The temple of true virtue, glory, where
Man lives and glows in sunshine, where the prize,
More rich than laurel wreaths, for all, who dare
To reason's perfect, fearless freedom rise, (eyes.
Sends forth bright beams, that dim and blind all meaner

Go o'er the fields of Greece and see her towers
Fallen, and torn, and crumbled—see her fanes
Prostrate and weed-encircled; dimly lours
Brute ignorance around them, slavery reigns
And lords it o'er their sacred cities, chains
Are riveted upon them, and they gall (strains
Their cramped limbs to the bone, the lashed wretch
To rend the gnawing iron—but his fall
Is in himself—sleep on—ye well deserve your thrall.

This is the old age of our fallen race;
We mince in steps correct, but feeble; creep
By rule unwavering in a tortoise pace;
We do not, like the new-born ancient, leap
At once o'er mind's old barriers, but we keep
Drilling and shaving down the wall; we play
With stones, and shells, and flowers, and as we peep
In nature's outward folds, like infants, say,
How bright, and clear, and pure, our intellectual day.

We let gorged despots rise and plant their foot
Upon our prostrate necks, if they but give
Their golden counters. Tyranny takes root
In a rich soil of sloth and self—we live
Like oysters in their closed shells—can we strive
For freedom when this cobweb circle draws
Its tangling coils around us? let us give
Our hearts to Nature and her sacred laws, (cause.
And we can fight unharmed, unchecked in freedom's

There are a few grand spirits who can feel
The beauty of simplicity, and pour
Their ardent wishes forth, and sternly deal
Their crumbling blows around them; they would soar,
Where man unfettered rises, proudly o'er
The common herd of slaves to power and rule:
Go, search the world, you cannot find a more
Weak, drivelling subject for a despot's tool,
Than him who dares not leave the lessons of his school.

Cast back your sickened eye upon the dawn
Of Greek and Roman freedom—See their sons
Before the bulwark of their dear rights drawn,
Proud in their simple dignity, as runs
The courser to the fair stream—on their thrones
They sat, all kings, all people—they were free,
For they were strong and temperate, and in tones
Deep and canorous, nature's melody,
They sung in one full voice the hymn of liberty.

In Dorian mood they marched to meet their foes;
With measured step their awful front they bore,
As when a mountain billow slowly flows,
Rising and heaving onward to the shore,
It rolls its mingled waters with a roar,
That echoes through the mountains; wide they dash,
Blue as the heavens they kiss, and tumbling o'er,
They burst upon the coast, and foaming lash (crash.
The rocks and splintered cliffs, Earth groans beneath the

Then liberty and law were brightest—men
Were not themselves—the city was their soul;
They did not keep their treasures in a den,
And brood them, as a fowl her eggs—the pole
To which their hearts were pointed, and the goal
Of all their strivings was the public good;
The sage, with naked brow and flowing stole,
And snowy beard, and eye majestic, stood,
And gave to willing minds their high but simple food.

It was not cates which pleased then—but they drew,
And filled their brimming goblet from the stream,
And plucked the fruits that overhung it; few
But noble were their works—the living beam
Of sun-light stamped their pages—we may dream
Of monsters, till the brain is mad—the pure,
Bright images, wherewith their volumes teem,
The taste of nature always will allure, (endure.
And while man reads and thinks, and feels and loves,

Then wisdom crowned her head with stars, and smiled
In Socrates, and glowed in Plato, shone
Like Day's God in the Stagyrice, who piled
A pyramid of high thoughts; as a throne,
It lorded o'er the world for ages; grown
Weak in a second childhood, they did count
And nicely measure each minutest stone,
And crawled around the base, but could not mount
And taste, upon the top, the pure ethereal fount.

Then Eloquence was power—it was the burst
Of feeling, clothed in words o'erwhelming, poured
From mind's long cherished treasury, and nurst
By virtue into Majesty; it soared
And thundered in Pericles; and was stored
With fire that flashed, and kindled, in that soul,
Who called, when Philip, with barbarian horde,
Hung over Athens, and prepared to roll (whole.
His deluge on her towers, and drown her freedom's

Then Poetry was inspiration—loud,
And sweet, and rich, in speaking tones it rung,
As if a choir of muses from a cloud,
Sun-kindled, on the bright horizon hung;
Their voices harmonized, their lyres full strung,
Rolled a deep descant o'er a listening world—
There was a force, a majesty, when sung
The bard of Troy—his living thoughts were hurled,
Like lightnings, when the folds of tempests are unfurled.

Was it the tumult of contending powers,
The clash of swords and shields, the rush of cars,
Or when aloft in night's serenest hours,
The moon, encircled by her train of stars,
Poured her soft light around, and dewy airs (brow;
Breathed through the camp and cooled the warrior's
Was it the mellow slumber, which repairs
The languid limbs, or keen-edged words, that bow
The soul in wondering awe; or was it, round the prow,

The purple wave disparting, and in foam
Roaring behind the vessel, as she flew,
A white-winged falcon, from her lessening home,
Ploughing the sea's broad back, as loudly blew
The winds among the cordage—Nature threw
Her energy athwart his page, and shed
Her blaze upon his mind, and there we view,
If, chance, by taste, unwarped, unfettered, led,
A new-made world, all life and light, around us spread.

The times are altered—man is now no more
The being of his capabilities ;
The days of all his energy are o'er ;
And will those fallen demi-gods arise
In all their panoply, and hear the cries
Of king-crushed myriads, who wear the chain
Of bondage ; will light dawn upon their eyes,
And wake them from their iron sleep, again
To bear their breast in strife on freedom's holy plain ?

A trumpet echoes o'er their tombs—awake !
The long full peal is “ vengeance!—sleep no more ;”
The marble walls, as by an earthquake, break,
And, lo ! an armed legion onward pour
Bright casques and nodding plumes, and thirsting gore,
The blood of awe-struck tyrants, flash their swords ;
Their march is as a torrent river's roar,
And with a waked slave's desperation, towards
Their homes of icy gloom, they drive Sarmatia's hordes.

There is a flood of light rolled round the hill
Of Jove, and from its cloudy brightness spring
Spectres of long-departed greatness; still
Their heart-felt homage to that shrine they bring,
Which time has made all-sacred, where the king
Of thunder sat upon his ivory throne,
And by him stood his bird, with ready wing
To pounce upon his foes. The days are flown, (own,
When darkness ruled as God—Valour will claim his

And Rome again is free, and from thy shore,
Italia! Gaul, and Goth, and Hun, shall fly;
Thy sons shall wash away their shame in gore,
And once again the year of liberty,
The mighty months of glory, they shall see,
Along thy radiant Zodiac, on the path
Of ages, warn the nations, “we are free”—
O! who can tell the madness and the wrath,
The drunkenness of soul, a new-waked people hath?

They stand for hearth and altar, wife and sire;
Their lisping infants call them to the fight,
And as they call, their eye-balls flashing fire,
And shouting with a courser's wild delight,
When loosed he bounds and prances in the might
Of young life. There is in the sound of home
A magic, and the patriot, in his right
Strong-founded, meets the prowling foes, that come
To waste his land—no threats his valour can benumb.

The torch that lights him in his high career,
Was kindled at the purest, holiest flame ;
He fights for all his bosom holds most dear,
And O ! no voice so conquering as the claim
Of filial tenderness and love ; no name
So melting as sire, wife, and children—all
Are in those sweet words blended. What is fame,
Though pealing with her trumpet, to the call
Of kindred, bound and toiling in a tyrant's thrall ?

He sees the noble and the learned stoop,
And kiss the feet that crush them, and the crowd,
In hopeless, cureless, willing bondage, droop ;
And yet he does not shrink beneath that cloud,
But, muttering execrations deep, not loud,
He whets his sword upon his heaped-up wrong ;
And starting, like a spectre from his shroud,
Stung by the lash of slavery's knotted thong,
In all the might of wrath, he hurls his strength along.

Even as a tigress, when her secret lair
The hunter hath invaded—how she draws
Her limbs to all their tenseness, points her hair,
Gnashes her grinding teeth, and bares her claws,
And breathes a stifled growl, and in a pause
Of burning fury hangs upon the spring ;
And nerved and heated in a parent's cause,
Bounds roaring on the robber, like the wing (sling.
Of pouncing hawk, or stone hurled whizzing from the

They meet at Tivoli—and night has spread
Her curtain o'er those legions, who would quench
The flame, that Brutus, Tully, Cato, fed;
And from its lofty column madly wrench
The new-raised statue. Freemen will not blench,
When they have broke their fetters; but will arm
Their nerry hands with vengeance, and will clench
And grapple with their masters; for the charm
Of liberty's sweet voice the coldest heart will warm.

They meet, and they are victors—but the soul,
Like his own mountain's lava glowing, dies,
And falls with hand firm-grasped upon the goal
Of all his longings. As he mounts the skies,
He drops his mantle on the youth, who rise
To give their lives, like him, to liberty;
Devoted to the noblest sacrifice,
Like stars of purest brightness, they shall be (shall flee.
The rallying point, where all the bruised and crushed

A dream—a cruel dream—fair rose the sun
Of freedom on that sky without a cloud;
Sweet was the dawn, when liberty was won
By hands unweaponed; and they hasted, proud
Of bloodless conquest, in their pæans loud
To those, who Samson-like had rent their chain;
Then heavenward shone the foreheads, which had bowed
To foreign rule for ages, and again
The people's majesty towered over hill and plain.

And we did hope the Roman had awaked,
And ancient valour had revived anew,
And that the Eagle's thirst of light unslaked,
As when above the capitol she flew,
Still sought her eyry in the boundless blue ;
And we did hope a spirit had gone forth,
Which tyrants and their parasites would rue,
And, like a torrent rolling to the north, (worth.
Would with it blend all hearts, that kept man's native

It seemed the renovation of the world,
The knell of despots, and the day when thrones
Were tottering, and crowns falling, when Kings, hurled
From their base height of lust, should leave their bones
To moulder in their feudal filth ; the stones
Which bound the arch of empire, lost their hold,
And in the sudden crush were heard the groans
Of gorged and pampered spoilers, who had rolled .
Like havoc on the dumb, weak tremblers of their fold.

And we did see a nation on their way
To stop the invading torrent, ere it came
And deluged their fair fields. It was a day
Of breathless expectation, when the flame
Of freedom burned the highest, for the game
Of Man's emancipation was at stake.

The heart that would not throb then, had no claim
And place in Honor's column—'twould not wake,
Even if a bolt from Heaven should by its pillow break.

They hung upon the mountains, like a storm
Crowning the Appenine with deep, dun shade,
And o'er them towered the bold and ardent form,
Who seemed in panoply of fire arrayed;
And from their pikes and bayonets there played
A stream of lightnings on the advancing host,
Which, trained and nurtured in the murdering trade,
Like tempest-billows rolling to the coast, (post.
Marched slow, and still, and sure, to storm that rocky

In all the discipline of war they came;
Their strong squared columns moved with heavy tread;
Their step, their bearing, even their breath the same,
And not a murmur whispered through the dead
And boding silence; by a master led,
Even as a rock, that fronts the infuriate wave,
They saw them hanging on their mountain's head;
With cold, proud sneer they marked the untutored brave,
And knew here lay wide-yawned Italian freedom's grave.

Secure and calm, they pitched their camp, and piled
Their arms, and furled their banners; all was still,
When, like the bursting of a hail-cloud, wild
Those sun-fired legions hurried down the hill,
And dashed against their robbers, with a will
To do all deeds of daring, and a might
Nerved into madness by those wrongs, that fill
The heart to overflowing; from that height,
In one wild rush, they poured their souls into the fight.

Awhile the Austrian wavered, for the blows
Fell with a giant's vigour; but the clear,
Quick-sighted leader bade their stretched wings close,
And circle in the headlong swarms; then fear
Usurped the seat of courage; far and near
The plain was covered with the flying bands.
In vain the patriot's effort, word, and tear,
His life's blood only drenched his country's sands,
Or stained with fruitless drops the brute invader's hands.

The invading wave rolls on—no arm is raised
To stem its ceaseless progress; in its flood
It swallows all the hopes, on which men gazed
With such deep yearnings, as when linnets brood
Their callow nestlings—they are now the food
Of sceptered ribaldry and regal sneers;
Well, let them laugh and revel in light mood—
A voice of wrath, ere long, will thrill their ears,
And give them doubly full their cup of blood and tears.

Fosterers of nations! whose parental hand
Scourges the unwilling subject to obey,
To you, ye self-misnomered *holy band*,
The goaded slaves their stripes and wounds shall pay;
Though now their heads in child-like fear they lay,
They keenly feel the smart of all their wrong;
They now may stoop and crawl, there is a day
When they will rise and to their vengeance throng;
Even now ye trembling dread what will not linger long.

Aceldema of nations! thou hast bled
From countless gashes—thou must still bleed on;
Thy children's gore that harvest-field has fed,
Where thou thy chains and manacles hast won;
Thy struggle for true liberty is done,
France, Italy, have roused and burst their thrall,
And started in that glorious race to run—
Where have their high words ended? See their fall—
The despots crush them now, and say, "So perish all

Who will not sleep contented, while we rule,
And fleece, and flay them;" you may writhe and turn,
And curse them, as you crouch, their earth-pressed stool;
Yes, ye may start a moment, spring and spurn
The foot that treads you; ye may glow and burn
With wrath to be so scoffed at, but a weight
Like mountains bows you down; dust is your urn;
The spirit is besotted—this your fate,
To rise and stumble, kneel and kiss the hand you hate.

One storm has come and gone—the film is torn
From off your eyes—you look, and Power is there;
Around his throne unnumbered shields are borne,
Serried in close array; you cannot tear
The monster from his pinnacle; his lair
Is filled with bones of freemen he has slain.
As a crouched lion, when his fangs are bare,
He casts around his keen eye; Hope in vain
Lifts up her gaze, his glance bends it to earth again.

Freedom can have no dwelling on that shore;
She must away and cross the Atlantic flood:
Why play the rude game over? you may pour
In waves, like torrent rivers, your best blood,
But it will end in "we have dared and stood
In battle for our rights; we sink again
Before an overwhelming weight, the food
Of tyrants and their parasites, who drain (chain."
Our tears like wine, and bind with doubled links our

Severe and simple, walked the Cyprian sage
In Athens' pictured porch; he showed and taught
Unbending virtue in a downward age,
And reckoned all the joys of sense as nought,
And mastered down the tide of swelling thought,
And bound on passion an unyielding rein;
With slow, sure step, the highest good he sought,
And shunning, as a viper's tooth, the stain
Of weakness, marched erect to truth's majestic fane,

Which stood aloft in Doric plainness, bright
The sun-beams played upon its marble pride,
And from it flashed a stream of purest light
Down its ascending path—as rolls the tide
Of snow-fed torrents, in a deep, a wide,
Resistless rush of waters, till the plain
Is satiate with its richness; then they glide
In summer's scanty wave, so pure, no stain
Darkens its liquid light, when rolling to the main.

So on the mind enwrapped in error's cloak,
Whom bigotry and sense have led astray;
If chance the fetters of his thought are broke,
And all the night that dimmed him, swept away,
And on him wisdom pours her fullest ray,
A flood seems rolled through his exulting soul,
And all its fulness hardly can allay
His new-waked thirst for knowledge; to the goal
Of truth he springs and spurns indignant all control.

Awhile he grasps at Science, with the strong,
Fierce spirit of ambition, when his car
O'er fortune's field of blood is borne along,
Drawn by the wildly rushing steeds of war,
And hurrying on in quest of Fame's bright star, (gore;
That shines through smoke, and dust, and wounds, and
Justice and mercy cannot raise a bar
Across the torrent of his wrath; its roar
Drives virtue, love, and peace, affrighted from its shore.

So on he rushes, in the high pursuit
Of knowledge, till his stored and wearied mind
Bows 'neath the weight of its collected fruit,
And casting all its useless load behind,
No more to man's essential being blind,
His thought dwells only on the good supreme;
Then calm in dignity, in taste refined,
A spirit pure and lucid, as the beam
Ethereal, virtue's charms are his continual theme.

And what is virtue but the just employ
Of all our faculties, so that we live
Longest, and soundest, and serenest—joy
Its handmaid, all the sweets that health can give,
The light heart, and the strong frame, which can strive,
Delighted in the war we must endure;
Thoughts clear, bold, tireless, feelings all alive,
No passion can subdue, no sense allure,
Even as our Sire in Heaven, just, merciful, and pure.

The animal is crushed, the God bears sway,
The immortal essence, the enkindling fire;
What powers, what energy, it can display,
When, freed from life's gross wants, it dare aspire,
And give a free rein to its high desire,
And longing for a mind that cannot sleep,
Even as Apollo with his golden lyre,
And canopied in sunbeams, he would sweep (deep.
His chords, and pour a hymn, harmonious, full, and

A hymn to Nature, and the unseen hand
That guides its living wheels, the moving soul
Of this material universe, who spanned
Within his grasp, its circle, where suns roll,
Each in its fixed orb, and around the whole
Has drawn in viewless light its flaming walls;
This is the limit of our thought, the goal
Where mind's imaginative pinion falls,
When wrapt in solemn thought, no link of earth intrals.

I walk abroad at midnight, and my eye,
Purged from its sensual blindness, upward turns,
And wanders o'er the dark and spangled sky,
Where every star, a fount of being, burns,
And pours out life, as Naiads, from their urns;
Drop their refreshing dew on herbs and flowers—
I gaze, until my fancy's eye discerns,
As in an azure hall, the assembled powers
Of nature spend in deep consult those solemn hours.

Methinks I hear their language—but it sounds
Too high for my conception, as the roar
Of thunder in the mountains, when it bounds
From peak to peak; or on the echoing shore
The tempest-driven billows bursting pour,
And raise their awful voices; or the groan
Rumbling in Ætna's entrails, ere its store
Of lava spouts its red jets; or the moan
Of winds, that war within their caverned walls of stone.

And there is melody among those spheres,
A music sweeter than the vernal train,
Or fay notes, which the nymph-struck shepherd hears,
Where moon-light dances on the liquid plain,
That curls before the west wind, till the main
Seems waving like a ruffled sheet of fire—
'Tis Nature's Alleluia; and again
The stars exult, as when the Eternal Sire (desire.
Said, "be there light," and light shone forth at his

How my heart trembles on so vast a theme—
The boundless source of energy and power,
The living essence of the good supreme,
The all-seeing eye that watches every hour,
That marks the opening of each bud and flower,
That paints the colours of the ephemeron's wing,
That counts the myriad drops, which form the shower,
As wondrous in the awakening call of spring,
As worlds that lie beyond the stretch of Fancy's wing.

With brute unconscious gaze, man marks the earth
Take on its livery of early flowers;
He sees no beauty in this annual birth,
No ceaseless working of creative powers;
His soul, lethargic, wakes not in those hours
When air is living, and the waters teem
With new-born being, and the mantling bowers
Are full of love and melody, and seem
The happy Eden of a poet's raptured dream.

The sky is then serenest and its arch
Of brighter sapphire; and the sportive train
Of life-awakening zephyrs, on their march,
Shed renovating influence o'er the plain;
The blue waves sparkle on the laughing main,
Which renders back to heaven its placid smile;
The chequered sky, now clear, now dropping rain
On flowers, that spread their leaves to catch it, while
The full-swoln river rolls a fertilizing Nile.

How lovely is the landscape! Morning peeps
Behind yon leafy mountain, and her eye
Looks o'er a fresh, green world, that calmly sleeps
In the sweet cradle of its infancy,
And clustering round the rocky summits, fly
Light mists, now painted in the rich array
Of Heaven's majestic spectrum, which on high
Spans the dark tempest, as it steals away,
And westward glows in pomp the golden eye of day.

Beneath the cliff that frowns in blackness, lies
The mirror of dark waters, on it rest
Soft wreaths of snowy vapour, such as rise
Spotless in winter on the mountain's breast,
Soft as the downy couch by beauty prest,
And mantled in as gay a canopy
Of overhanging clouds in crimson drest,
All glow, transparency and purity,
Fit curtain to the throne where dwells Eternity.

And now the sun springs upward from his bed,
Insufferably brilliant, and his blaze
Tinges with flowing gold the icy head
Of peaks which rise above the clouds, and gaze
In lonely grandeur on an endless maze
Of budding landscape, hills, woods, meadows, lakes,
Rivers, and winding rivulets, where plays
The wave in lines of silver. Day now breaks
In dazzling floods of light, and living nature wakes

Her woodland choristers, and air is breathing
In tones of love-tuned harmony, the deep,
Heart-kindling, soul-inspiring anthem wreathing
The burst of native joy, that will not sleep,
But at the summons of the dawn will leap,
And all its full-swoln tides of feeling pour,
And, as the light winds from the bright lake sweep
The mantling vapours, it will freely soar (roar.
And with its strong voice drown the waterfall's wide

Let Man come forth, and in the general throng
Of tuneful hearts, his high devotion raise,
And, joining in the universal song
Of thankful rapture, centre all the rays
Of that heaven-lighted intellect, whose blaze,
Bright emanation from the ethereal beam,
Forever kindling through eternal days,
A disembodied spark, along life's stream,
Shall always hasten on to excellence supreme.

There is its only resting place—while here
We pine in heart-sick longing. Is the fire,
That burns within our bosoms, for a sphere
Of brighter, purer being, something higher
Than all Man ever reached to, the desire
Of sinless purity and tireless thought,
But the vibration of a living wire,
The motion of frail flesh more nicely wrought,
That trembles here awhile and then consumes to naught?

Our thoughts are boundless though our frames are frail,
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To Heaven's high capitol our car shall roll;
The temple of the power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel
The spirit has its energies untamed
By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal
The wounds which it has suffered; folly claimed
Too large a portion of its youth; ashamed
Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
Elijah, when the chariot rushing by
Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea
Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled,
The spirit, whose strong influence can free
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,
Cold night of mortal darkness; from the bed
Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,
And kindling in the blaze around him shed,
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall, (all.
And gives to God, his strength, his heart, his mind, his

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep,
And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then
The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life, and energy, and light, again;
We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,
Ere we forever leave the haunts of men;
Even at the parting hour the soul will wake,
Nor like a senseless brute its unknown journey take.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells one by one his thoughts and deeds of shame;
How wild the fury of his soul careers!
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame

Our souls have wings; their flight is like the rush
Of whirlwinds, and they upward point their way,
Like him who bears the thunder, when the flush
Of his keen eye feeds on the dazzling ray:
He claps his pinions in the blaze of day,
And gaining on the loftiest arch his throne
Darts his quick vision on his fated prey,
And, gathering all his vigor, he is gone,
And in an instant grasps his victim as his own.

We soar as proudly, and as quickly fall,
This moment in the empyrean, then we sink,
And wrapping in the joys of sense our all,
The stream, that flows from Heaven we cannot drink,
But we will lie along the flowery brink
Of pleasure's tempting current, till the wave
Is bitter and its banks bare, then we think
Of what we might have been, and, idly brave,
We take a short weak flight, and drop into the grave.

My heart has felt new vigour, and the glow
Of high hopes and bright fancy, and the spring
Of that unchanging being, whither flow
The breathings of our spirit, when its wing
Is spread to take its last flight, where we cling
In all the storms of life, as to an oar;
There, like the shining serpent, we shall fling
Away our earthly shackles; there no more
The wind shall lift the waves and send them to the shore,

To make wild music on the surging beach,
And fling the foam aloft in snowy curls,
And, pouring headlong through the sea-wall's breach,
Suck, in the raging vortex' giddy whirls,
The sea-bird lighting on the wave, that hurls
To swift destruction, but there is a rock,
Built strong, deep-planted—mercy there unfurls
Her white flag, and the bark, that stands the shock,
The tempest-tossing tide, the breaker's burst shall mock.

Much study is a weariness—so said
The sage of sages, and the aching eye,
The pallid cheek, the trembling frame, the head
Throbbing with thought and torn with agony,
Attest his truth; and yet we will obey
The intellectual *Numen*, and will gaze
In wondering awe upon it, and will pay
Worship to its omnipotence; the blaze
Of mind is as a fount of fire, that upward plays

Aloft on snow-clad mountains, on whose breast
Unspotted purity has ever lain;
The clouds of sense and passion cannot rest
Upon its shadowy summit, nor can stain
The white veil which enwraps it, nor in vain
Roll the white floods of liquid heat, they melt
The gathered stores of ages, to the plain
They pour them down in streams enkindling, felt
By every human heart, in myriad channels dealt.

This is the electric spark sent down from Heaven,
That woke to second life the man of clay;
The torch was lit in ether, light was given,
Which not all passion's storms can sweep away,
There is no closing to this once-risen day;
Tempests may darken, but the sun will glow,
Serene, unclouded, dazzling, and its ray
Through some small crevices will always flow,
Nor leave in utter night the world that gropes below.

And now and then some spirit, from the throng,
With wings Dædalean, in his rage will soar,
And spreading wide his pinions, with a strong
And desperate effort, from this servile shore
Mounting like Minder's swans, whose voices pour
Melodious music, like the dying fall
Of zephyrs in a pine grove, or the roar
Heard through the lonely forest, when the pall
Of night o'erhangs us, borne from some far waterfall.

With wing as tireless, and with voice as sweet,
His eye the falcon's, and his heart the dove's,
He lifts his heavenward daring, till the heat
Of that same orb he aimed to, which he loves
To mark with keen eye till the cloud removes,
That gave its glow a softness, with its blight
Withers his sinewy strength; so Heaven reproves
The minds, that scan it with audacious sight,
And seek with restless gaze too pure, unmingled light.

Gay was the Paradise of love he drew,
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell
Upon it till it had a life; he threw
A tint of Heaven athwart it—who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell,
That bound him to that vision? Cold truth came
And plucked aside the veil—he saw a hell,
And o'er it curled blue flakes of lurid flame— (shame.
He laid him down and clasped his damp chill brow in

His fall is as the Titan's, who would tear
The thunder from their monarch, and would pile
Their mountain stairway to Olympus, where
The bolt they grasped at, pierced them; with a smile
Of fearless power the thunderer sat the while,
And mocked their fruitless toiling, then he hurled
His whitening arrows, and at once their guile
And force were blasted, and their fall unfurled
An awful warning flag to a presumptuous world.

They stand, a beacon chained upon the rock;
Heaven o'er them lifts unveiled her boundless blue;
Ambition's sun still scorches, and the mock
Of all their high desires is full in view;
Affection cools their foreheads with no dew
Of melting hearts, no rain of pitying eyes;
The vulture, conscience, gnaws them, ever new
Their heart's torn fibres into life will rise,
The gorging fury clings, repelled she never flies.

These are the men who dared to rend the veil
Religion hung around us; they would tear
The film from off our eyes, and break the pale
That bound the awe-struck spirit, nor would spare
The worship paid by ages; in the glare
Of their red torches Piety grew blind,
And saw no more her comforter; her fair
And fond hopes lost their beauty; can the mind,
When rifled of its faith, so dear a solace find?

They pull down Jove from his Idæan throne;
They quench the Jew's Schechinah, and the cross,
That bore the mangled corse of Heaven's own Son,
They trample in the dust, and spurn as dross;
And will they recompense the world its loss?
Have they a fairer light to cheer our gloom?
Oh no!—the grave yawns on us as a fosse,
Where we must sleep forever; this our doom—
Body and mind shall rot and moulder in the tomb.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken—
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness, when life is o'er;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics! would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight (night?
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days; (rays.
Her full heart melts and flows in Heaven's dissolving

And Faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of Saints look pity on her; Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scattered; what a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here, and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee—
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity

There is a war within me, and a strife
Between my meaner and my nobler powers;
I would and yet I cannot part with life;
'Tis as a scorpion's sting to view those hours,
Where soul has bowed to sense, and darkly lours
The future in the distance. There are men,
Whose strange-blent nature, now an angel's towers,
And rides among the loftiest, and then
Seeks, like a snarling dog, the cynic's squalid den.

They nestle in their prison; they can find
No friend to pour their hearts on; they would cling
Closer than ivy to the kindred mind
They touch—its ice-cold freezes, then they fling
Affection to the winds, and madly spring
To shun their hated fellows in some cave;
A leaden weight confines their spirit's wing,
Life palls them, there is naught beyond the grave,
They turn a sneer on Him, who gives his hand to save.

Theirs is the boundless love of sentient being—
As they have now the will, had they the power,
Were but their longings and their strength agreeing,
Their outspread hand a flood of bliss would shower,
And wake the moral world, as in the hour
Of spring wakes living nature—from his sleep
Of vice and superstition Man should tower;
Thoughts pure, high feelings, purpose strong and deep,
Should lift him on, like wings, up virtue's craggy steep.

And flowers should bloom on his ascending track,
Like roses on their wild thorns, by the way
The hunter scales the mountains, nor should lack
Music of tuneful birds; the flute should play
The soft airs of the shepherdess; when day (night
Spreads the broad plane tree's noon shade, and when
Spangles her silent canopy, away
By some dark cavern on the lonely height,
The full-voiced hymn should tell the hermit's holy flight;

Who sits alone in darkness, wrapped in musing,
Communing with the Universe, the Power,
Whose ceaseless mercy love and life diffusing,
Bids the sun dart his warm rays, sends the shower,
Mantles the turf in green, and decks the bower
With tufted leaves and wreathed flowers, whose perfume,
Earth's incense, breathes most sweetly at the hour,
When soft-descending night-dews steep the bloom,
And with their star-lit gems the mantling arch illumine;

And from this waste of beauty fills the urn
Of plenty with her fair fruits, spreads the plain
With all the wealth of harvest, the return
Of spring's delightful promise, with a chain
Of love and bounty binding life's domain
To Him, who by his fiat gave it birth;
Else had these flowery fields a desert lain,
And all the riches of the teeming earth
Been withered by the touch of endless, hopeless dearth;

Else had one wilderness of rock and sand,
Treeless and herbless, where no rain nor dew
Poured their reviving influence, one land
Of sparkling barrenness appalled the view,
And o'er it Heaven had raised its cloudless blue,
Hot as the burning steel's cerulean glow,
And the sun's blasting arrows darted through
The scorched brain, till its lava blood would flow
In torrents, and its veins throb with delirious throe;

And man had died of thirst and famine—Death
Comes not with direr aspect; eyes of blood,
Staring and bursting; frequent, fiery breath
Heaved from the breast, that seems one boiling flood
Of maddening pulses, writhing as a brood
Of serpents roused to fury; like their hiss
They rush along the swoln veins, and for food
His parched jaws gnaw his flesh, and O! what bliss (this.
To drain his life's warm stream—there is no death like

This is the living prototype of hell—
The earth all fire without, all flame within,
And conscience barking like a Hyæn's yell,
And pouring out her vial'd wrath on sin;
She lights her torch unwasting—then begin
Ages of endless torture, for the heart,
Whom Circe and the tempting Sirens win,
While listening to their voice, must feel the smart
And pangs of unfed Hope's forever probing dart.

The clouds are gathering on the mountain tops,
And in their dark veil wrap those cliffs and towers
Of wasteless granite, those enduring props,
On which the arch of Heaven rests, where the Powers
Of winter hold their rule, even in the hours
When sultry summer scorches; there they roll
And spread their frowning curtains; night there lours
With an unusual blackness, and the pole
Rocks with the bolt, as if the knell of nature tolled.

In hazy gloom the threatening tempest broods,
Crowning with ebon wreaths the mountain's cone,
And holding in its magazine, the floods,
That soon will hurry headlong from its throne,
From rock to rock impetuous pouring down
Their dark, foam-crested waters, as the mane
Waving amid the rush of war, and drown,
In their wide-wasting waves, the cultured plain,
And bear flocks, forests, towns, and harvests, to the main.

And see—the cloudy billows heave their surges,
In airy tides, along yon western wall,
Now swiftly rolling as the roused wind urges,
Now hanging silent as the wild blasts fall,
Drooping in massy folds, as if the pall
Of all these sweet scenes o'er us were outspread;
Even as a spectre rising grim and tall
At night to some scared wanderer, fancy-led, (head.
Sullen, and dim, and dark, towers yonder mountain's

A solemn pause—the woods below are still;
No breezes wave their light leaves, and the lake
Lies like a sleeping mirror; on the hill
The white flocks eye the rain-drops, that will slake
Their hot thirst, and the screaming curlews take
Their circling flight along the silent stream;
Save their storm-loving music now awake,
Nature seems slumbering in a midnight dream;
She starts—behold aloft that sudden quivering gleam.

The torch is lit among the clouds—the peals
Roar through the lonely wilds, and echoing swell
Around the far horizon—earth now feels
And trembles as she listens—who can tell
The spirit's awe? as if it heard its knell,
It bows before the Power, whose hand controls
Lightning, and wind, and waves, who loves to dwell
In storms, and on its path the tempest rolls, (souls,
Whose words are bolts, whose glance electric pierces

And makes the bold blasphemer pale with awe,
And stills the madman's laugh, and strikes with dread
The brow, that bore defiance to the law
Stamped on the universe; he hides his head
In darkness like the ostrich, all those, led
By his once fearless mocking, slink away,
And o'er them prostrate, wrathful angels tread,
And draw their fiery arrows, and repay
With fear and death the hearts that dare to disobey.

'Tis night, and we are on the mountain top—
The air is motionless, and not a breath
Of wind is whispered, and the pure dew drops
From Heaven, like tears, upon this lovely death
Of nature, while the landscape underneath,
And the vast arch above, smile in the ray
Of the full moon, who, circled in her wreath
Of glory, walks, a queen, her lofty way,
And pours upon the world a softer, calmer day.

The hills, the plains, and meadows, far below,
Sparkle with watery diamonds, and the stream
That steals in oft meanders, in its flow
Of peacefulness, is silvered with her beam,
And the round basins in the woodlands seem
Like mirrors circled in a pearly row,
And like the colours of the dying bream,
The soft mists hovering round them, bear the bow,
The aerial brede of light, lit with a mellower glow,

Than when it sits majestic on the storm,
What time it hangs along the eastern sky,
The herald of returning calm, its form,
As imaged erst, a maid of peaceful eye,
Who on her dewy saffron wings would fly,
And roll away the clouds along the wind,
And laughing as she saw the car on high
Shine in its full effulgence, as the mind,
Whom sense can never sink, nor passion's fury blind.

So rolls that car along its arch of blue,
And shines with a serener effluence; air
Wakened by fanning breezes, charms anew
The flushed cheek with its coolness; Heaven is fair,
A speck dims not its liquid azure, there
The eye can rest with calmness, and the green
And bloom of grass and flowers new richness wear,
And sweeter incense rises from the bean,
And jessamine, and rose, that scent this dewy scene.

As when the twilight of a weary life
Comes on with quietness and purity,
And after vainly struggling in the strife
Of pleasure or ambition, from the eye
The film falls, and the mantling vapours fly,
And Man stands forth in his pure, native worth,
And after tears for lost years hurried by,
The soul awakens to a second birth,
And for a few hours knows there is a Heaven on earth.

Live for the present moment, but live so
As you might live forever; let the cares
And toils of this poor transient being go,
And pluck the fruit the tree of knowledge bears,
And gaze upon the charms which virtue wears,
Till her eye's light has filled and warmed your breast—
Be strong, and bold, and active—he who dares
Contend in virtue's panoply is blest
Alone with Heaven's unstained, enduring, noiseless rest.

Give me the evening of a summer's day,
A long bright day of glory, when the sun
Is most effulgent, and the earth most gay,
And after deeds of lofty daring done,
And palms on many a field of combat won,
Where tempests rage, or noontide glows with power,
And when the mind its high career has run
To seek a covert at this silent hour,
Where songs and gales may lull in some secluded bower.

'Tis night, and winds are hushed—the leaves are still,
Or scarcely ruffle on the poplar bough,
And where a stream of waving light, the rill
Drips o'er the face of yonder mountain's brow,
The moon-beams shine as on Endymion; now
The forests are unpeopled of those gay
And lovely nymphs and wanton fawns, but how
They gave the fancy of the Poet play,
And threw a rosy hue and perfume o'er his lay.

The Spring came forth, and with her came a train
Of hours and loves and graces, every bower
Concealed its nymph, and every flowery plain
Was full of light-winged Cupids; for the power
Of love awaked the Universe, the hour,
When Hymen lit his torch, and Psyche came
Wrapped in the embrace of Eros, and a shower
Of sweets was poured around them, and a flame
Shot from the glowing eyes of that enamoured dame.

She gave her soul to love, and on her lip
Her heart stood, and he kissed the prize away,
More sweet than when the dew from roses drip
In spangles on the grass, in early day,
When emerald sylphs on airy pinions play,
And lightly hover, as the leaves unfold
And spread their vermil velvet, in the ray
Poured through the leafy canopy, and rolled
O'er all the bloom below in waving floods of gold:

The lilac purpling with its luscious spires,
Breathing a milky sweetness, like the balm
From Aden's groves of myrrh, where summer fires
The living world to rapture, but the calm,
Cool shade of spreading maples, than the palm
With all its crimson clusters, charms me more;
The violet, lurking underneath the halm
Of withered grass tufts, has a dearer store (shore.
Of sweets, than all the flowers that glow on Ceylon's

The heart cannot be cold in such a shade;
It will be melted, as the icy stream
That steals with limpid current through the glade,
And murmurs not in winter, but the beam
Of warmth dissolves it; as a fleeting dream
The fretted icicles are gone, the wave,
Gliding o'er snowy sands in morning's gleam,
Chimes like the song of sorrow Cynos gave,
In tones of dying woe around his brother's grave.

How poor, how weak, how impotent is Man—
Cradled in imbecility, the prey
Of those who love him fondest, who will fan
His passions by indulgence, and will sway
To sense and self, and pride and fear, and play
Their apish tricks upon him, till his soul
Has lost its native innocence; the ray
Kindled from Heaven, while feeble yet, is stole (bowl.
By sirens, and then quenched in Pleasure's mantling

The foaming goblet sparkles to the brim,
And heedless youth hangs o'er the glowing stream,
And in its amber waters gaily swim
The fairest visions of enchantment's dream,
And o'er it plays a soft and sunny beam,
That steals in serpent windings to the heart,
And like a viper's hid in roses, gleam
The flashings of its keen eyes, as a dart (depart.
With venom tipped, they give deep wounds that ne'er

We lie along in gay voluptuous ease—
The full vine mantles o'er us, and our pillow
Of mingled moss and flowers; the hum of bees
Sucking the dew of roses, and the willow
Now hung in downy bloom, and clothed in yellow,
Comes like a drowsy zephyr on the ear,
And the clear-flowing fountain murmurs mellow,
And airy birds in mazy circles veer,
And all seems fair and bright as some celestial sphere.

We sip the cup of promise, and we drain
With eager lip its nectar, till the fume
Mounts kindling to the wild and heated brain;
And then all things a richer tint assume,
And are enrobed in splendour, and illumed
With gay looks, and bright eyes, and speaking glances,
And laughing frolic waves her spangled plume,
And revelry with light step featly dances,
And on their rainbow wings flit round a crowd of fancies.

And from our couch we spring—we scarce can tread
This poor earth in our extacy, on high
We float through fields of Ether, overhead
Swells with a bluer, loftier arch the sky,
And on an eagle's wings we seem to fly,
And all the kingdoms of the world appear
In dazzling beauty to the fancy's eye,
And like the tuneful spirit of some sphere,
The sweet winds pour full floods of music in our ear.

As breezes from Sabæa o'er the main
Waft fragrance on their pinions from the groves
Of Myrrh and Cassia, and the snowy plain
Of Coffee-blossoms, where the Queen of Loves,
Drawn in her pearly car by purple doves,
Would linger with most fondness on her way;
A land of passion—under shady coves
Hollowed in living rock, they spend the day,
To see their Houries dance and hear their citterns play.

The past is gone—it can return no more,
The dew of life exhaled, its glory set;
It has no other goods for me in store,
It is a dreary wilderness, and yet
I fondly look and linger. In the net
Of pleasure all the breathings of my soul,
The burning thoughts alone on Learning set
In tender childhood, pointed to the goal, (stole,
Where bards and sages aimed, in Youth blind leaders

And vile companions rifled, and they left
My heart dispirited, and sunk, and poor,
Of all its highest hopes and wants bereft,
A pinnacle on the waves with naught to moor
Or bind it to the safe bank; from the shore,
Where my best powers stood weeping, o'er the deep,
Tossing and madly heaving, wild winds bore
My dark, distracted being, where fiends keep (sleep.
Their orgies, and the worm that gnaws, will never

There is no hope—ten years the winds have blown,
That bore me to my ruin, and the waves
Roll in my wake like mountains—Joy has flown,
And left behind the lonely turfless graves
Of early fond attachments—like the slaves
Bound fettered to the galley, at the oar
Still I must toil uncheered, or in the caves,
Where not a ray of hope comes, I must pour (core.
Tears, bitter tears, that well from the heart's bleeding

The soul that had its home with me was bright,
Its early promise as the flowers of spring,
Profuse in richness as the dawning light,
When the gay rosy-footed Hours take wing,
And from the glowing East the coursers spring,
That bear the car of day along its road,
And o'er a waking world their radiance fling—
So bright the stream of mind within me flowed,
It had one only wish—to scale the high abode,

Where Truth has reared her awful throne, and pure
Platonic beauty sits, a smiling bride,
The Majesty that bows, and to allure
The winning charms of Virtue by his side—
Cursed be the drawling pedants, who divide
The monarch from his lovely queen, and sink
The soul in stupid awe, too soon to hide
Its coward head in pleasure's lap, and drink (brink
Her tempting, fiery draughts—Stop! ye are on the

Of endless woe and ruin—sleep no more—
The charm will soon be broken—ye will wake,
And find the alluring hours that wooed you o'er,
And rising like a fury, Vice will shake
Her smoky torch, and in your heart's blood slake
Its Hell-lit fires, and you will seek in vain
The young days that have vanished; in the lake,
That Priests have drawn so highly, there remain
But years of hopeless thought, and still returning pain.

The world may scorn me, if they choose—I care
But little for their scoffings—I will think
Freely, while life shall linger on, and there
I find a plank, that bears me—I may sink
For moments, but I rise again, nor shrink
From doing what the love of Man inspires:
I will not flatter, fawn, nor crouch, nor wink
At what high-mounted wealth or power desires;
I have a loftier aim to which my soul aspires.

'Tis of no common order, but is founded
On all the capabilities of Man,
Not like Condorcet's waking dreams, 'tis bounded
By what our free, unfettered efforts can,
The high career that Tully, Plato, ran,
Or higher still, the ideal they could form—
'Tis ignorance, not nature, puts the ban
On these bright, perfect visions, which could warm
Worthies of Old, who lived in virtue's darkest storm.

They saw Man sunk around them, groveling, vile,
A mass of brutal grossness, shivering fear,
Follies, that made the cold Abderite smile
And on his fellows look with bitter sneer,
And squalid woes, that drew the Ephesian's tear,
Which flowed for miseries he could not heal;
So wept the man, to whom all life was dear,
Whose heart was made most sensitive to feel,
And from a wretched world in hopeless sorrow steal.

He could not cure the malady—too deep
The poisoned dart was planted; but he gave
His witness, and his voice should never sleep,
A warning sound should issue from his grave,
And tell to ages words, which heard might save
From woes like those he suffered, woes like mine;
The man, who will speak boldly, and will brave
A thoughtless world's contempt, deserves to shine
Bright in the loftiest niche of Fame's enduring shrine.

To feel a heart within thee, tender, flowing
In tears at others pain, and racked with thine,
A soul that longs for high attainments, glowing
For all that can ennoble, raise, refine,
Whose dearest longings seem almost divine,
The insatiate grasp for knowledge, and the aim
Of tireless, fearless virtue, then to pine,
Unknown, unvalued, and to quench the flame
Of mind in some low slough, and bid farewell to fame.

And why? because no hand was near to check
The wanderings of my childhood, but their care,
If care it could be called, which caused my wreck,
Made sin's descending path to me seem fair;
They poured her tempting fruits and viands there,
And kindled in my heart the lava stream
Of wasting passion—now I wake, and bare
Before me lie the horrors of that dream,
Which poor perverted youth the fairest Eden deem.

The world will never pity woes like mine—
'Tis only justice pouring out her flood—
I ask no pity, nor will I incline
Weakly before the cross, nor in the blood
Of others wash away my crimes—I stood
Alone, wrapped in suspicion and despair,
For they did goad me early to that mood—
I hate not men, but yet I will not share
Again their follies, hopes, their toils and fears, nor wear

The mantle of the Hypocrite, nor bow
Before a fancied power, nor lisp the creed,
Which offers them new life, they know not how,
A blind belief, whose ministers will lead,
Even as a hireling slave the shackled steed,
The many, who to nature's laws are blind—
The heart whom early wrongs have taught to bleed,
When blended with a bright and well stored-mind,
In solace such as this, no hope, no joy can find.

I will not lift my hand against those laws,
Which nature wears instamped upon her, nor
Gird me to battle in so weak a cause,
Nor waste my efforts in so fruitless war;
But I will weep the hopes I panted for,
Which virtue might have made reality,
And know that fortune with malignant star
Lighted my path, and with an evil eye
Left me to those who crawled in Epicurus' sty.

I see the charms of virtue—can I take
Again her narrow path, which leads to Heaven?
Beside it flows a fountain, which can slake
The temperate thirst of nature, there are given
Fruits which refresh, not kindle—I have striven
Against the long perversions of my frame,
And I will strive—but no, by passion driven,
In evil hour I do the deed of shame,
And for a time I quench the soul's reviving flame.

I have no hand to cheer me—was there one,
Whom I must ever long for, was that heart
Still mine in all my failings, as the sun
Wakens a slumbering world, she might impart
New being to me, and my soul would start,
As giants from their sleep, to run the race
Of glory, and to hurl the unerring dart,
Where victory rears her palm branch—No, my chase
Of fame is done, and left behind it scarce a trace.

P R O M E T H E U S,

PART II.

AWAKE, thou sleeper, from thy languid dream
Of pleasure crowned with roses; thou must take
Anew the harp of solemn tone—a theme
Demands thee to attune it, which should wake
The fire within thy bosom hid, and break
The flowery fetters, that entwine thee:—Hark!
A clear voice calls thee, where the blue waves make
Music around the light and bounding bark, (ark.
That rides the shoreless sea of mind, a heaven-built

Fair shines the sun to greet thee on thy way
Over the hurried ocean—Heaven is clear
In its serenest vestment, light winds play
And sport along the billows, far and near
Earth, air, and sea, are beautiful, a sphere
Of purest light o'erhangs thee, full the sail
Swell, as the north-wind, in its mild career,
With the still breathing of a summer gale,
O'er the long-rolling deep doth steadily prevail.

On with thy voyage! leave the darker shore,
Where keener spirits feel their light grow dim,
And as thy white wing hastens on before
The breath of heaven, exalt thy farewell hymn;
Weave the fresh flowers to crown thy goblet's brim,
And pour thy offering to the Powers, who keep
Watch o'er the waters, while the vessel's rim
Rides low along the green wave, up the steep
Climbing, or sinking soft into the furrowed deep.

On o'er the boundless waters! thou wilt bear
Prayers for mild winds and sunshine; every soul,
That hath a portion of Heaven's fire, will share
In all thy fortunes: whether ocean roll
Calm in a mellowed brightness, or the whole
Wrath of the tempest lash it, still steer on,
Joyous or firm in courage; Man's control
Is on the sea, and proudest wreaths are won
Alone in those wild storms where hardest deeds are done.

Up with thy swelling canvass! now the gale
Woos thee to strain thy cordage, down the bay
The small waves fleet like quick streams down the dale,
Speeding o'er polished stones their babbling way;
The shrill voice of the air forbids thy stay,
It summons thee to take the gift, it throws
With such a smile before thee:—now when day
Sits on its high throne, and the pure sky glows
Unclouded, as the form of things in beauty rose;

Now, in this noon of life, this jubilee
Of the united elements, this flow
Of soul from eye to eye, this harmony
Of all that shine above with all below
In their unfaded loveliness, this glow
Of Nature in its manhood; now expand
All to the embrace of the sweet airs, that blow
Wafting fresh odours from the bowers they fanned,
To meet the sweeter breath of a diviner land:

Where on the coast the flowering myrtles bend,
Laden with Love's own garlands; in its rear
Towers a fair summit, where all treasures blend,
That Spring showers from her full urn; one may hear
Voices that speak all melody, tones dear
To young hearts, as the tones of those we love;
Sweeter the mellow touch, the more we near
The thicket where it dwells, as from her cove (grove.
The stock-dove's widowed voice comes wailing thro' the

Such is the land that welcomes thee afar
To cut thy long bright track, and proudly go,
Led by the light of a celestial star,
That from its seat of beauty sparkles so,
As mind from its dark portal; in the flow
Of the broad stream of ocean, with the sky
The dome to crown thy temple, and the glow
Of suns to light and cheer thee, send on high, (die;
From off thy full-toned harp, sounds that should never

But with the hymns that have been sung of old,
Burning on lips of inspiration, glowing
Deep in those ancient hearts of keener mould,
With tireless energy their treasure throwing
In lavish gifts around them, and bestowing
New being on the wanderer of the wild;
Those spirits nerved with intellect, all-knowing,
Whose voice now roused in terror, now they smiled,
Reading soft words of love to the delighted child;

With these, and all who have been of the train,
That hold the power of harmony to give
Joy unto others, as the melting rain
Wakens the earth, so that all freshly live,
And, as again in infancy, revive
With an intenser hue and shade of green,
When the waked bees come thicker from their hive—
O! when these lords of harmony convene, (scene.
There be the farewell hymn that paints the parting

Farewell to the lost land, where life was young,
And the fresh earth seemed lovely; where the heart
First felt the thrill of ecstasy, when strung
With its fine tender chords, all could impart
Joy to its laughing innocence—I start
To find I am so cold, where all before
Was tinctured with divinity—we part,
Land of my early loves! thy once bright shore
Has lost its dearest charm—Farewell! we meet no more.

The world that is, seems Eden to the child
The rainbows on a bubble are a spell
To chain him in sweet wonder; O! how wild
Do the first wakened throbs of feeling swell,
There is no music like the village bell,
That o'er the far hills sends its silver sound,
There is no beauty like the forms, that dwell
In flower and bud, and shell and insect, found, (round.
When through the watered vale we take our infant

But this is for the new mind—soon we tire
Of all this simple loveliness, we form
Within a magic fane, whose sun-gilt spire
Burns in the azure firmament—the storm
Is portion of its majesty, we warm,
Not tremble in the lightning's vivid glare—
Sounds must be heard from Heaven, that they inform
The spirit with the life of thought, and bear, (dare.
Through all their unseen flight, the souls that upward

The world imagined, to the world we feel,
Is glory and magnificence; we turn
From earth in sated weariness, but kneel
Before the pomp we dream of—when the urn
Holds all that now hath form and life, we spurn
The shackles, that debase us and confine;
Deep in its central fountain mind will burn
Brighter in darkness, like the gems that shine
With a fixed eye of fire, the stars of cave and mine.

When the gay visions once so fair are fled,
When time has dropped his rose-wreaths, and his brow
Hath only snows to shade it; hearts have bled,
And healed themselves to be all callous; now
In the cold years of vanished hope, we plough
And sow in barrenness to reap in blight—
Then the soul in its solitude doth bow
To its own grandeur, and from outer night
Turns to the world within, and finds all love and light.

Darkness hath then no covering, but its veil
Is as a pictured curtain o'er a scene,
That hides the life of some bewitching tale,
And is itself all beauty; on the green
Before an ancient temple walks the queen
Of smiles, dispensing happiness to choirs
Of youths and maidens, whose ecstatic mien
Tells of the heart within, whose keen desires
Burn with the pure flame lit from Love's Olympian fires.

Not kindled from the altar, which below
Stood in Idalia, bowered in myrtle shades,
The shrine of him who bore the burning bow,
Whose earthly passion, ere it ripens, fades:
'Tis the one Spirit, who with light pervades
The infinite of being, but controls
Alike the insect floating through the glades
On the soft air of June, or human souls
New in their merry morn, or all that lives and rolls

Wide through the waste of ether, sun, or star,
All linked by Harmony, which is the chain,
That binds to earth the orbs, that wheel afar
Through the blue fields of Nature's wide domain;
From the last glimmerer in the starry train,
To that which is to us the God of day,
From the beam glancing on the tossing main,
To the full floods, that o'er creation play,
And feed the lamps of life, all feel that boundless sway.

Love is attraction, and attraction love—
The meeting of two fond eyes, and the beat
Of two accordant pulses are above
Planets, that always tend, but never meet:
To us, that have a feeling, love is sweet,
The life of our existence, the great aim
Of all our hope and beauty—but they fleet,
Moments of fond endearment—years will tame
The electric throb of bliss, and quench the spirit's flame.

But yet there is to us a purer light,
And that is in the beautiful unfading,
The mould, wherein all phantoms of delight
Are fashioned into loveliness; the shading
Of earth may give it softness, kindly aiding
The weakness of our feebler nature, while
Mind has not fledged its pinions; soon pervading
Space in its daring, as a long-sought isle,
It turns with naked gaze to that Eternal smile,

Whose charm is on the Universe, the blue
Mellowed with light's full essence on the sphere
Wrapping us in its mantle, whence the dew
Falls clear and pearly, like a tender tear
Shed on the hues, that fade so quickly here,
But are awhile so beautiful—the sea
That smooths its gold, or, as the light winds veer,
Crisps it, or decks it o'er with stars—the sea
Takes all it hath to charm, Eternal Love ! from thee.

And thee the fountain's worship, where they lie
Curling in silent loveliness, or sending
Through the flowered vale, the brook that prattles by,
Twinkling o'er polished pebbles; willows bending
Wave in thy soft breath, when its fragrance lending
Balm to the new spring makes the Earth perfume:
All hues, that o'er the tufted meadow blending,
As the wind sinks or rises oft, assume (bloom.
New shades and tints, in thee expand their buds and

In thee all creatures gladden, on the air
Moving their filmy wings, or calm at sail
Skimming the winding water sheeted fair,
As the sun walks above it—their bright mail
Burns on the polished mirror, which doth veil
To the bossed form, that studs it like a gem—
Whether their serried pinions cut the gale,
Or their quick-glancing fins the current stem,
Or earth is their domain—Thy life enkindles them.

And Man becomes thy worshipper, when first
The sense of beauty wakens him to kneel
Before the images, which thou hast nurst,
And stamped them with thy deep eternal seal;
Forms from which age and ruin cannot steal
The pure free grace of nature—but they wear
The magic charm, in which we live and feel
That we have caught a higher sense, and bear
New wrought within our souls the essence of the fair.

And to those forms of light our wishes tend,
And our fixed longing is to stand and gaze,
Where, to the Parian stone the mind doth lend
Its own divinity, and pour its rays
Harmonious o'er the canvass, where life plays
In the flushed cheek, blue veins, and speaking eye,
And lip with passion trembling—Mind can raise
From its unseen conceptions, where they lie
Bright in their mine, forms, hues, that look Eternity;

That send through the long waste of ages, pure
From the corruption of a grosser time,
Those models of perfection, which endure,
The guides of all the graceful and sublime
In our own nature, fashioned in the clime
Of the sweet myrtle, and the kindling vine,
Of roseate skies, green vales, and rocks that climb
Amid the never-wasting snows, and shine
In the glad Sun—the seat of all they held divine.

It was from gazing on the fairy hues
That hung around the born and dying day,
The tender flush, whose mellow stain imbues
Heaven with all freaks of light, and where it lay
Deep-bosomed in a still and waveless bay,
The sea reflected all that glowed above,
Till a new sky, softer but not so gay,
Arched in its bosom, trembled like a dove,
When o'er her silken plumes wanders the light of love.

It was from gazing on them, when the flowers
First wakened from their wintry sleep, and flung
Their first warm tints o'er garden beds and bowers,
When from the temple roof the swallow sung,
And in the thorny thicket sweetly rung, (tone
Through the still moonlight hours, the heart-breathed
Of the lone warbler—when the loosed steed sprung
Bright o'er the sounding plain, and the charmed zone,
In one soft twine of love, round all that lived was thrown.

When there were dances in the Platane shades,
And the vine-arbours breathed with music—Night
Looked from her starry throne on youths and maids,
Bounding and shouting in their full delight,
From the round orb of azure sparkled bright
The spirit in its ecstasy, wreathed gold
Flowed tressed behind them, as their footsteps light
Leaped in the mazy ring, and the wide fold
Of mantles waved to fly the clasping girdle's hold:

And feeling voices blended with the lute,
Raising the hymn to beauty and to love,
The parent and the infant boy—the flute,
In tempered sweetness, flowing like the dove
In her deep sorrow, from the elm above
The dark stream sleeping in seclusion; so,
As the voice ceased, and Echo from her cove
Answered, the flute, in one continual flow,
Breathed every winding note and falling touch of woe:

And smiles were changed to tears, the dance became
Still, and the dancers breathless; you might see
In the soft dews of sorrow quenched the flame
Of buoyant passion;—soon the sound of glee
Rang on the merry cymbal, then all free,
As the winds hurry o'er the mountains, beat,
In numbered steps attuned to melody,
Round the close-shaven green their glancing feet,
Light as the spotted fawns through Tegean forests fleet.

And there the pencil and the chisel drew
Apollós and Dianás; there they wrought
Into one form the charms that nature threw
Round the fair youth of Athens; there they sought
All the soft lines of elegance, and caught
The grandeur too of loveliness, which lends
Power to the young god; there they culled and brought
From innocent forms the perfect grace, which sends
Such magic on the heart of youth, that awed it bends.

Once they were planted in a marble fane
Built to the Power that in the statue stood,
Or underneath the blue sky on the plain,
Or in the shadow of a sacred wood,
Or where the poplar quivered o'er the flood,
Itself in air, its image glassed below :
But now they stand, the artist's holy food,
Where the high dome permits the light to flow,
Aloft above the crowd that wondering gaze below.

And there they stand, still perfect; though the stain
Of centuries has lent to them a hue,
Which tells of age and change, 't is not in vain,
But is their triumph: they have risen through
The roar of ruin round them, to renew
Taste in the land of music, and of form,
And tint, and shade—So eagerly we view
The long-tost bark, that rudely beat the storm, (swarm.
And rode unharmed, unwrecked, where all its terrors

They stand replete with life, the marble speaks,
And the cold eye looks passion; they might tell
Of cultured fields, where now the dead fen reeks,
Of pomp and feast, where bats and night birds dwell;
Though from their first-raised pedestal they fell,
Yet they revived in glory. It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of Mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall with unquestioned spell all meaner hearts allure.

We gaze on them, and on the ancient page,
And read its mystic characters, which seem,
Through the expanding haziness of age,
The fading forms of a majestic dream.
Cold is the heart, that not on such a theme
Feels the warm spirit kindle—'t is the sound
Of a gone trumpet rolling on the stream
Of Time, and catching still at each rebound
Deeper and clearer tones to bear its warning round,

And ever waken from the dull repose
Of peace and plenty, where we waste in rust
That love of high emprise, which ever glows,
When the roused mind hath sternly shook the dust
From off its robe, and in a child-like trust
To its own inspiration, and the power
That speaks from buried nations, at the bust
Of ancient mind gives worship, in the hour (shower.
When the waked eyes of Heaven their tempering influence

Language of Gods and Godlike men! thy tone
First sounded on Olympus from the lyre
Of the glad virgins, when around the throne
They raised the joyful Pæan, in a choir
Alternate with Apollo, sitting higher,
The sovereign of all harmony—thence came
That sounding speech, whose words, imbued with fire,
Could the wild wave of Athens bend and tame,
And wreath the Poet's harp with locks of lambent flame.

Thy faintest tone is music—when thy words
Come o'er my ear, I seem on wings at play
With every bard who sung thee, like the birds,
Who feed on dewy air, and float in day,
Speeding in endless round their lives away,
Aloft above the region of the storm,
Where nought can soil their golden plumes, nor stay
Their swift career—no sudden gust deform
The beauty of their flight, but all is still and warm,

And the clear sun stands over them, his hair
Waves gloriously athwart the perfect blue;
There is no rustling in the deep calm air,
But one eternal tide is rolling through
The far expanse, and thus it ever drew
The waves of Ether in its willing train;
Higher than ever wing of eagle flew,
Or white curl dimmed the noon-vault with its stain,
There, bird of Eden, spreads thy pure and bright domain.

And thou too hast a voice, and oft at night,
When thy wing winds among the stars, 't is said
By those who watch the sky in fixed delight,
On fairy dreams of wooing fortune led,
When the cools winds, around the flowery bed
Hid in the garden alcove, long delay,
Because the spot is fragrant, then 't is said
The midnight gazer hears thee far away,
Like a sweet angel's voice, salute the coming day.

Fit image of those subtile kindled souls,
Who spurned at baseness, and arose from earth
Indignantly, who fixed in Heaven their goals,
Whose only rival was departed worth;
Whose restless passion laboured in the birth
Of moral greatness—whether on the page,
Statue, or canvass, round the quiet hearth,
On the loud Pynx, or in the sanguine rage
Of fight—they sought to charm and conquer every age.

And this with such a language, sweetly blending
All in one round of fulness, that it flowed
A streamlet or a torrent, ocean sending
Its blue waves on its rocky barrier—glowed
Sparkles of beauty thickly o'er it—strode
Mind on its breast, like Gods, who sail through air
Throned on a tempest cloud—whether the ode
Burned, or the epic thundered, or the fair (there.
Fond Lesbian sighed and wooed, the magic sound was

Yes, but the accent, the nice touch and tone,
Have perished with the tongues whose melody
Was Music's essence—Yes, the sound has flown
With the keen life aloft, where it will be
Absorbed and blended in Eternity,
The spirit of a grander, purer time:
Language of Heaven, O lend thy voice to me!
Give me the perfect note, the tempered chime,
That I at times may feel and live with the sublime;

That I may read the rhapsodies and odes,
And proud harangues, and flowing histories,
Those flights, where mortals mingled with the Gods,
And threw their eye beyond the life that is;
Those sun-bright lessons of the good and wise,
Those golden songs of a diviner age—
O! could my mind but gain that long-sought prize,
O! could I take the early Grecian rage,
And pour Homeric fire along my wandering page—

There should be altars to thee, and the flame
Should be ethereal, no gross earthly fire
Should taint their marble purity, but tame
The spark of Heaven should tremble down the wire,
And with the lightest element conspire,
To roll full floods of snowy light to thee,
And I would warm my spirit in that pyre,
And all, that lives within my heart, should be
Devoted to thy will, Eternal Harmony!

Are there not moments, when we fly from earth,
And dwell in ether? Are there no bright hours
Along the dull of life? Is not the dearth
Of feeling quickened, and the dormant powers
Wakened, by living with the domes and towers
We fly to o'er the bounding sea?—O fane
Of Grecian wisdom! that in ruin lours

Over the rage of ignorance, again (stain.
Thou shalt be bright, renewed, and pure from every

And I would go, and worship at thy door;
I dare not enter, where thy form doth rear
That beaming lance, which stilled the battle's roar,
And stopped the clang of sword, the hum of spear,
Cutting the murk air in its dark career,
And thirsting for the shouting warrior's blood;
I feel within my soul a holy fear
Forbidding me to enter thy abode, (trod.
Where none but grandest minds and purest hearts have

Wisdom enshrined in beauty—O! how high
The order of that loveliness; the blue
That rolls and flashes in thy full round eye,
Thy forehead arched with such a stainless hue,
As crowns the eternal mountains lifted through
The gathered night of clouds, the smile, the frown,
Blended in sweetness—all in thee can view
How mind and virtue linked, alone bring down (crown.
On mortal heads from Heaven the star-wreathed laurel

Would I might stand beneath thy temple's roof,
Closed from the entrance of all common light,
From all the sound and stir of man aloof,
Whose dark air makes thy ægis doubly bright,
As the broad flash glares through the cloud of night
With an intenser redness—could I stand
Beneath thy roof, and from thy pure lips write
The volume of all Truth, but no! my hand
Will not—I am not one by whom thy lore is scanned.

No—I should rather fly among the bowers
That bloom around the Idalian dome, and take
From soft Sicilian plains the leaves and flowers,
Of which a coronal of love to make—
Better for me a seat beside the lake,
Where the enchanter erst his wild harp hung
To moulder in the birches—why not wake
Those witching notes again? Shall they be flung (strung?
To the wild mountain winds from chords so long un-

And now I turn me to the misty island,
Which rises with its white cliffs from the ocean,
I turn to where the storm broods on the highland,
And the sea lifts its waves in angry motion,
And there again I feel a new devotion
Come with a spell of power athwart me; light
Burns, blazes over Greece, but wild commotion
Heaves in the bosoms of the north; their flight (night.
Is on the whirlwind's wing, their home the womb of

They follow nature, who hath girt their hills
With a dark belt of pines, whose fitful roar,
Far wafted on the wind, the stout heart fills
With its own wild sublimity; the shore
Breasts the rude shock of waves, that rush before
The north wind bursting from the icy pole;
Yon peaks, that lift their foreheads bald and hoar,
Where the long wreaths, that tell of tempest, roll,
Stamp mightily and deep their grandeur on the soul.

They love the rock, whose dark brow beetles far
Into the wallowing ocean, whose white waves
Join round the thundering crag in mingled war,
Where in the hollow cavern echo raves,
Like the long groans that seem to come from graves,
When sheeted spectres burst their cerements; high
The gannet wheels and screams, then, stooping, braves
The fury of the surge that rushes by,
And then rolls dim and far to mingle with the sky.

Their home is on the mountain, where in mist
They darkly dwell, and when the hollow sound
Of the crushed woods comes on, they fondly list
To hear the winds wake up, and gather round,
Till from each rocky battlement they bound,
Mingling and deepening, like the waves in war,
Which on the mid-sea heave and strive around
The rock, that dares their madness; loud afar
Rolls on the foam-lit main the rush of Odin's car.

And when the night comes down, and deeper gloom
Falls on the cloud, that wraps the height in shade,
When the mist moves away, and opens room
To catch a glimpse of lakes in moon-light laid,
For all below is by the clear wind made
Serene in brightness, then the lone bard throws
A glance on distant beauty, and the maid,
White as the foam that on the lashed wave rose,
Sits lonely in her bower, and weeps her tender woes.

Their tenderness is dark; it hath the hue
Of their own watery skies, and thence they bear
Its tints of paleness, for the light sent through
The floating veil of mist, that dims the air,
Sheds a faint glimmering on the landscape there,
So that the earth seems weeping; when they mourn
Their tones are wild but soft; they do not tear
With a new pang the heart already torn,
That finds in the still look, what kills, yet must be borne.

The soaring of their heights uplifts the soul,
And gives their heaven-ward daring to the heart,
And the tossed waves, that midway round them roll,
Seeming below, as if they were a part
Of a new ocean raging there, will dart
Their sternness on the eye, that loves to rise
From the low vale, and as it gazes start
To see above them floating in the skies
Peaks white with eldest snow, and gilt with sunset dies.

Dofra, thy brow is in that upper air,
No cloud e'er went as high, the eagle's wing
Has been thy only visitant, thy bare
And pillared cone is such a glorious thing
To the far-gazing Norseman, when the sting
Of a fond love of country prompts him on
To worship at thy base, and upward spring
To thy eternal walls, which in the sun
Flash far and purely forth, when the long day is done.

Far round thy fir-shagged base the torrent winds,
Hoarse as the voice of Liberty, who bears
With open breast the tempest, when it binds
Seas in its chain of frost, whose brow still wears
Part of its once deep frown, the will that dares
All, when invasion threatens—that torrent leaps
Down the dark gulf, and with its dashing tears
The rock in deeper rents, and ever keeps
Wild music in the wood, that o'er it bends and weeps;

The roar of waters, and the rush of winds (throw
Through the black boughs, whose tangled branches
Night o'er the rift, where the dashed vapour blinds,
And distant down the gushing waters glow
In their intense convulsion, as they go
Plunging and lifting high their frothy swell;
Then, as a new-sprung arrow, on they flow,
Roaring along a pit that seems a hell,
Where the shook caverns ring their echoes like a knell.

So Mind takes colour from the cloud, the storm,
The ocean, and the torrent: where clear skies
Brighten and purple o'er an earth, whose form
In the sweet dress of southern summer lies,
Man drinks the beauty with his gladdened eyes,
And sends it out in music—where the strand
Sounds with the surging waves, that proudly rise
To meet the frowning clouds, the soul is manned
To mingle in their wrath, and be as darkly grand.

Nature! when looking on thee, I become
Renewed to my first being, and am pure,
As thou art bright and lovely; from the hum
Of cities, where men linger and endure
That wasting death, which kills them with a sure
But long-felt torture, I now haste away
To climb thy rugged rocks, and find the cure
Of all my evils, and again be gay
In the clear sun, that gilds the fair autumnal day.

I cannot look upon those cloudless skies
And not be lifted, for they seem to spread
With an unbounded vastness, and they rise
Beyond the height, where early fancy, led
By its own grand aspirings, which were fed
On hopes nursed in their shrines below, had given
To the first Powers their throne; so, o'er my head,
As by an ever-moving hand still driven,
Wider and wider spreads the azure deep of Heaven.

I gaze and I am vaster—thought takes wing
From off the rock I stand on, and goes far
Into the pure blue gulf, and there I bring
The myriad bands of night, and set each star
In its peculiar station, till they wear
All forms of brightness, and a magic train,
Show all the fabled world in picture there,
And then I seem to range them o'er again,
Like him who read them first on the Chaldean plain.

But Nature! thou hast more beneath me bright
In their rich autumn tints, than all I throw
Over the crystal arch, whose tranquil light
Takes every hue of mellowness below;
It kindles in the orchard's ruddy glow,
And on the coloured woods, whose dying shade
Crowns the tall mountain with a wreath, whose flow,
Softly descending to the silent glade,
Seems like the evening cloud in airy tints arrayed.

And where the river winds along the vale,
Bending through sloping hills, which o'er it lift
Oaks faintly yielding to the rudest gale,
And clinging with close twining to the rift
Of the steep rocks, which, as the wild winds drift
The rain-clouds o'er their quivering tops, still rise
Contending with the gust, whose flight is swift,
Scouring with stormy wing the cold dun skies,
On which the flock look up with faint imploring eyes.

Through that low watered vale a sanguine stream
Winds, where the maple gives its leaf a hue
Of deepest carmine, and those wreathed boughs* teem
With the same tint of blood and berries blue;
Deeper their contrast, as they meet us through
The oak's dark russet and the walnut's brown;
There we might weave of falling leaves a new
And brighter wreath than earth e'er gave, to crown
The sun of lower life, before its light went down.

* Tupelo.

There is a pensive spirit in those woods,
The sighing of the lone wind in their leaves
Has much to soften; there the sunk heart broods
Intenser o'er its many wrongs, and grieves
With a far purer sorrow; it believes,
With fond illusion, that a form is there
Who hath her sorrows too; and then he weaves,
Of the pale-tinted flowers, a wreath, to bear
On his dishevelled locks, the garland of despair.

To look upon thy form, thou dying year,
To see thy brightest honours thickly shed,
As withered flowers are scattered on a bier
By pious hands, who mourn a loved one dead;
To think how all, that spring and summer spread
Of freshness and maturity, are torn
By the rude winds; how coldly in their stead
The crusted frost hangs glimmering on the thorn,
And bends the widowed boughs, that stoop as if forlorn:

To think on this, and on the breathing hues,
That wreathed the same earth in its fairest prime,
When the glad season with its life imbues
The very clods, and wakens from the slime
Of the low marsh, new forms, that spread a time
A pictured mantle o'er it; when it blows,
Mocking the beauty of a tropic clime,
Where one eternal round of flowering throws (glows:
New bloom to crown the fruit, that swells and ripening

To think on infancy, and then on death,
In the wild herb, or those fair forms we bind
Close to our hearts, as if their life and breath
Were portion of our being, where the mind
Is heightened, and all sympathies refined
To that high state, where we are not our own.
To think on death—to leave the looks, that wind
Round all our thoughts their tenderness—alone
To sit and hear the winds make sad and solemn moan

Through the dark pines, whose foliage, in the sway
Of fitful gusts, waves mournfully, and throws
From its fine threads a sound, that sinks away
Faintly and sweetly, to a dying close,
Like a soft air to which the boatman rows,
Over the moon-lit lake his gliding keel,
Which comes more calmly, for the still wind blows
So meekly through the summer night, we feel
Scarce on our wakeful ear the whispered echo steal;

To think on death, and how it rends the links
Of long and close communion, how it tears
One and another chord, till the heart sinks
Without one friend, on whom to lay its cares,
And take his in return;—the spirit bears
Better a loved one's woes, than those it feels
Spring in its own lost hopes;—the heart that shares
With a long bosom friend his burdens, heals
Its wounds, and still is soft;—alone, their closing steels :

'T is good to think on death—it bends the will
From that stern purpose, which no man can hold
And yet be happy;—we must go and fill
Thought with affection, where pale mourners fold
The shroud around those chill limbs, whose fair mould
Imaged unearthly beauty. Why not blend
With tears awhile, and leave that stern, that cold
Contempt of all that waits us, when we end
Our proud career in death, where all, hope lifted, bend.

'T is good to hold communion with the dead,
To walk the lane, where bending willows throw
Gloom o'er the dark green turf, ere day is fled,
And cast deep shadow on the tomb below;
For, as we muse thus silently, we know
The worth of all our longings, and we pay
New worship unto purity, and so
We gather strength to take our toilsome way,
Which must be meekly borne, or life be thrown away.

Better live long and tranquilly, if pure,
Than rush into the madness of a crowd,
Where all are eager for the prize, none sure;
Where busy voices clamour long and loud,
And man, shows in the strife, how feebly proud
Are his best aims to raise himself, and cast
His fellows in his rear—how keen, when bowed
Beneath a firmer heel, he finds at last, (past.
Are the condemning thoughts, that mock him, of the

But I must turn again to higher themes,
And, from the lifted summit where I stand,
Casting a rapid glance o'er hills and streams,
That chequer with their light a happy land,
Must find again my better powers expand
To a fit harmony with earth and sky,
Which spread before me, with so vast a hand,
Those forms that seem to bear eternity
Stamped on their iron brows, where age will ever be :

The gray rocks, and the mountains wrapped in blue,
Towering far distant through the silent air,
That sleeps in noon-light, but in morning blew
Fresh o'er the russet plain, and scattered there
Shadows from flitting clouds, that earth seemed fair
Rob'd in a sheet of light, and then grew dim;—
Far distant through the haze, those mountains bear
Sky-lifted walls, that frown along the brim
Of earth, and as I gaze, in vapour seem to swim.

They rise with twofold vastness through the dun
And quivering air, that broods along the heath,
Which gilds its dark waste with the reddening sun,
Whose sinking light seems ominous of death;
Air now is hushed, and not a whispered breath,
Bears from the cedar woods one sound away
To speak of life; a lightly curling wreath
O'er the far lake alone is seen to play,
And give one fairy hue to the departing day.

'Tis the fit hour of high and solemn thought ;
The sun sinks lower, and a wave of flame
Burns on the distant peaks ; I feel my lot
Too scanty for those inner powers, that frame
Visions of glory, which no want should tame
To the poor level of our common days ;
I would be with the heights, which stand the same,
Catching through countless years the dying rays,
That every evening crown the rocks in one full blaze.

And here shall be my temple, where I pay
Devotion unto Nature, here the throne
On which my soul shall sit, and pass away
Beyond where ever wing of air has flown,
Or first-created beam of morning shone,
Through the void infinite, the far expanse,
Spread out beyond all life, by thought alone
Pervaded, where no atoms in their dance, (chance.
Ere sun and star came forth, rolled on the waves of

To think is to exist, and when we go
Far in the range of intellect, we seem
Heightened in our existence: brute below
Move the dull crowd, a slow and sluggish stream,
Who think us madmen, who on mountains deem
There are more lofty musings, and new force
Caught from the purer air and clearer beam ;
They know no upward hours, and as their source
Of life is in the dust, such is their being's course.

They are the pillars on which nations rest,
Useful, but rude. All beauty took its birth
In the rank mould—now worshipped and caressed,
It once lay buried in its parent earth;
And thus the mean and sordid have their worth,
To bear aloft the finer form, and rear
The prouder seat of soul, that sallies forth
High in a purer element, to hear
The lore of minds who dwell in a celestial sphere;

Who have been in the common herd, but long
Have found a home more genial, and have grown
From this our infancy of reason, strong
In all that gives to intellect the tone
Of an exalted essence, such as shone
Faint in the bard and sage of ancient days;
Earth was around them—now, they would not own
Those visions, where they wandered in a maze
Of dreams, that were sublime, and dazzle all who gaze.

But these were dreams of infancy; they broke
The chain of earthly appetite—the will
To be all greatness burst the binding yoke
That ever bore their spirit downward, till
They leaped on a free pinion to fulfil
The grandeur they had purposed—then the sky
Received them in its bosom, where they still
Haste on in eager hopes that never die,
To read all things that are, with an unsated eye.

Space is to them an ocean, where they rush
Voyaging in an endless circle; light
Comes from within, and as the mountains flush,
When morning sails athwart them, so their flight
Kindles all things, they pass by, with so bright
And searching glance, they read them in their core:
Like a quick meteor hasting on in night,
They wander through a sea without a shore,
Which still hath something new to gather to their store.

And they too have a centre, where they tend;
The Universe rolls round it; there all power
Comes and goes forth; though lesser beings end
Wasting, and born, and dying every hour,
Yet like the fabled amaranthine flower,
That ever held the same unfading glow,
Shedding its fragrance through the holy bower,
Where angels took their slumbers, in a flow
That bore a sense of Heaven to purer hearts below:

Yet like that never dying flower, the whole
Lives one unchanging round, and ever draws
New motion from the animating soul,
Which acts on matter with eternal laws,
And is to each event the one first cause,
From which all changes emanate; like rays,
All spirits point to this, and there they pause,
And when all worlds are passed, the soul there lays
Its separate life aside, and mingles in that blaze.

Here we have only moments, when we speed
Round the aerial ocean, o'er whose tides
The mind goes onward, like the breathless steed,
On which the wretch, who flies his ruin, rides;
But the base will to earth forever guides
The soaring pinion in its highest flight;
We cannot go where the free spirit glides
Serenely in a flowing wave of light;
We may be bright awhile, but more of life is night.

'Tis a vain toil to send our fancy on,
In quest of higher worlds than this we know;
Cold want will come, when all we sought is won,
And then our new-fledged wing must stoop below;
I am not to the hope of Heaven a foe,
It comforts, lifts, and widens, all who share
In the pure streams that from its fountain flow;
We must be pure ourselves, if we would dare
Take of the holy fire that wells and gushes there.

'Tis a weak madness, or a base deceit,
To talk of hope like this, when life is stained
With all rank reeking grossness when we meet,
In a fair life, a goodness all unfeigned,
Where one long love of purity hath reigned,
And the meek spirit charms us, like the rose
That in a thicket lurks, and there hath gained
Sweetness from all it fed on, till it throws
New fragrance on the wind—we give a Heaven to those.

They have a Heaven on earth; it ever springs
In the calm round of tender feeling, shown
By the dear cares and toils which Nature wrings,
With a most gentle pressure, from the lone
But happy parent, who amid her own,
Smiling like first-blown flowers around her, feeds
Her spirit with their looks of love; unknown
She lives within her shrine; her fond heart needs
No tongue to tell her worth, to gladden in her deeds.

They have their own reward: it is the law
Of our existence, that our hearts should cling
To those who from our life their being draw;
The favours that we render, ever bring
Closer the cherished, till they are a thing
We cannot sever from us, but they tear
Roots from our hearts; the thankless child may sting,
Even as a serpent, but we meekly bear (there.
All wrongs, and when the storm beats on him, clasp him

The feeling of a parent never dies
But with our moral nature; all in vain
The wretch, by cold and cruel spurning, tries
To change that love to hate: the sense of pain
Shoots keenly through a mother's heart, the chain
Wound through life's tender years twines closer so;
Feelings, that in our better hours had lain
Silent, are often waked by some deep throe,
And as the torture racks, our loves intenser grow.

We send these fond endearments o'er the grave,
Heaven would be Hell, if loved ones were not there,
And any spot a Heaven, if we could save
From every stain of earth, and thither bear
The hearts that are to us our hope and care,
The soil, whereon our purest pleasures grow;
Around the quiet hearth we often share,
From the quick change of thought, the tender flow
Of fondness waked by smiles, the world we love, below.

But now I turn me to the setting sun,
Whose broad fire dips behind yon rock, a tower
Fit for the eagle's aerie; day is done,
And earth is hushed at evening's dewy hour;
Down the high wooded peak a golden shower
Flows through the twinkling leaves, that lightly play
In the cool wind, that wakens from its bower
Hung, where the curling river winds away (bay;
Through the green watered vale, to meet the sheeted

On which the moon, who long had watched the set
Of the bright lord who gives her light, but dims
Her brightness, when they two in Heaven are met,
Casts her pale shadow, which as softly swims,
As nymphs, who cleave the wave with snowy limbs,
Like lilies floating on a falling stream,
Whose incense-breathing cup now lightly skims
The crinkling sheet, and now with opal gleam
Dips in the brook, and takes from air a brighter beam;

Which is condensed, and parted into hues
That charm us in the rainbow; each waved tip
Of the glossed petals, in that light imbues
Its paleness with an iris fringe; the lip
Thus takes a sweeter beauty, when we sip
The infant stream of life, from some bright bowl
Fretted with eastern flowers; and as they drip
From the new rose, the pearls of morning roll
Such tints upon the eye, they pass into the soul.

Sunlight and moonlight now are met in Heaven;
This, like a furnace blazing, in the west
Lifts a wide flame, that, as a banner driven,
Glow where the mountain lake unfolds its breast,
And every tree in amber locks is tressed,
Flowing in waved fire down the green hill-side;
Round the far eastern sky the blue is dressed
With blushes, like a sweet Circassian bride,
Who looks with melting eye on Helle's rolling tide.

The vast arch lifts a darker canopy,
The perfect dome of nature, reared aloft
Above the columned rocks, that send it high,
Like a round temple roof, which rises soft
Melting in evening air, where sunbeams waft
Flashes, that tip with gold the pointed spire,
And crown the statue there, and gem the haft
Of the bent sword, that, like a stream of fire,
Waves o'er the startled crowd, the sign of God's first ire.

But as I turn me to the silent sea,
Where not a wind is breathing, no calm swell
Creeps slowly whispering on; where in his lee,
Through the far deep, the sailor-boy can tell,
On the white bed of sand, each twisted shell,
That lies, where never waves in tempest sweep;—
I look, and as I hear the vesper bell
Swing solemnly afar, the moon beams keep
Watch o'er the silver tide, that now is hushed in sleep.

Day fades, and night grows brighter in her orb,
Which walks the blue air with a queen-like smile,
And seems with a soft gladness to absorb
All the deep blaze, that lit yon rocky pile,
Where the sun took his farewell glance, the while
He rested on the throne of parting day,
Which is his royal seat;—as a far isle
Rolling amid the upper deep its way,
The moon glides on, as glides her shadow on the bay.

Beauty is doubled here, and both are fair,
But the reflection hath a paler tint,
As when from out a calm and hazy air
The first wan rays in frosted autumn glint;
The moon aloft comes freshly from the mint,
Where first she took her loveliness; the bright
And dark she bears, like bosses, by the dint
Of a deep die, give changes to her light,
As if a snowy veil with glittering pearls were dight.

Night steals apace, and brings the hour of stars,
Which come emerging from Heaven's azure flow;
First in the west the loving planet bears
The charm of light, that hath a power to throw
Hope on the impassioned heart, who in her glow
Reads the fond omen of his happy flame;
She leads the way; then thicker splendours go,
Each to his seat, as when at once they came
Obedient to the voice, whose word all power can tame.

And now the night is full; unnumbered eyes
Look on us from infinitude; the dome,
Whereon they hang, in darker azure lies
Round their intenser light; as when the foam
Crests the green wave, when barks are hurrying home
From the wild cloud, that skirts the brooding sky,
And gives the sea a frown, before it come
To plow the surge in wrath, and roll it by
The rock, which in that rush still lifts its forehead high.

They gather on the far expanded arch,
Each in their separate orders, and go on
Sweeping the long dark vault in silent march,
Until at last the western goal is won,
Or on the orient hill the morning sun
Come forth and quench their lesser light; yon plain
Is a wide list, where higher souls may run
In the bright form of star, and grandly gain
The only good reward, which here we seek in vain.

No wonder nations worshipped here, and bowed
Their foreheads in the dust before the fires
That watch o'er earth, and seem to speak aloud
The deeds of unborn ages;—man aspires
To the high seat of gods, and never tires
To read the infinite, the past, and throw
Looks full of hope before him; so those fires,
Which are so high, and look so far, must know
All that is big with fate, and will have birth below.

Faith centres in the sky;—'t is there we turn,
When earth is only darkness, there we send
Our vows to those we fear, and there we burn,
When the last pulse beats low, to find the end
Of all we hate, and thus in hope we tend
To the high dwelling of the stars;—bright souls
Love with the purer elements to blend,
And so, when the deep knell its parting tolls,
They gaze on the pure light that ever round us rolls:

So those, who have been gifted with the flame
Of an ascending intellect, whose light
Kindled as death drew near, and seemed the same,
Or fairer on the verge of being's night;—
So they have fixed their last look on the bright
Clear sky, as if awhile insphered and bound
In a full sense of glory;—their delight
Was too intensely keen to have a sound;
It spake in the long smile they cast so calmly round.

The sun was setting when the Guebre drew
His parting breath; he gazed in worship there,
Life seemed concentrated in that ardent view,
His spirit wandered into worlds of air,
To mingle with his god, and dying share
In the last flash of day;—the cold dim glaze
Fell on his eye, but yet he oft would bear
A fond look to the cloud, that drank the rays,
And then he calmly died, as one who only pays

Devotion on his pillow, ere he draw
His curtain round, and close his eye in sleep;
That fond idolater in dying saw,
As the day sank in glory in the deep,
That rolled in gilt waves o'er it with the sweep
Of a far-flashing brightness, there his eye
Beheld his god enshrined;—his soul could leap,
At such a calm and holy hour, to lie
Serenely on his couch, and with his loved lord die.

Centre of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou has thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone;
Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and bright.

We call thee Lord of day—and thou dost give
To Earth the fire that animates her crust,
And wakens all the forms that move and live,
From the fine viewless mould, which lurks in dust,
To him who looks to Heaven, and on his bust
Bears stamped the seal of God, who gathers there
Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust
In his own centred powers, who aims to share
In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.

Thy path is high in Heaven;—we cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bear, thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of star,
For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole
One of the sparks of night, that fire the air,
And as around thy centre planets roll,
So thou too hast thy path around the central soul.

I am no fond idolater to thee,
One of the countless multitude, who burn,
As lamps, around the one Eternity,
In whose contending forces systems turn
Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies:—
Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern
With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,
Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.

And thou too hast thy world, and unto thee
We are as nothing;—thou goest forth alone,
And movest through the wide aerial sea,
Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne
From a new victory, where he late had shown
Wider his power to nations;—so thy light
Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had grown
With each revolving day, or thou at night
Had lit again thy fires, and thus renewed thy might.

Age o'er thee has no power;—thou bringst the same
Light to renew the morning, as when first,
If not eternal, thou, with front of flame,
On the dark face of earth in glory burst,
And warmed the seas, and in their bosom nursed
The earliest things of life, the worm and shell;
Till through the sinking ocean mountains pierced,
And then came forth the land whereon we dwell,
Reared like a magic fane above the watery swell.

And there thy searching heat awoke the seeds
Of all that gives a charm to earth, and lends
An energy to nature; all that feeds
On the rich mould, and then in bearing bends
Its fruit again to earth, wherein it blends
The last and first of life; of all who bear
Their forms in motion, where the spirit tends
Instinctive, in their common good to share, (there.
Which lies in things that breathe, or late were living

They live in thee; without thee all were dead
And dark, no beam had lighted on the waste,
But one eternal night around had spread
Funereal gloom, and coldly thus defaced
This Eden, which thy fairy hand had graced
With such uncounted beauty—all that blows
In the fresh air of Spring, and growing braced
Its form to manhood, when it stands and glows
In the full-tempered beam, that gladdens as it goes.

Thou lookest on the Earth, and then it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles;
When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;
Thou wheelst away thy flight, the woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
And in their maddening rush the crested mountains shake.

The Earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;
Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
Of all the power, that brooded in the urn
Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When on a dewy morn thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine; and when the touch of Spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shore—
The vales are thine, and when they wake from night,
The dews, that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine—they catch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream
That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters—so thy rays
Flow and give brighter tints, than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain; below the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by,
Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie
Dazzling but cold; thy farewell glance looks there,
And when below thy hues of beauty die
Girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear
Into the high dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues
Are penciled by thee; when thou bendest low,
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving fold with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain
Hung round the verge of Heaven, that as a bow
Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain
All tints to the deep gold, that flashes in thy train;

These are thy trophies, and thou bendst thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march;
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form with perfect curve a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air;—man looks and tells
How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they go,
Where thou in Heaven dost guide them on their way,
Rising and falling in eternal flow;
Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow,
They take them wings and spring aloft in air,
And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw
Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

I too have been upon thy rolling breast,
Widest of waters! I have seen thee lie
Calm, as an infant pillowed in its rest
On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky,
Not smoother, gave the deep its azure die,
Till a new Heaven was arched and glassed below,
And then the clouds, that gay in sunset fly,
Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,
As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I too have seen thee on thy surging path,
When the night tempest met thee; thou didst dash
Thy white arms high in Heaven, as if in wrath
Threatening the angry sky; thy waves did lash
The labouring vessel, and with deadening crash
Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides;
Onward thy billows came to meet and clash
In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides (rides.
Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark storm-cloud

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell;
O! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail
Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
Over the curling billow, and the gale
Comes off from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine ; of old thou wert the Power
Who gave the Poet life, and I in thee
Feel my heart gladden, at the holy hour,
When thou art sinking in the silent sea ;
Or when I climb the height, and wander free
In thy meridian glory, for the air
Sparkles and burns in thy intensity ;
I feel thy light within me, and I share
In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

All have their moments, when the world looks dark
Behind, around, before them : Some have steeled
Their hearts to hope, and put out every spark
Faith lends the future—minds, who will not yield
To aught but sense, who lurk beneath a shield
That bears unshocked the rudest brunt of fate ;
They boast of their fixed hardness—they have healed
All the heart's wounds by searing—love and hate
Have died alike—unmoved they sit, and sternly wait

Death, which hath lost all terrors, in the cold
Stifling of every passion and desire ;
'Tis the same sound, whether the bell has tolled,
Or the flute warbled out the lover's fire ;
They laugh at Heaven and all who there aspire,
Who lowly crouch and bend to fear, they mock ;
They strive, while they have vigour ; when they tire
They sit and muse, like Marius on a rock,
And thus in calm deep thought the Book of Life unlock :

“ It came, is gone, whence, whither, none can know :
Darkness behind, as deep a gloom before :
Wave after wave our generations go
Rolling to break upon an unknown shore ;
Awhile we toss and sparkle, then no more
The eye beholds our being, we are fled,
And they who moved alone, and they who bore
Navies and convoys, soon, as quickly sped,
Have vanished in the waste dark vacuum of the dead.

“ Graves tell no tales, but silence dread and deep
Broods over them forever ; one long night
Wraps all that enter their domain in sleep,
On which no day hath ever poured its light ;
But Time, as it advances, still doth write
Eternity above their dark repose ;
Ages have wheeled away in silent flight,
Man ever to his long oblivion goes ;
What if he hath new life ? Who hath it only knows.

“ We stand the centre of Eternity,
Infinity around us ; but we cling
To the few sands of life, that soon will be
Lost in the common mass, when Death shall fling
His clay-cold hand athwart us, and shall wring
The spirit from our forms ; then dust to dust
Shall meanly moulder ; we shall be a thing
For worms to feast on ; do we rightly trust,
We shall be then all mind, or is it a vain lust ?

“ So Man has questioned, since his being came
Forth from the womb of Nature; he has found
This dull life for his inner powers too tame,
And therefore he hath cast his view around,
And wandered far away, beyond the bound
Of the seen universe, to find a home
For his high soul to dwell in; though the ground
Receive the wasted corpse, yet he may roam,
On a swift airy wing, beneath Heaven's proudest dome.

“ There is a lifting grandeur in the thought;
'Tis the extreme of ecstasy to rear
Our now base life above its sordid lot,
And kindle in a holy happy sphere,
Where all that is of intellect is near,
And all pure feeling finds eternal food:
No wonder better souls have rested here
Intensely, as the sparrow guards her brood;
And it attracts the more, the more it is pursued.

“ They live in holy musing—mind is drawn
From all external being—calm repose
In the one chiefest essence, as the dawn
Sleeps on the silent valley, when the rose
Drips with its seeded dew, that slowly flows
From the still leaves, all are so hushed and calm,
When the blue flowers of day their leaves uncloze,
And wake their azure eyes, and breathe their balm,
And the green linnet sucks the honey of the Palm,

“ Whose broad leaves hang unruffled by the sway
Of the cool air, that from the ocean steals
With breath so faint, that scarce the silk-tufts play
Round the green cane, when the night beauty seals
Her golden eye in slumber, but reveals
In tender lines of light the fringed lid;
When all that hath a life, in silence feels
The moving of that Power, whose ways are hid
Deep in the core of things, unresting, and amid

“ Myriads of viewless instruments, the springs
By which the eternal round of life goes on,
Whose sleep is in the tomb, when spirit flings
Its faded slough aside, again to run
In a fresh-glowing spoil, that gives the sun
Its light in burnished beauty. Do we fly,
Thus parted, Earth forever? or does one
Take from another life, wherewith to ply
Awhile on gladdened wings, and then grow old and die?

“ Nature is one eternal circle: Life
Floats through the void, and is attracted, where
The elements, in their collected strife,
From Chaos raise a world in order fair,
To float through space, and on its bosom bear
Forms, that are fashioned with unnumbered wheels
To walk, or swim, or on the buoyant air,
Float in the calm of motion—Life there steals,
And finds its home prepared; it enters, Matter feels,

“ And all awakes to energy, the blood
Courses the winding arteries, which convey
Spirit and heat in its air-kindled flood,
And send to all, the atoms which array
The form in rounded beauty, and their play
Paints on the new-born cheek the one full rose,
Which is the flower of love; we all obey,
Uncheated of our due, this charm, that glows,
And then turns sweetly pale, as passion ebbs and flows.

“ Above the temple, where the Godhead sits,
Reason, the Deity and guide of man,
In the most lofty seat, as well befits
The Power, whose sacred office is to span
All that is working round us, or that can
Meet us to please, to harm us, or destroy;
Who hath his band of feelings, who may scan
All that would seek an entrance; who, as joy (annoy.
Draws, or pain frights, seeks, shuns, what charm us or

“ There sits the Power upon his higher throne,
In a fair palace wrought, when life at first
In the grand form, where mind alone is shown,
The elements of thought and feeling nurst
From the blank infant state, till Genius burst
All earthly barriers, and aspired to Heaven—
He sought to grasp its fire, and he was curst
By his own daring; now by fancy driven,
The victim of belief, he finds a longing given

“ To dwell with angels, and to fashion dreams
Of glory, goodness, perfect mind, pure love,
Consummate beauty, in whose gladdening beams
We seem exalted to a sense above
The common life, that chills us; but we prove,
In all this ecstasy, the torturing fire
Of a keen thirst, whose fountain doth remove
Farther, the more we seek it—such desire (drier.
Burns the lost wretch, who finds, each step, the desert

“ Man, in the temperate use of all his powers,
Is happy: with the simple fruit and stream,
Labour and rest in their alternate hours,
His life is golden, as fond poets dream
Of the first age, the Paradise, the theme,
Where the rapt spirit gladdens, and runs wild
Through citron shades, whose fruitage woos the bean,
To harden in its rind, through all that smiled
In the Elysian isles, where air was ever mild,

“ Brushing the light leaves on its jocund way,
Borne from the breast of ocean without cloud,
Save such light streaks, as give the setting day
Its gilded glory, where the year was bowed
With an eternal harvest, in whose shroud
Earth seemed a Heaven for Gods, not home for men;
They dreamed of all these phantoms, and were proud
Of their creations, but cold winter then
Shut them to gnaw their hearts, and grovel in their den.

“ Rapture is not the aim of Man; in flowers
The serpent hides his venom, and the sting
Of the dread insect lurks in fairest bowers :
We were not made to wander on the wing,
But if we would be happy, we must bring
Our buoyed hearts to a plain and simple school ;
We may, as the wild-vines their tendrils fling,
And waste their barren life, o’erleap all rule,
And grasp all light, till age our fruitless ardour cool.

“ We would be Gods, and we would know all things,
And therefore we know nothing well ; our thought
Would lift itself upon an eagle’s wings,
And speed through all that Deity hath wrought
And fashioned by his fiat, until nought
Should be untravelled ; but the aspiring flame
Consumes the active mind, and all it sought
Becomes its torment, for the breath of fame,
Like a Sirocco’s blast, will sear and scorch our frame.

“ We seek the fountain-head, whence Genius flowed
Pure from the breast of Nature, where her stream
Was sparkling as the crystal, and it showed
The bright reflection of the solar beam,
Which from the Sun of mind, the high supreme
Of moral grace and beauty, and the throne
Of majesty unbounded, took its theme,
And in the Muse’s morning splendour shone, (cone :
As in the dawn of light some snow-capped mountain’s

“ And we go down the stream of ages, borne
Through cultured fields and deserts, and we take
All that is poured from Plenty's brimming horn
Of mind's collected treasures; there we slake
Our growing thirst, and thus by quenching make
Burning and wasting our intense desire;
We gather burdens, till our spirits ache
Beneath the weight of our attainments; higher, (pire:
Even on the grave's close brink, our mounting souls as-

“ And then Death comes, which we have hurried on,
By our own longing to escape it; still
Hope points the temple we had almost won,
Its Doric columns crown the lifted hill,
And the departed great its porches fill,
And all the springs of Truth at last unlock;
Onward we leap to join them, with a will
That dies in effort—so from the doomed rock
Prometheus saw the sea roll near, his torture's mock.

“ We are the slaves of Nature—Sun and cloud
Brighten and darken—cold and heat compel
The spirit to their rule; we may be proud
That we are Lords of Earth, and greatly tell
How elements, obedient to the spell
Of our high reason, follow where we go:
'T is a vain pride; for Glory's upward swell,
Lifting its tides, like Oceans in their flow,
Finds in the meanest check full oft its overthrow.

“ A breath may quell the tempest of a soul,
Whose gusts blow o’er a continent, and pour
Madness through nations; who, as wild seas roll,
When wind and earthquake dash them on the shore,
To bury thousands in their rush and roar,
Where ages had been calm and happy, send
One host to sweep a feebler host before
Its brute and causeless rage—that life may end
By the dark stagnant air, whose poison doth defend

“ With a securer bulwark, than the rock
Crowned with its iron jaws of death, which speak
Defiance to the invading wave, and mock
All, who, in their insatiate longing, seek
Wider and richer regions, where to wreak
The lust of a false greatness: in his snows
The Switzer finds his safeguard; winds are bleak,
And earth is barren, but his bosom shows
How hard and firmly nerved to bear and to oppose:

“ And in his damp close woods the Carib dwells
Free, for the pestilence forever spreads
Its purple folds around him, till it swells
Dire as a Hydra with its hundred heads;
Where snakes and reptiles batten in their beds,
And round the boughs their bloated circles twine;
Where the dull air its fatal influence sheds
In one eternal mist—no pure beams shine,
But all that sleeps below is rayless as the mine.

“ Man would be free, but is his own worst slave;
His tyrant is his appetite; he lives
Calmly in bondage, if he thus can save
The lust he long hath cherished; then he gives
His birthright to the pander, and believes
He hath his surest safety in that power;
He rests in quiet sloth; he never grieves
For the high glories of that ancient hour, (dower.
When liberty sprang forth, and fiercely claimed her

“ Base passions are our lords; and thus we bend
So silently to those, who let us feed
On the rank garbage of low joys; we send
Rarely, if ever, to the hopes that breed
Strength in the heart, and give the mind the speed
Of a young courser, on its upward way;
The strong and lofty love the daring deed—
Free in their own wide circuit, they obey (prey.
No power but their own might—the weak too are their

“ Weakness is vice: man first was bold and strong,
Prompt to repel all force, to spurn all rule;
He felt his wants, he knew his rights; that throng
Of prurient, pampered appetites, which fool
The soul of its true being, in the school
Of reeking cities taught, he had not known;
And therefore he was not the flatterer's tool,
Who gives the cup of Circe, but alone
He walked erect, a god, and made the earth his own.

“ We tell of meekness—’t is the very curse
Of our degraded nature; we are driven
Close in a crowd, where all mean feelings nurse
Their blackness, and the feebler thus in Heaven,
Look for the help that here they find not given,
And patiently submit to those who crush;
Fetters so galling had been sternly riven
By the first upward race; they would not hush
Wild nature in their hearts, but spend it in the rush

“ Of a determined will; though now firm laws
Rear iron walls to hem us darkly in,
We can be just, and ever in the cause
Of the first liberty speak in the din
Of prating slaves, who strive, and only win
New shackles by their toil; the few will hate
The tyrant, and be nobly free within;
They live in their own world; the mean will wait
Fawning around a lord—such is the doom of fate.

“ It is our pride to conquer Nature:—Mind
Is an internal force, that oft can sway
Things to its great dominion; ’t is designed
As the one balance, which at least can stay
Awhile the haste of causes, which convey
All in their downward flood, to where they mix
Again in that great furnace, where the play
Of first attractions ever will unfix
The binding links of life, and send us o’er the Styx,

“ To wander through ten thousand changes, where
All first is gross and hateful, till we rise
From the rank putrid heap, to spread in air
New forms, that veil at first their energies;
But as the tireless wing of Being flies,
Hasting forever onward, they grow pure,
And spread new beauty to the admiring eyes
Of the pleased Earth, and silently allure
To taste their fleeting charms, too lovely to endure.

“ Why was the sense of Beauty lent to Man,
The feeling of fine forms, the taste of soul,
That speaks from eye and lip, and thus will fan
Love in the young beholder? Why the whole
Waste of creation sweetly can control
The fixed heart to devotion? Why hath Night
So many golden eyes? Why is the roll
Of Nature so accordant, when a blight
Withers our very lives, and poisons all delight?

“ Why are we not like Nature, ever new,
Freshening with every season? It is pain
To gaze, when sick and wasted, on the blue
Arching as purely o'er us, and the stain
Of the curled clouds, that gather in the train,
Which the low Sun makes glorious with his smile:
To see the light Spring weave her rosy chain,
And sow her pearls, no longer can beguile,
When age, and want, and sin, our sinking hearts defile.

“ Youth is the season, when we must enjoy,
If we would know the sweets of life; the mind
Is then pure feeling, for no base alloy
Of gain hath blended with the ore refined
By the wise hand of Nature, who designed
The beautiful years to be alone the time,
When we can fondly love, and loving find
In the adored the same glad passion chime,
As if two spirits met in one most tuneful rhyme.

“ O! there are eyes that have a language—sweet
Comes their soft music round us, till the air
Is one intensest melody—we beat
Through every pulse, as if a spring were there
To buoy us into upper worlds, and bear
Our fond hearts with linked arms, on whitest wings,
To a far island, where we two may share
Eternal looks, such as the live eye flings,
When it collects all fire, and as it blesses, stings.

“ O! could we stop, at this glad hour, the wheels
Of Time, and make this point Eternity;
Could check that onward flight, which ever steals
Hues, forms, and soul, as the twined colours flee,
Which are above the seven-fold Harmony,
Whose perfect concord meets in the soft light,
That sits upon a wave of clouds—a sea
Of rolling vapour, pearled and purely white,
That as a curtain hangs the pale-lit throne of Night:

“ O! could we dwell in rapture thus forever,
Hearts burning with a high empyreal flame,
Whose blended cones no reckless storm could sever,
But they should tremble upward till the same
Fine point of centred heat should ever aim
Higher and higher to the perfect glow;
As Dante saw from that celestial Dame, (flow,
Once loved, now worshipped, Heaven's own splendors
And gather in her smile, that looked so calm below.

“ It is not in us; we were fashioned here
For a more tranquil feeling, such as home
Sheds on two hearts, whose true and lasting sphere
Is round the holy hearth; hearts do not roam,
When they are pledged by the young shoots, that come,
Like the green root-twigs, sweetly to renew
Our life in their dear lives, which are the sum
Of all our after being, where we view (through.
Heaven, as the soul's fond smile those rose-lips trembles

“ O! had I one on whom to fix my heart,
To sit beside me when my thoughts are sad,
And with her tender playfulness impart
Some of her pure joy to me, in whose glad
Up-gazing eyes, the love, that once I had,
Might find its lesser image formed complete
In all its mellow mildness; we grow mad
In dwelling on ideal woes—we meet (seat.
Those loved looks in their smile, and mind regains its

“ And as those blue eyes on the canvass throw
Their watery glances to me, where the tear
Seems gathering to a starry drop, to flow
Down the soft damask of her cheek, I hear
From her moved lips, a voice salute my ear,
That was so kind and so confiding; pain,
Which once did throb within me, now doth veer
To a calm stillness; the delirious brain
Seems by cool drops renewed to life's young bliss again.

“ And I would then that pictured form could talk
Of hours, that once were happy in the round
Of thought still growing, as at each new walk,
With deeper hue the early bud is found,
Till it unfold its leaves, and scatter round
Its purest incense;—so our life steals by
Catching new loves and hopes, which, closely wound
With every blended thought and wish, will try
The heart to its last throb, when loved ones leave or die.

“ But there is one affection, which no stain
Of earth can ever darken, when two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste hath fastened mind to mind;—
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined,
Not purer shone the sky-born vestal fire;
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind,
As love is, unto baseness; its desire
Is, but with hands entwined, to lift our being higher.

“ 'T is like the twine of hearts from infancy
Beneath the same roof, who have kindly shown
All the fond aids of childhood;—such we see
In minds, that have one sympathy, alone,
That answer to each other, as the tone
Of woman's voice to the deep sounds, that flow
From the fit organ tubes more grandly blown;
With a dissolving concord blended so,
On through the waste of life those happy spirits go.

“ Life is to them in its revolving years
One round of fragrance, one parterre of flowers;
There is a very blessing in their tears,
They are, as to the Earth the first Spring showers,
When wakened by the music of the hours,
All loose their wintery bonds, and leap in air,
When up the mountain, which a forest towers,
The busy hands of life their colours bear
Darkening the yellow tint, till one deep green is there.

“ There is a very blessing in their tears,
Their fountain is in purity, they well
In a clean heart, whose fondness more endears,
Than all the forms and blended tints, that dwell
On a first master's canvass, and compel
Worship unto that miracle of skill,
Which can at once create, as with a spell,
On the blank sheet, such things of life, as fill
The gazer with mute awe, and bend the sterner will.

“ There is a very blessing in their tears,
For while they flow in happiness, they heal
Wounds that bleed deep in other hearts;—Grief hears,
With a sweet sense of gladness, tones that feel
The sorrow they would comfort; we may steel,
In our despair, our hearts to all, who lend
Kindness to those who suffer; but the seal
Of our shut tears is broken, when a friend
Weeps with us all our woes, and then our sorrows end.

“ And we weep on and smile; the cloud gives way,
And a new light comes trembling through its shade;
We weep till all our grief is gone, and day
Again is pure above us;—thus we aid
One in another's evils, which were made
Partly to bind more feelingly the chain,
That links existence;—we are doubly paid
By our own calm from tears, and by the pain,
Which we have gently healed, and made it bliss again.

“ I turn me back, and find a barren waste
Joyless and rayless; a few spots are there,
Where briefly it was granted me to taste
The tenderness of youthful love, and share
In the fond mutual sympathy, the care
Of those on whom our full affections rest:
I dreamed, or it was real; but in air
The charm was broken; it was mine to test
With a long pang how dark and cold the rifled breast.

“ There was a madness in the feeling; fire
Seemed to rush through my whirling brain; one stream
Bathed it in torture: thought could never tire
In painting all, that I could shape or dream
Of years of mingled joys, till one supreme
And perfect sense of glory filled me: light
Was in my life—a moment; then the beam
Sunk, and a sudden rush of tenfold night (blight.
Chilled me to my heart's core; all being seemed one

“ And then that deep intensity of pain;—
I could have pressed my forehead with the weight
Of a whole world, and yet my throbbing brain
Bounded beneath my strained hand: all seemed hate
And leering scorn around me, tyrant fate
Methought had stamped me for eternal woe;
There was no cool soft dew shed to abate
The fever of despair;—tears could not flow,
But with another's tears, and then I melted so,

“ As the doomed wretch, who on the scaffold hears
Pardon:—at first he gazes wildly round,
And mocks the offer; hope is lost in fears,
But as he drinks renewed the silver sound,
With such intensest joy his heart strings bound,
It is too keen, too deadening:—tears first start
Few to his swimming eyes, but he has found
Freshness in those scant drops, and then his heart
Flows, and his melting frame in every gush takes part.

“ I wept and I was calm; as when at night,
After a stormy day, the sky turns clear,
And all the world of stars are doubly bright,
As the cloud sails away, and the wide sphere
Swells darkly pure behind it, till it near
The orb, that rules the still hours, then its fold
Whitens and shines impearled, and then we hear
The cock crow, as the silver planet rolled (cold.
On the unshaded Heaven, makes all things bright, but

“ The earth, that sleeps below in silence, seems
Sprinkled with light, for each clear drop of rain, (teems
That bends the leaves, and grass, and closed flowers,
With her mild lustre;—now she casts a stain
On the white clouds behind her, not in vain,
Bending athwart their curls the breded bow;
And as the north-wind whispers o’er the plain,
The drops, that fell with such a silent flow,
Hardened to fretted frost, and whiten all below.

“ It is one land of loveliness—but chill
Comes the pale landscape o’er me—not a tread
Disturbs the calm—the lone tree on the hill
Waves in its frosted foliage—fountains fed
From earth’s warm bosom, as they kiss it, shed
A fresh green o’er the meadow-grass, alone
Living amid a world, that lies as dead
In a pale corpse-like beauty, while a zone
Of a most tender tint, round all that is seems thrown.

“ Such was calm, that brooded o’er my heart,
Silent but cold;—I wondered, and I grew
Tranquil, though but a moment; as a dart
Leaps on the lurking deer, who wildly flew,
Seeking the woodland covert, as they blew
The maddening horn behind him, so there came,
Through my hot brain, to madden me anew,
The same wild thoughts, which soon were blown to flame,
Till one convulsive throb ran quivering through my frame.

“ And then I thought of death, I sternly rushed
To the steep brink, and eyed the depth below;
I stood poised for the plunge, my forehead flushed
With the hot pain within me, seemed to glow
On the cool wave;—with a last parting throe
I yielded up my being, but a thought
Checked me, I might not perish—some sure blow,
That would end all at once, such death I sought,
To wither in one breath, then go where all is nought.

“ Again I steeled me, and the flashing tip
Of a sharp dagger met my bounding breast;
It seemed with drops of living blood to drip,
Already on the seat of life ’twas prest,
And I was sinking to eternal rest,
When a loud voice seemed yelling, “ Madman, stay!
Bear with a sterner will the stern behest
Of fate;” I threw the shining dirk away,
And with a deep wild groan I hasted to obey.

“ My heart seemed hardened from that very hour—
Feeling was deadened in it—smiles and tears
Were gone forever—friendship had no power
To give me comfort—all that so endears
In the fair face of woman, hopes and fears
That have in her their fountain, all had fled;
But life had grown eternal, countless years
At once had flown, a wider being spread
Dark, silent, dim around—I wandered with the dead.

“ And coldly I live on, and will live on,
Till life hath ceased to torture, and the grave
Hides me from man, and that long home is won,
Which welcomes us to quench us, or to save
From all that sinks us here. O! I could brave
Hell and its fires, if with it strength would grow;
There is no pain like weakness—Justice gave
No keener rack than this, to live and know, (overthrow.
Weak, scorned, that our own hand had wrought our

“ Well, let the world pass on; I stand unmoved
In all its uproar—all, it hath of good,
Is now turned poison—those I fondly loved,
Have died, or hate me—as the tempter stood
In Eden, nursing in his heart a brood
Of all dark passions, so I look on life;
I find no charm without, my only food
Of thought is in the keen and quenchless strife—
I wrestle with despair, where all of ill is rife.

But evil is my good—I cannot turn
Back to renew the freshness of young days.
Talk not to me of penitence—I spurn
The weakness of the stooping wretch, who pays
Awe to the hand that crushes him, and lays
The weight of such existence on his soul;
I asked not have being, nor to raise
My life from out the brute and senseless whole,
Which ever sleeps the same, though years and ages roll.

We must submit or die:—If all would end
With the last twinkling of this lamp—why, well.
I could bear on—but thought will sometimes send
Questions across the dark dread gulf, where dwell
All wild and formless visions—'t is the hell
That kindles with its fires the doubting brain;
It may be—and those few short words will tell
Racks to the lingering heart, that longs in vain
To find some calm retreat to quell its raging pain.

There is, they say, a bending form of love,
Who spreads his dove-wings over us, and bears
The wearied in his gentle arms above
All earth has to assail us, sorrows, cares,
Toil, and disease, and want, till cool sweet airs
Breathe odours from the never-fading flowers
That grow in Heaven, where peace eternal wears
The same undying smile, and as the hours
Steal silently along, descends in balmy showers.

'Tis a fond fancy—some may find it sweet,
Full of all happy visions—life will seem
Bliss in their upward longings—there they meet
All their once loved ones heightened—such a dream
Heals many a broken heart, and then they deem
All is one light around them: let them bend
Deep o'er their long devotion—let the theme
Of all their words be, of the one Great Friend,
Who saves them from all pain, and bids all sorrows end.

“ 'Tis not for me—I am of sterner mould;
I must live on in my own heart, and find
Strength to sustain—by thought; my only hold
Is on that unbent energy of mind,
Which, as the storm beats harder on, will bind
Closer its will around it, and endure;
Which shuns all concord with its own base kind,
Where it forever totters, but grows pure
And firm in solitude, which is its only cure.

“ I will not look on Nature—'t is too fair,
And hath too much of beauty, when it lies
Spread in the sunlight;—we must hate, or share
In the same being;—when the clouded skies
In one black front of coming tempest rise,
And bear their rolling waves in torrents on,
Then I can wander forth, and lift my eyes
With a wild sense of power—the hollow moan
Of the far mountain winds hath music in its tone.

“ I must make home in darkness—I can sit
Days on the sunward rocks, that crown the peak
Of a long Alpine wave—such things befit
The soul collected in its might to seek
Food in the desert : as the raven's beak
Bore life unto the lonely man, so I
Feed on the darkest forms, and proudly wreak
My wrath on Nature, who hath bent the sky
So glorious and so vast, round such as crawl and die.

“ The sense of fair and lofty—this will wring
The form, that finds itself in cold decay,
Hateful to those we loved, and thus we fling
The wooing Beauty from us, and array
All in a shroud: we cast all hope away,
As a fond thing to cheat the infant ; pride
Comes where ambition fled, and when the gay
And lovely from our dark looks turn aside,
Abhorrent and in fear, our part is to deride.

“ We have gone through the dusk of death, and known
All the grave hath of horrors ; we have seen
Each separate form of pain, have heard the groan,
And the loud maniac laugh ; we too have been
Partakers in these torments, and have then
Come out to be the scorner, and to wear
One broad cold sneer ;—we have no part with men,
But like a leering devil we must bear
Proud on our upcurled lips, the scoff that trembles there.

“ We now can smile, and feel at heart a hell—
’Tis a blue meteor on a cloud, that brings
Plague o’er a sleeping earth, and tolls the knell
Of a lost land, and scatters from its wings
Big drops of venom;—such the smile, hate wrings
From the crushed heart, that hardened as it bore;
So I must live, and look on men as things
That are my bane—so hide in my heart’s core
The grief I cannot tell, till life’s poor dream is o’er.

“ Then be my spirit firm: the storm may rush
In all its rage around me—clouds may rend
Their gloom in one broad flash, and in one gush
Pour their wide deluge o’er me—Earth may send
Swarms of all ills and plagues—they shall not bend
My soul from its fixed bearing: here on high,
Where the rude rocks, and snows eternal, lend
Bulwarks to my retreat, and the clear sky
Lifts over me its roof—I sternly sit and die.”

’Tis the wild rage of madness, thus to send
Defiance unto nature, thus to build
A wall of scorpions, cherishing a fiend
Within a human bosom, sternly willed
To be the common foe, and darkly filled
With all that form the worst of passions—hate,
Till every warning voice within is stilled,
And all is nerved to meet the doom of fate,
As if man stood alone without a lord or mate;

As if these feeble bodies had the power
To battle with the elements, to stand
Sole, as an oak, to whom the wintry shower
And summer dew fall like: no heart is manned,
Or fenced in iron, that the icy hand
Of want may not subdue it, and compel
The boldest daring to its stern command;
'Tis the relentless tyrant of a hell,
In whose cold sordid dens the heart turns hard and fell.

Man is a very infant, when alone;—
The desert, and the forest, and the sea
Lifting its boundless brine, and with a zone
Of azure clasping earth—Man cannot be,
Lost in their barren silence, firm and free—
Nature will lift her voice, and bend him low;
Thirst, hunger, fear, and madness, like the tree
Whose dew is death, a chilling shade will throw,
Where the heart kindles not with a fond social glow.

Then farewell Solitude! where hate is nursed,
And doubt is cherished; I would rend away
The links that bind my spirit there, and burst
From my dark cell of silence into day,
And climb with tireless hand my upward way,
Where all, who wield the hearts of men, have trod;
Honour and love are there, and these repay
For the dull cares and toils, wherein we plod—
They have a spell to charm the slave, who turns the clod.

Why mount the higher track, that leads to fame?
Why seek to twine a halo round thy brow?
Can the wide echo of a bruited name
Stifle the cry of vulgar want, when thou
Art in the ruder conflict forced to bow
To the hard insolence of common men?
Better have dug the earth, or steered the prow,
Than gain the heights which few can gain, and then
Drudge in the sordid path, where meaner minds have been.

And wherefore doubt? Belief is doubly dear,
When truth has never drawn aside the veil,
That hides the laws of nature. All who fear,
Will find a hope—one voice can ill avail
Amid the cry of thousands—we must quail
Submissive to the common creed, or die,
Should fortune waft not with a flattering gale,
And send the gilded bark in triumph by—
They can do all, who daze with pomp the vulgar eye.

My work is ended—I have gained the shore,
Whose flowers are fancy, and whose fruits deceit;
And I have furled my sail to try no more
The gentle breath of favour, nor to beat
With adverse gales, nor where the wild winds meet
On the contending waters: Youth's quick swell
Is sunk to manhood's calm, and now my feet
Must take a weary pilgrimage, and tell,
On through the waste of age, to all I loved—farewell.

THE SUICIDE.

'T WAS where a granite cliff high-beetling towered
Above the billows of the western main,
Deep in a grot, by sable yews imbowered,
A youth retired to ponder and complain.

'T was near the night-fall of a winter's day,
The sun was hid in clouds of dunnest gloom;
Before the north wind rose the whitening spray,
And the loud breakers roared the sailor's doom.

Dark, sullen, gloomy as the scene around,
The soul that harboured in that youthful breast;
To him the wild roar was a soothing sound,
The only one, could hush his woes to rest.

His was a soul that once was warm and kind—
That once could love with gentlest, purest flame;
So mild, so lovely was his infant mind,
His cheek ne'er reddened with the blush of shame.

But never could he brook the frown of pride—
This was the killing stroke that smote his heart;
All other wounds of fortune he defied—
This—this to him was death's envenomed dart.

He felt himself too good to crouch and bend
Before the man whose only boast was birth;
O! he would sooner his own bosom rend,
Than bow before the haughtiest lord of earth.

There was a savage sternness in his breast;
No half-way passion could his bosom move,
None e'er by him were scorned and then caressed;
His was all gloomy hate, or glowing love.

Those, whom he scorned, he passed unheeded by—
He never lured a foe with artful wile,
But when a friend or lover met his eye,
Each word was sweetness, and each look a smile.

He once could love, but Oh! that time was o'er;
His heart was now the seat of hate alone,
As peaceful—is the wintry tempest's roar,
As cheerful—torture's agonizing groan.

He would have loved, had not his frozen heart
Suspected every form, though e'er so fair;
How could he love, when racked by every smart,
And all the gloomy horrors of despair?

Insult him—he was wilder than the storm—
His blood in boiling vengeance through him rushed,
And those who thought they trampled on a worm,
Soon found an adder in the form they crushed.

In dissipation he had revelled long,
Had known the wildest paths that vice e'er trod;
He roamed, seduced by pleasure's syren song,
Until he hated man, himself, and God.

He hated man, because he thought a foe
Smiled in each scene, and lurked in every path;
He scorned himself, for he had sunk so low;
He hated God, because he feared his wrath.

So warm his passions, and so stern his will,
So wild, and yet so tender, was his eye,
So warped his heart to every thing that's ill,
He was not fit to live—much less to die.

The wind that whistled round the gloomy walls,
The billows roaring on the rocks below,
The trickling drop that freezes as it falls,
Seemed warm and cheerful as that child of woe.

Oft had I seen this youth pass heedless by,
All negligent his dress, and wild his mien;
The tear was always starting in his eye,
A smile was never in his features seen.

With languid air, with eye by sorrow seared,
And downcast look he walked—then paused awhile,
And in the darkness of his gloom he feared
To raise his head, lest he should see a smile.

So much the victim of despair and fear,
He look'd more sadly when he heard one speak ;
And when he saw a smile—O ! then the tear
Streamed o'er the furrows of his woe-worn cheek.

So wan his cheek, his countenance so pale,
He seemed just sinking to an early tomb ;
So tottering were his steps, his form so frail,
A ghost seemed wandering in the cavern's gloom.

He walked, then stopped ; then started, stopped again ;
Then raised to Heaven his wild and impious eye ;
Then gnashed his teeth, as in severest pain,
Or feebly groaned, or heaved a long drawn sigh.

With hands in fury clenched, he beat his breast,
Then smote his forehead—stamped, and wildly raved ;
It seemed, no soothing hand could give him rest,
He seemed too far abandoned to be saved.

“ Are these the joys of life,” he wildly cried,
“ Are these the pleasures man enjoys below ?
The syren voice that said ‘ be happy ’ lied,
It called me not to happiness—but woe.

“ Life—’t is a pang that racks us for awhile,
Then like a bubble bursts and all is o’er;
Its highest joys, even woman’s lovely smile,
To me are gloomy as yon billows’ roar.

“ I’ll live no more—I know the world too well—
I’ll trust no longer to its soothing voice—
Let those who choose, in pain and sorrow dwell—
Death is my fondest—death my only choice.

“ Live—shall I live without the slightest meed,
Without one voice to dwell upon my name,
With hand too weak to do one noble deed,
Or pluck one leaflet from the wreath of fame—

“ Live, while consumption, ghastly, gloomy, pale,
Even to a shadow wears my form away;
Shrink at the rustling of the gentlest gale,
And pine, to dark despondency a prey:

“ Say, is this life?—how trifling, oh how vain,
To give one struggle for a world like this;
How cold, how heavy, pleasure’s flowery chain,
How sickening, every cup of earthly bliss.

“ I’ve drained the goblet, and I know how vile,
How mean and empty all terrestrial joys;
Reason surveys them with a pitying smile,
And stamps with words of lightning ‘infant toys.’

“ How easy, when depression sinks me low,
To leave this world and seek another shore;
Careless, if pleasure laugh—or all be woe,
If smooth the waves—or loud the billows roar.

“ How easy, O! how trifling, with the steel
To pierce a heart that loves no scene below,
To wound a breast too callous e’er to feel
A pang less cruel than a demon’s woe.

“ Does not the smiling surface of the wave
Kindly invite to take my endless sleep?
How sweet to rest within a watery grave;
How soft those slumbers—that repose how deep.

“ The death-winged ball—can pierce my phrenzied brain,
The knife—can loose the shackles of my soul,
An opiate—that can ease my every pain,
Smiles, how inviting!—in the poisoned bowl.

“ And thou, sweet drug!—can’st shed the balmy dew
Of sleep eternal, o’er my wearied eyes,
And give repose, as calm to mortal view
As when the infant wrapt in slumber lies.

“ Still thou art slow though sure—ah! can I wait
A single moment, ere I sink in death;
Perhaps I may lament it when too late,
And struggle to regain my fleeting breath.

“ Give me the knife, the dagger, or the ball—
O! I can take them with a smile serene;
Then like a flash of lightning I may fall,
And rush at once into the world unseen.”

The withered leaves, that decked a beechen bough,
Rustled—he turned and gazed with frozen stare;
Such gloom, such horror, settled on his brow,
He seemed the very image of despair:

“ Disturb me not—there's nought can give relief,
Heaven deigns no soothing comforter to send;
There is but one can sooth my gnawing grief,
It is the best of earthly good—a friend.

“ A friend—I thought I once had friends—but No!
Friendship, thou cherub! ne'er wert to me given;
Friendship is not a flower that blooms below—
If there is friendship it must be in Heaven:

“ And when I've seen the pious widow's woe,
And viewed no christian friend or heaven-born fair
E'er deign to wipe away the tears that flow,
I've thought even friendship was not real there:

“ And when no human form on me would roll
The glance that soothes, or beam the smiles that bless,
My dog, the only solace of my soul,
Even bit the hand extended to caress.

“What, if some female form should deign to smile,
And chase away the gloom that clouds my breast,
Could I be happy—could I stay awhile?
Yes, woman's smile could make me cheerful—blessed.

“The heart—that's tortured with remorse is dead
To all the joys that woman's love can give;
Affection does not smile where hope is fled;
Where conscience frowns, that charmer cannot live.

“Can Love, the sweetest cherub, ever deign
To live, where doubt, despair, distraction, dwell:
Ah! no—this fond idea must be vain,
Love in my bosom is a saint in hell.

“Let others boast their skill to charm the soul,
And proffer pleasure to the expecting eye,
To bid the glance with mimic sweetness roll,
And heave the bosom with an empty sigh;

“Away such base deceivers from my sight,
Hide them, ye shades of midnight! from my view;
Think you such flatteries can my soul delight!
Farewell such love, such hollow friends adieu.

“No smooth deceit e'er floated from my tongue,
By flattery's wiles these lips of mine ne'er moved;
On them—on them this truth has always hung,
'I ever hated all, and nothing loved.'

“ And what if man, or woman shun my form,
And view a tiger in the gloom I wear;
To me their smiles are blacker than the storm,
There seems a serpent ever lurking there.

“ The charms of vice detained my soul too long:
What sounds of sweetness in her love-notes flow;
But misery's sigh is in her sweetest song,
And in her gayest smile the tear of woe.

“ The eye that beams so fondly—ill conceals
Distraction's silent gaze and icy glare;
The lip that smiles so sweetly—still reveals
The paleness, and the quivering of despair.

“ I drank her cup of promised bliss—I lay
In soft repose on beds of roses flung,
There heard her Ariel harp its wind-notes play,
And all the syren-music of her tongue—

“ In slumber soft, I closed my swimming eyes,
While sounds exstatic seemed around to flow:
I slept—no more in happiness to rise;
I closed my eyes to bliss—I woke to woe.

“ Look at my eye, and see the glare of pain;
Look at my cheek, it is the hue of death;
See there the softness of her flow'ry chain,
There mark the sweetness of her balmy breath.

“ Shun, shun the road she points to—death is there;
Her sweetest voice is but a funeral knell,
Her gayest smile is but the gloom of care,
And though she calls to heaven, she leads to hell.

“ What's earth, what's life, to space, eternity?
'Tis but a flash, a glance—from birth to death;
And he, who ruled the world, would only be
Lord of a point—a creature of a breath;

“ And what is it to gain a hero's name,
Or build one's greatness on the rabble's roar?
'Tis but to light a feeble, flickering flame,
That shines a moment, and is seen no more.

“ Once Cæsar gained the summit of renown,
For him fame's trumpet blew its loudest peals;
But what to him is Glory's shining crown?
It heightens but the blackness it reveals.

“ What is the greatness Science can display,
Or from the best tuned lyre what can we gain?
But that the fluttering insect of a day
May hum our praise, and all be still again.

“ What if a Titian's tints, a Ruben's fire,
A Raphael's grandeur o'er my canvass glow?
These tints, that fire, that grandeur, soon expire,
And melt as quickly as the summer's snow.

“ Let boastful Wealth his richest stores unfold,
And Pride his pomp of ancestry display;
A speck of yellow dust is all their gold,
An infant's rattle—all their proud array.

“ What praise to shine in fashion's brightest ray,
What is that Fame by fops so dearly sought?
'T is but the mere ephemeron of a day—
'T is but the very meanest part of nought.

“ And thou, proud monarch, frowning on thy throne!
What is the space between thy power and me?
'T is but to sit above the crowd alone,
And lord it o'er a few poor worms like thee.

“ Ah! when I look on man, and see how low,
How vile has sunk the basely grovelling crowd,
I still can scarcely think this child of wo
Can have sufficient meanness to be proud.

“ Depart, Renown, O! hie thee far away!
And Fortune, though in all thy splendour drest;
O! from this world you've torn my only stay,
And left not even one motive in my breast.

“ This world has now so dull and gloomy grown,
So sickening every sight where'er I range—
'Mid all life's bustle, I am still so lone,
I'd leave it, were it only for a change.

“What balm shall heal my wounds, or soothe my woes,
How shall I sink to my untimely grave,
Shall this sweet opiate lull me to repose,
Or shall I plunge beneath the roaring wave?

“Come, sweetest draught, I woo thee to my lips
With all the fondness of a lover's breast;
No thirsty, weary pilgrim fondlier sips
The cooling fount, or lays him down to rest.

“Come, do thy work, and free my struggling soul,
Swift as the lightning—from life's heavy chain;
I care not if I reach Heaven's shining goal,
Or plunge beneath the waves of endless pain.

“You gave me life—take back the gift you gave,
Nor think I'd thank you for such trash as this;
Sweeter to me annihilation's grave,
O! sweeter than the highest heaven of bliss.

“Roll on the winds your most terrific storm,
And shade the skies with more than Egypt's gloom;
Then with your vengeful lightnings scathe my form,
And hurl me to my never-ending doom.

“I've plunged in guilt, till I can plunge no more,
I've been to man and God the fellest foe;
On me—on me each cup of fury pour,
And whelm me in the deepest gulf of wo.”

But ere the sun had dipped his orb of light
Beneath the wave that swelled along the main,
A momentary brilliance met the sight,
And shone reflected o'er the watery plain.

The trembling lustre glanced upon his eye—
There was a something, neither smile nor tear,
A sound, nor comfort's voice, nor sorrow's sigh,
Fell scarcely heard upon the listener's ear.

“ Can there no ray like this of mercy shine,
To dissipate my soul's terrific gloom?
Is there no beam from Heaven, no light divine,
Can gild the path that leads me to my tomb?

“ Must all within be desolate and sad,
Must all seem frowning to the mental sight,
When the last sun-beam makes all nature glad,
And ushers in with smiles the shades of night?

“ May I not hope, although dark clouds of wo
Hang o'er my soul and sink it to the grave;
May I not hope for happiness below,
That Heaven will smile, and mercy deign to save?

“ The light is gone, and all is dark again,
So flies the light that shone upon my soul;
Night's horrors thicken o'er the heaving main,
So, round my heart, despair, distraction roll.

“What! shall I catch at hope’s illusive gleams,
That glance like meteors through my phrenzied brain?
What! shall I trust to fancy’s wildering dreams?
No! death and ruin welcome once again.

“No! I can pierce the grave’s tremendous gloom,
And through its dunnest shades unfaltering pry,
Can read with look unmoved my direst doom,
And view the world of wo with heedless eye—

“O! you may tell me of the quenchless flame,
And gnawing worm that never, never dies,
Or read each furious devil name by name—
The hottest hell within my bosom lies.

“Is this your kindness—you who made my soul,
And formed it to be sensible of wo,
Then bade a world of anguish o’er it roll,
And through my veins despair’s dark currents flow?

“Why was I made for misery alone,
Why were my joys but preludes to my pain,
Why was my voice but formed to breathe the groan,
Or why my tongue but fashioned to complain?

“You bade a thousand pleasures round me smile,
But mingled poison in their balmy breath;
Bade angel forms exert their every wile,
To lure me sweetly on to sin and death:

“ In this your kindness—thus to charm my eyes,
By what would certainly my soul undo?
O! is it not sufficient to chastise,
Must you allure me, and then punish too?

“ O! happy prospect! for before my sight
Annihilation rises dark and drear:
Or to my vision glares hell's murky light,
And sighs, and groans, and gnashings, fill my ear.

“ What clouds around the grave's dark regions roll—
I'd give the wealth of worlds to pierce their gloom,
And read, imprinted on the eternal scroll,
“ The awful words of flame that mark my doom.

“ The thoughts of an hereafter wake my fear,
And fill my soul with agonizing throes;
Methinks some accent whispers in my ear
And tells me—nothing will my pangs compose.

“ Nothing!—there's something awful in that sound;
O! shall my all be crumbled into dust—
Shall mind—shall body rot beneath the ground,
Nor soul immortal from my cerement burst?

“ Nothing!—away thou phantom from my brain,
Away thou deadlier fiend than ever rose
To rack the doubting soul with hellish pain,
Or fill it with a maniac fancy's woes.

“Nothing!—unreal shade of all that’s ill,
Cease, cease thy clamours, nor disturb me more—
Hush! let that demon voice of thine be still,
O! hie thee to thy dark Tartarean shore.

“What if I pry beyond the yawning grave;
Is there a light can point my wildered way,
Is there an arm of Mercy stretched to save?
O! help that arm, and guide me, genial ray.

“I look, but all is darker than the gloom
That hung, a sooty mist, o’er Egypt’s land;
I listen, all is stiller than the tomb;
There is no ray—no Mercy’s outstretched hand.

“Come, then, each busy devil to my breast,
Come every fiend of hell, and nestle there—
Rack me—Religion cannot give me rest;
If Mercy will not whisper—yell, despair!

“My ear is open to thy piercing cry—
Pour it—to every suffering I’m resigned;
But hark!—methought I heard an angel fly
With downy pinions on the passing wind.

“No! ’twas an idle fancy—mock no more,
Thou cheating spirit, thou art false though fair;
No! ’twas the wave of ruin’s sullen roar,
No! ’twas the hollow voice of dark despair.

“Come, grisly Death! and whet thy bloody dart;
Come waft upon the breeze my dying knell;
O! misery and woe have filled my heart,
O! hell to me is nothing—nothing’s hell.”

He said, and lifted high the poisoned draught;
“This gives,” he cried, “my body to the tomb—
To nothing—dreary nothing, it shall waft
My soul, or yield it to its endless doom.

“A doom, that strikes my shuddering soul with dread,
And almost drives my purpose from my breast;
Speak not those words—for every hope is fled;
In death, in darkness, is my only rest.

“Come to my lips,” he spake, with features calm,
“Come to my lips—thou cordial of my woes;
Pour in my wounded heart thy healing balm,
And in eternal sleep my eyelids close.

“Come, lovely draught! O! lovelier than the spring!
And sweeter than the morning’s dewy breath!
Come, to my soul oblivion’s comforts bring.”
He said, and *calmly* drank the cup of death.

When life was weak and faint, his ardent soul
Unfolded all the vigour of its powers;
Then through the fields of lore he flew and stole,
With ceaseless toil, the honey of its flowers.

His heart expanded with his growing mind,
And love, and charity, and thirst of fame,
Unbending worth, ambition unconfined,
O! these he wished, his bosom's only aim.

O! he would think of these, until the glow
Brightened his cheek and kindled up his eye;
Then in a rushing flood his thoughts would flow,
And lift him to the all-o'erarching sky.

And yet his soul was tender—there was one
Who made his heart throb and his pulses beat;
She was his all, his only light, his Sun—
Her eye was brightest, and her voice most sweet.

The was to him an angel—he was young,
The down of youth had just begun to grow;
His eye forever on her image hung,
There would his centering thoughts forever flow.

O! love how ill requited—could a soul,
Then soaring to perfection, blend with one,
Who only thought of transient sport, whose whole
Enjoyment ceased below, where his begun.

And then his fearfulness and shrinking eye—
She knew her power, and yet she could not know
The worth of him, who doated—with a sigh
Of grief and wounded pride he let her go.

First love—with what a deep, strong, fixed impress,
It prints the yielding heart of childhood—gone,
No other eye the lone lost soul can bless,
Hope then is fled, the feelings are undone.

How all unequal were his mind and form—
This knew the blinking owls, that shunned his light;
To wound his bosom, and to raise the storm
He ill could master, seemed their sole delight.

Abused, neglected, fatherless, no hand
To guide or guard him, left alone to steer
His dangerous way—can youth securely stand,
When not a parent, friend, or hope, is near?

He conquered in intelligence, but those
Who felt his strength there, still his weakness knew;
They crushed his spirit first, and then to close
Their work—they made him like their grovelling crew.

The light of Heaven was gone—ambition still
Lurked with him to the last, but he was blind;
And genius struggled on through every ill,
But peace and innocence were left behind.

Years hurried by—but what a raging sea
Was that young heart—wild as a steed he ran,
Till he was swallowed in misanthropy,
And swore eternal enmity to man.

And yet he could not hate—at every look,
That told the wounded bosom's throbbing swell,
His frame in sympathetic shivering shook,
His hand though raised in wrath, in pity fell.

He longed to cast his hateful chains away,
He longed to be all virtue, reason, soul ;
In vain he strove against the headlong sway
Of passion—till its gulf absorbed the whole.

Mid all his folly, weakness, guilt, one beam
Across the darkness of his being shone—
Most dastardly and shameful did he deem
To take one mite, that was not all his own.

She came—at last the kindred spirit came,
The same bright look, the same dissolving eye ;
Her bosom lit with that ethereal flame,
Which warmed him, when in youth his soul was high.

Informing and informed, their's was the pure
Delight of blended intellect—their way
Was strewn with reason's choicest pleasures, sure
To last with those whom guilt leads not astray.

Awhile his spirit kindled—hope, and love,
And friendship, days of peace and joy arose,
And lifted all his ardent thoughts above
The memory of his follies and his woes.

His way had been unequal—now he soared
On rushing wings, and now he sunk in night;
But then he felt new life around him poured,
He aimed to heaven his strong untiring flight.

'T was but a moment—like the dying flash,
The soul's last sparkle, ere its lights are fled;
Then folly came, his kindling hopes to dash,
And hide his spirit with the moral dead.

Too late—too late—thou couldst not call him back,
With all thy charms thou couldst not—guilt, despair,
So long had dogged him in his wayward track,
They quenched the light that once shone brightly there.

An outcast, self-condemned, he takes his way,
He knows and cares not whither; he can weep
No more—his only wish his head to lay
In endless death and everlasting sleep.

Ah! who can bear the self-abhorring thought
Of time, chance, talent, wasted—who can think
Of friendship, love, fame, science, gone to nought,
And not in hopeless desperation sink.

Behind are summits, lofty, pure and bright,
Where blow the life-reviving gales of heaven;
Below expand the jaws of deepest night,
And there he falls, by power resistless driven.

The links that bind to life are torn away;
The hope, the assuring hope of better days,
Friendship, that warms us with a genial ray,
And love, that kindles with an ardent blaze.

These he has left, and books have lost their charm;
The brightest sky is but a veil of gloom,
His mind, hand useless, where can be the harm,
In drawing to his only couch, the tomb.

Ye who abused, neglected, rent, and stained
That heart, when pure and tender, come and dwell
On these dark ruins, and by heaven arraigned,
Feel, as you look, the scorpion stings of hell.

But no—your cold, black bosoms cannot feel;
Amid the rank weeds, flowers, can never blow;
Your hearts, encrusted in their case of steel,
No feelings of remorse or pity know.

Yes, you will say, poor, weak and childish boy,
Infirm of purpose, shook by every sigh,
A thing of air, a light fantastic toy—
What reck we, if such shadows live or die.

But no—my life's blood calls aloud to Heaven,
The arm of justice cannot, will not sleep,
A perfect retribution shall be given,
And vengeance on your heads her coals shall heap.

Where minds like this are ruined guilt must be,
And where guilt is, remorse will gnaw the soul,
And every moment teem with agony,
And sleepless thoughts in burning torrents roll.

And thou—arch moral-murderer! hear my curse—
Go—gorge and wallow in thy priestly sty,
Than what thou art, I cannot wish thee worse,
There with thy kindred reptiles crawl and die.

POETRY.

I consider Poetry in a two-fold view, as a spirit, and a manifestation.
Perhaps the poetic spirit has never been more justly defined, than
by Byron in his Prophecy of Dante, a creation

“From overfeeling good or ill, an aim
At an external life beyond our fate.”

This spirit may be manifested by language, metrical or prose, by declamation, by musical sounds, by expression, by gesture, by motion, and by imitating forms, colours, and shades ; so that literature, oratory, music, physiognomy, acting, and the arts of painting and sculpture, may all have their poetry ; but that peculiar spirit, which alone gives the great life and charm to all the efforts of genius, is as distinct from the measure and rhyme of poetical composition, as from the scientific principles of drawing and perspective.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled,
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls,
That close the universe, with crystal, in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,

In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
For ever charming, and for ever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'T is not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'T is not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,

And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language winged with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commissioned to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,
The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
The keen, fixed orbs, that burn and flash below,
The hand firm clenched and quivering, and the foot

Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.
So the poetic feeling needs no words
To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,
And revels in the ecstasies of soul,
And sits at banquet with celestial forms,
The beings of its own creation, fair,
And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,
When earth was peopled, in its solitudes,
With nymph and naiad—mighty, as the gods,
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,
Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,
The image of a beauty, so divine,
So masculine, so artless, that we seem
To share in his intensity of joy,
When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,
And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of Nature, blown
Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else
Doze on through life in blank stupidity,
Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,
They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,
In deeds of energy, the rage within.

Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
Than in the man of cities; in the child,
Than in maturer bosoms. Art may prune
Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train
Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts
To soft refinement, and amenity;
But all its energy has vanished, all
Its maddening, and commanding spirit gone,
And all its tender touches, and its tones
Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid
Among the measured notes, that move as dead
And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

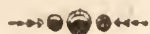
Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling, when my eye looked forth
On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms.
How my heart gladdened, as the light of spring
Came from the sun, with zephyrs, and with showers,
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmy, with its breath of balm.
O! how I gazed upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's Heaven of glory, and the waves,
That rolled, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning, and terrible; then sent abroad

The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That rolled in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,
The warning of its coming, and the sound,
That ushered in its elemental war.

And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fixed,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heaved their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
Fresh from the hand that wrought her; where the eye
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
White, as the snow of Zemla, or the foam,
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctured round,
In easy undulations, with a belt
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
Mantled in ebon darkness, strowed with stars
Its canopy, that seemed to swell, and swell
The higher, as I gazed upon it, till,
Sphere after sphere, evolving, on the height
Of Heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,

In glory's effulgence, and a wave,
Intensely bright, rolled, like a fountain, forth
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and streamed
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,
Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gushed,
In overflowing richness, from the breast
Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
And felt to madness ; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak ; they were unknown ; but still
The feeling was most poignant : it has gone ;
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
Poured, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored
With all the patriarchs of British song
Hallowed and rendered glorious, cannot tell
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.



LOVE OF STUDY.

There are many youths, and some men, who most earnestly devote themselves to solitary studies, from the mere love of the pursuit. I have here attempted to give some of the causes of a devotion, which appears so unaccountable to the stirring world.

AND wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in Heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne ?

And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, when the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?

The sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds, and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty—Life awakes;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fired
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is filled,
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway;
In man refined to holiness, a flame,
That purifies the heart it feeds upon:
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms
Of the glad season; but, at wisdom's shrine,
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathomed well.
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

He has his pleasures—he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books,
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard, and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days;
In these, and in the visions that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the mighty and the good,
There is an elevating influence,
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of Heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old time:
And then he listens in his passionate dreams,
To voices in the silent gloom of night,
As of the blind Meonian, when he struck
Wonder from out his harp-strings, and rolled on
From rhapsody to rhapsody, deep sounds,
That imitate the ocean's boundless roar;
Or tones of horror, which the drama spake,
Reverberated through the hollow mask,
Like sounds which rend the sepulchres of kings,
And tell of deeds of darkness, which the grave
Would burst its marble portals to reveal;
Or his, who latest in the holy cause

Of freedom, lifted to the heavens his voice,
Commanding, and beseeching, and, with all
The fervour of his spirit poured abroad,
Urging the sluggish souls of self-made slaves
To emulate their fathers, and be free;
Or those, which in the still and solemn shades
Of Academus, from the wooing tongue
Of Plato, charmed the youth, the man, the sage,
Discoursing of the perfect and the pure,
The beautiful and holy, till the sound,
That played around his eloquent lips, became
The honey of persuasion, and was heard,
As oracles amid Dodona's groves.
With eye upturned, watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory and his hopes;
Till past becomes reality, and joys,
That beckon in the future, nearer draw,
And ask fruition—O! there is a pure,
A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams;
They have the light of heaven around them, breathe
The odour of its sanctity, and are
Those moments taken from the sands of life,
Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom,
Like islands flowering on Arabia's wild.
And there is pleasure in the utterance

Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colours always fresh and ever new,
Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
As something far too tender, and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading. I have sat,
In days, when sensibility was young,
And the heart beat responsive to the sight,
The touch, and music of the lovely one;
Yes, I have sat entranced, enraptured, till
The spirit would have utterance, and words
Flowed full of hope, and love, and melody,
The gushings of an overburdened heart
Drunk with enchantment, bursting freely forth,
Like fountains in the early days of spring.

HEAVEN.

The following effusion may serve to explain one of the mysteries of
mythology—the location of heaven above us.

I HAD been sitting at a feast of souls,
A banquet of pure spirits, where the thought
Spoke on the eloquent tongue, and in the eye's

Gay sparkle, and the ever-changing play
Of feature, like the twinkling glance of waves
Beneath the summer moonlight. I walked forth;
It was a night in autumn, and the moon
Was visible through clouds of opal, laced
With gold and carmine—such a silent night
As fairies love to dance and revel in,
When winds are hushed, and leaves are still, and waves
Are sleeping on the waters, and the hum
And stir of life reposing. There was spread
Before my sight a smooth and glossy bay,
Mirrored in silver brightness, and the chime
Of rippling waters on its pebbles, broke
Alone the quietude that filled the air :
But when the tremulous heaving of the deep,
Far off, along its sandy barriers, rose
And faintly echoed, as the fitful gust
Ruffled the placid surface glassed below;
Or, at the call of night-birds, where they flew
And sported in the sedges, low and sweet,
Like swallows twittering, or the cooing voice
Of ring-doves, when they brood their callow young.
I looked abroad on sea and mountain, wild
And cultured field, and garden, and they lay,
Amid the stillness of the elements,
Silent, and motionless, and beautiful,
For mist and moonlight softened down their forms,
And covered them with dim transparency,

Like beauty melting through her Coan veil;
A wind rose from the ocean, as it rolled
Blue in the boundless distance, and it swept
The curtained clouds athwart the moon, and gave
The undimmed azure of the sky to light
And full expansion. There my eyes were turned,
And there they found the magic influence,
Which bound them, like enchantment, in a trance
Of most exalted feeling, and the soul
Was lifted from the body, and became
A portion of the purity and light
And loveliness of that cerulean dome :
And it imagined on the mountain top,
Now silvered with the milder beam of night,
On the blue arch, and on the rolling moon,
Careering through the host of stars, who seemed
To worship at her coming, and put out
The brightness of their twinkling, when she moved
Serenely and majestically by—
On these, and on the snowy clouds, that hung
Their curtains round the border of the sky,
Like folds of silken tapestry, it laid
A world of tenderness and purity,
The quiet habitation of the heart,
The resting-place of those impassioned souls,
Who draw their inspiration at the founts
Of nature, flowing from that theatre,
Whose scene is ever shifting with the play

Of seasons, as the year steals swiftly on,
And bears us, with its silent foot, away
To dissolution; ardent souls, who love
The rude rock and the frowning precipice,
The winding valley, where it lies in green
Along the bubbling riv'let, and the plain,
Parted in field and meadow, redolent
Of roses in the flowery days of spring ;
And in the nights of autumn, of the breath
Of frosted clusters, hung along the vines
In blue and gushing festoons, in whose rind
The drink of souls, the nectar of the gods,
Ripens beneath the warm unclouded sky.

I looked upon this loveliness, until
A dream came o'er me, and the firmament
Was animate, and spirits filled the air,
Floating on snowy wings, and rustled by,
Fanning the wind to coolness; and they came
On messages of kindness, and they sought
The pillow of o'er-wearied toil, and shook
The dews of Lethe from their dripping plumes
Around his temples, till his mind forgot
Its sad realities, and happy dreams
Rose fair and sweet around him, and restored
Awhile the spotless hours of infancy,
When life is one enchantment! Then I seemed
Rapt in a trance of ecstasy, and forms

Stood thronging round supremely beautiful,
Whose looks were full of tenderness, whose words
Were glances, and whose melodies were smiles;
Who uttered forth the feelings of the soul
In that expressive dialect, whose tones
No tongue can syllable, the unseen chain,
Which links those hearts that beat in unison.
It was that perfect meeting, whither tend
Our spirits in their better hours, and find
The balm of wounded bosoms, where they dream
The eye of mercy ever smiles, and peace
For ever broods—they call the vision Heaven.

And thus hath man imagined he can find
The region of his angels, and his gods,
And blessed spirits, somewhere in the sky;
Or in the moon, to which the Indian turns,
And dreams it is a cool and quiet land,
Where insect cannot sting, nor tiger prowl;
Or on the cone of mountains, where the snow,
Purest of all material things, is laid
Upon a cloudy pillow, wreathed around
The midway height, and parting from this world
Olympus and the Swerga's holy bowers.

A PICTURE.

THERE is a fountain of the purest wave—
It ever floweth full and freshly on,
Laughing beneath the fairest light of heaven,
And chiming, like the tender voice of birds,
Within a dewy thicket, when the morn
Comes forth in beauty, and the winds awake
To sip the moisture in the lily's bell.

The spring is hidden in a silent cave,
The shrine of darkness, and of loneliness,
And then it stealeth out to meet the sun,
And shine beneath his brightness, and reveal
The crystal of its purity, and play,
In dove-like undulations, with the airs
That gently come and kiss it, with a breath
Perfumed among the roses, till they lend
A sweetness to the waters, like the rills
That spout from marble wells in Asian bowers.

And where it cometh forth to meet the light,
The rock is tapestried in mossy green,

For ever freshening with the sprinkled dews,
And always young in verdure, as when Spring
Throws her new mantle o'er the turf, until
The eye reposes on it, as a balm,
That, with its tender soothings, wins the heart
To thoughts of purity and gentleness ;
For there is in the sight of fairy forms,
And mellow tinctures, and dissolving shades,
And in the sound of rustling leaves, and waves,
That murmur into slumber, and of birds
Saluting, with their cheery notes, the dawn,
And pouring out the loneliness of heart,
A rified mother feels, when o'er her nest
She sits, and sees her young ones stolen away—
And in the scent of gardens, and young vines,
And violet beds along the meadow brooks,
There is a sweet attraction, which doth blend
The spirit with the life of outward things,
And it partaketh then in all the joy
Of Nature, when she riseth from her sleep,
And throweth out her vigour to the winds,
And boundeth in her ecstasy, as fawns
Leap in the very wantonness of heart,
When life is all exuberance and fire.

It floweth on embanked in freshest turf,
Bending its margin low to meet the clear,
Cool element, and slake its thirst therein,
And bathe its roots, like silken threads, that play

Waving and streaming with the current's fall.
Its flow is over pebbles and bright sands,
Which, from the curling waters flashing out,
Inlay the channel with mosaic, where
The white flint shines like pearl, the agate glows
With playful tints, dove-like or pavonine,
Catching new splendour from the wave ; the while
Smooth-rounded stones, deep blue and ebony,
And slaty flakes of red and russet-brown,
Lie darker in their brightness, as when gems
Sparkle from out the chilly night of caves.

Above it elms and poplars—trees that love
The bank of meadow brooks : those with their limbs
Light-arching in a platted canopy ;
These rising in a pyramid of boughs,
And glancing with their many twinkling leaves,
Bright in their varnished verdure, when they drink
The pure light in their stillness ; when at play,
Chequered with freshest green and snowy down.
Beside them willows droop to kiss the wave,
That calmly crinkles by them, and they dip
Their waving twigs, so that their silken leaves
Ruffle the water to a circling curl,
Widening and lessening to the turfy shore.
From out its bosom islets lift their tufts
Of alder and of sedges, where the wind
Plays through the pointed blades, and murmuring lulls
The dreamer, who reposes on the brink,

And gazes on the ever-changing play
 Of bubble and of ripple, of light plumes
 Moving like pigmy vessels, as the breath
 Of summer fills their fan-like sail, and throws
 A sudden dimple o'er the mirror'd stream.
 Flowers too are on its borders; flags in blue
 Carpet the hollow, roses on the knoll
 Open their clustered crimson, cardinals
 Lift, on the shady margin, spikes of fire,
 And one,* whose feathered stem, and starry bloom
 Of glossy yellow, wafted in the flow,
 Floats, like a sleeping Naiad, on the wave.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

bellesze—
Piu ch'n guisa mortal soavi e liete.——PETRARCA.

BEAUTY has gone, but yet her mind is still
 As beautiful as ever; still the play
 Of light around her lips has every charm
 Of childhood in its freshness: Love has there
 Stamped his unfading impress, and the hues
 Of fancy shine around her, as the Sun
 Gilds at his setting some decaying tower,
 With feathered moss and ivy overgrown.
 I knew her in the dawning of her charms,

* *Ranunculus fluitans.*

When the new rose first opened, and its sweets
No wind had wasted. She was of those forms
Apelles might have painted for the Queen
Of loveliness and love—light as the fays
Dancing on glimmering dew-drops, when the moon
Rides in her silver softness, and the world
Is calm and brightly beautiful below.
She was all mildness, and the melting tone
Of her sweet voice thrilled me, and seemed to flow
Into my soul, a stream of melody,
Delicious in its mellowness; it spake
A heart at ease—and then the quiet smile
Sat playing on her lips, that pouting, spread,
Their vermil freshness forth, as if to ask
The kiss of him she smiled on. In her eye
Gentleness had its dwelling, and light Mirth
Glanced out in sudden flashes, and keen Wit
Shot arrows which delighted, while they stung.
She was a young Medusa, ere she knew
The evil of a world that watched to blast
Her loveliness, and make it terrible;
Striking a dead cold horror on the heart
Of him, who saw the fairest of all things,
A lovely woman, made the common prey
Of lawless passion—but it touched not HER:
No mist breathed o'er her brightness; but the pure
Full light of virtue rested there, and shed
New lustre on the light that ever came

Through her transparent features, and revealed
Each movement of the soul that swelled within :
And they were all of Heaven—such high desires
As angels had been proud of—pure as light
In its primeval fountain, ere it flowed
To mingle with the elements, and lose
Its perfect clearness. She was as a flower
New opened in a valley, where no foot
Had trodden, and no living thing had left
Print of the world's pollution : there she blew
Fragrant and lovely, and a parent's hand
Shielded her from the winds that blast, or bring
Poison upon their wings, and taint the heart
Left open to their influence. Shielded there
She ripened all her treasures, and became
Full-blown and rich in her maturity—
The dwelling of a spirit, not of earth,
But ever mingling with the pure and high
Conceptions of a soul that spreads its wings
To fly where Mind, when boldest, dared to soar.
And though the form has withered, and the bloom
Has faded, she is lovely ; for the sounds
That issue from her lips, and flow around
In liquid eloquence, are oracles
Of more than ancient wisdom, or they speak
Portions of that full hymn of Poesy,
Which ever rises when a mind on fire
Blends with the majesty of outward things ;

And with the glories of a boundless Heaven,
And a rich earth, and ever-rolling sea
Communing, swells to that ineffable
Fruition, which in hope will never end.

MENTAL HARMONY.

Animæ dimidium meæ ——Horat.

WE have had pleasant hours, but they are gone ;
And we shall never meet again, to spend
Glad moments in the kindly intercourse
Of blended thought and feeling ; they are gone,
Those festivals of fancy and of hope,
Those may-days of the spirit, when the voice
Of nature had a sweetness wholly new
And most delightful to me, and the form
And fashion of all creatures took a tint
From the fair light within me ; when we gave
Days to such higher thoughts, as lend to life
A swifter pinion, that the flow of hours
Be as the falling of a quiet stream,
Whose current has no sound or sign to tell
It hath an onward motion, and the sun
Go to his setting, and we know it not,
Time steals on such a silent wing away.

There is a holy feeling in the trance
Of thought ; it is a calm and quiet sense

Of purer being ; we have known such hours,
And they shall be remembered. Who would lose
The memory of our blessings, and the light,
The recollection of departed days
Of a serener pleasure, and a deep
And happy friendship, tranquillized and raised
To more exalted union, such as bound
Two intellects in elder time, who loved
To meet in fond endearment, and to lend
In mutual talk their fullest thoughts—the light,
Such recollection pours into the heart,
Till we are circled with a hallowed sphere
Of bright emotions, who would lose, one day,
Remembrances so gracious, for the wild
Mad tempest of ambition, or the gay
And glittering dance of pleasure, or the pomp
The rich man piles around him. I could walk,
At the pale hour of twilight, on the path
The willow-tree o'ershadows, by the brink
Of a small run of water, and be wrapped
In a deep loneliness, and yet find more
That has in it an ecstasy, in thoughts
Cast back upon the quick hours we have known
In our long woodland wanderings, and the sights
That we have mutely gazed on, spread o'er hill,
And plain, and sheeted ocean, than in all
Hope ever promised to my ardent youth
In the bright path of honour, or the way

That winds through roses, sweetly leading on
Its eager victim to the Bower of Love.

Nature hath lent us with a bounteous hand,
Wherewith to make us happy, and if we
Take not the kindly offer, 't is the fault
Of our perverted hearts, which cannot find
Beauty is what is open unto all.

I have resolved within me, that the still
And pure possession of my own free thoughts
Surpasses earthly treasures, and is life
Heightened to a superior essence; hence
The wild woods are my chosen haunt, and there
I read a fairer tome, a richer page,
Than pen of man has traced with characters
Of reason or of fancy. I become,
In the society of untaught things,
Drawn from my duller and my grosser sense,
And lifted in my longings, and I learn
How little there is great in the pursuit
Of riches or of honour, how the mind,
Let in the channel of heroic thought
To flow in freedom onward, and pervade
The purer regions of philosophy,
And tasteful and impassioned poesy—
How mind alone is the true worth of man,
And that which raises him above the sense
Of meaner creatures, and permits a hope
Of unembodied being, in a high

And holy dwelling, lifted far above
The reach of tempest, with essential light
Encircled, and with fairest wings of love
O'ershadowed, the reward and resting place
Of such as hold their journey patiently,
And pause and faint not on their weary way.

The recollection of one upward hour
Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer
The darkness of despondency, than years
Of gaiety and pleasure. Then, alone
We wander not in solitude, but find
Friends in all things around us, for the heart
Sinks not, and in its sinking bends the mind
From its true lofty region, wheré it lives
Rejoicing in bright energy ; and so
All things are open to the searching eye
Of an unclouded intellect, and bring
Their several treasures to it, and unfold
Their fabric to its scrutiny. All life,
And all inferior orders, in the waste
Of being spread before us, are to him,
Who lives in meditation, and the search
Of wisdom and of beauty, open books,
Wherein he reads the Godhead, and the ways
He works through his creation, and the links
That fasten us to all things, with a sense
Of fellowship and feeling, so that we
Look not upon a cloud, or falling leaf,

Or flower new blown, or *human face divine*,
But we have caught new life, and wider thrown
The door of reason open, and have stored
In memory's secret chamber, for dark years
Of age and weariness, the food of thought,
And thus extended mind, and made it young,
When the thin hair turns gray, and feeling dies.

But this communion with inferior things
Still leaves a void behind it, and we seek
The kindred thoughts of other men, and bend
Attentive o'er their written souls, wherein
We see their better moments, when they cast
The slough of earth aside, and tried a flight
On an ascending pinion, and renewed
Their purer being, as the insect bursts
The walls that bound it in its second state—
It might be a gilded prison-house;
But yet it was a prison : When its wing
Unfolded, and it knew the bliss of air,
And free and rapid motion, it had life,
And floated as a spirit floats away,
And wandered gayly on from flower to flower,
And was so light and so ethereal, Man
Selected it the symbol of the soul,
And its free flight through ether on a wing,
That, moving through eternity, will ever
Be active and unwearied, and as bright
In its unruffled plumage, after years

Have gathered into ages, and have gone
Beyond the eldest memory of time.

But yet the pen of Genius cannot cheer
And heighten, like the spirit-speaking eye;
And so we seek the living, and we find
That there are spirits that commune with ours,
As if they were our kindred, and were formed
In the same mould; and when we meet with them,
We cling with child-like fondness, as if life
Had not a charm without them, and the sky
With its ethereal beauty, and the earth
Flowering or fading, and the fairest flow
Of pure and tranquil waters, and the words
Of the departed with their might of thought,
Could be to us no solace, and have power
To lend no high conception, nor subdue
The spirit unto meekness; so we lean
On an accordant bosom, and we love
The beating of a heart, that beats as ours,
The speaking of an eye, that tells us thoughts
Which harmonize with what we feel, and all
The light of beauty, passion, tenderness,
And purity, and love of great, and fair,
And fitly fashioned things, until we deem
A sole existence is a wilderness,
That yieldeth only terror, and a curse.

We two have met a little while, and known
How time may glide unnoticed, in the flow

Of thoughts that have a sympathy; we part,
But this shall be a token, thou hast been
A friend to him who traced these hurried lines,
And gave them as a tribute to a friend,
And a remembrance of the few kind hours
Which lightened on the darkness of my path,
And gave a pleasantness to some bright days,
Bright in the light thou gavest them, and warmed
Feelings, that sank in chilliness, and waked
My fancy from its slumber, and thus drew
One volume from its treasures, into day.

RUINS.

*Tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
Omnia destruitis :—OVID.*

EARTH is a waste of ruins; so I deemed,
When the broad sun was sinking in the sea
Of sand, that rolled around Palmyra. Night
Shared with the dying day a lonely sky,
The canopy of regions void of life,
And still as one interminable tomb.
The shadows gathered on the desert, dark
And darker, till alone one purple arch
Marked the far place of setting. All above
Was purely azure, for no moon in heaven
Walked in her brightness, and with snowy light
Softened the deep intensity, that gave

Such awe unto the blue serenity
Of the high throne of gods, the dwelling-place
Of suns and stars, which are to us as gods,
The fountains of existence and the seat
Of all we dream of glory. Dim and vast
The ruins stood around me—temples, fanes,
Where the bright sun was worshipped, where they gave
Homage to him, who frowns in storms, and rolls
The desert like an ocean, where they bowed
Unto the queen of beauty, she in heaven,
Who gives the night its loveliness, and smiles
Serenely on the drifted waste, and lends
A silver softness to the ridgy wave,
Where the dark Arab sojourns, and with tales
Of love and beauty wears the tranquil night
In poetry away ; her light the while
Falling upon him, as a spirit falls,
Dove-like or curling down in flame, a star
Sparkling amid his flowing locks, or dews
That melt in gold, and steal into the heart,
Making it one enthusiastic glow,
As if the God were present, and his voice
Spake on the eloquent lips, that pour abroad
A gush of inspiration—bright as waves
Swelling around Aurora's car, intense
With passion as the fire that ever flows
In fountains on the Caspian shore, and full
As the wide-rolling majesty of Nile.

Over these temples of an age of wild
And dark belief, and yet magnificent
In all that strikes the senses—beautiful
In the fair forms they knelt to, and the domes
And pillars which upreared them—full of life
In their poetic festivals, when youth
Gave loose to all its energy, in dance,
And song, and every charm the fancy weaves
In the soft twine of cultur'd speech, attuned
In perfect concord to the full-toned lyre :
When nations gathered to behold the pomp
That issued from the hallowed shrine in choirs
Of youths, who bounded to the minstrelsy
Of tender voices, and all instruments
Of ancient harmony, in solemn trains
Bearing the votive offerings, flowing horns
Of plenty wreathed with flowers, and gushing o'er
With the ripe clusters of the purple vine,
The violet of the fig, the scarlet flush
Of granates peeping from the parted rind,
The citron shining through its glossy leaves
In burnished gold, the carmine veiled in down,
Like mountain snow, on which the living stream
Flowed from Astarte's minion, all that hang
In eastern gardens blended—while the sheaf
Nods with its loaded ears, and brimming bowls
Foam with the kindling element, the joy
Of banquet, and the nectar that inspires

Man with the glories of a heightened power
To feel the touch of beauty, and combine
The scattered forms of elegance, till high
Rises a magic vision, blending all
That we have seen of glory, such as drew
Assembled Greece to worship, when the form,
Who gathered all its loveliness, arose
Dewy and blushing from the parent foam,
Than which her tint was fairer, and with hand
That seemed of living marble, parted back
Her raven locks, and upward looked to Heaven,
Smiling to see all Nature bright and calm.
Over these temples, whose long colonnades
Are parted by the hand of time, and fall
Pillar by pillar, block by block, and strow
The ground in shapeless ruin, night descends
Unmingled, and the many stars shoot through
The gaps of broken walls, and glance between
The shafts of tottering columns, marking out
Obscurely, on the dark blue sky, the form
Of Desolation, who hath made these piles
Her home, and sitting with her folded wings,
Wraps in her dusty robe the skeletons
Of a once countless multitude, whose toil
Reared palaces and theatres, and brought
All the fair forms of Grecian art, to give
Glory unto an island, girt with sands
As barren as the ocean, where the grave

And stately Doric marked the solemn fane
Where wisdom dwelt, and on the fairer shrine
Of beauty sprang the light Ionian wreathed
With a soft volute, whose simplicity
Becomes the deity of loveliness,
Who with her snowy mantle, and her zone
Woven with all attractions, and her locks
Flowing as Nature bade them flow, compels
The sterner Powers to hang upon her smiles.
And there the grand Corinthian lifted high
Its flowery capital, to crown the porch,
Where sat the sovereign of their hierarchy,
The monarch armed with terror, whose curled locks
Shaded a brow of thought and firm resolve,
Whose eye, deep sunk, shot out its central fires,
To blast and wither all who dared confront
The gaze of highest power ; so sat their kings
Enshrined in palaces, and when they came
Thundering on their triumphal cars, all bright
With diadem of gold, and purple robe
Flashing with gems, before their rushing train
Moving in serried columns fenced in steel,
The herd of slaves obsequious sought the dust,
And gazed not as the mystic pomp rolled by.
Such were thy monarchs, Tadmor ! now thy streets
Are silent, and thy walls o'erthrown, no voice
Speaks through the long dim night of years, to tell
These were once peopled dwellings ; I could dream

Some sorcerer in his moon-light wanderings, reared
These wonders in an hour of sport, to mock
The 'stranger with the show of life, and send
Thought through the mist of ages, in the search
Of nations who are now no more, who lived
Erst in the pride of empire, ruled and swayed
Millions in their supremacy, and toiled
To pile these monuments of wealth and skill,
That here the wandering tribe might pitch its tents
Securer in their empty courts, and we,
Who have the sense of greatness, low might kneel
To ancient mind, and gather from the torn
And scattered fragments, visions of the power,
And splendour, and sublimity of old,
Mocking the grandest canopy of Heaven,
And imaging the pomp of Gods below.

MARIA,

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

*Nature is fine in love ; and where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.—HAMLET.*

I KNEW a pleasant village, in a lone
And silent valley, on the southern side
Of a long line of mountains, whence a brook
Came gently down, and in its winding flow

Stole through a pansied meadow, where a bank
Of beeches lifted up its tufted slope
To the warm sun of April, as it shone
Tenderly from a hemisphere of blue,
Purer, because the earth sent rarer forth
Its dimming exhalations, on whose boughs
Yet hung the leaves of winter, with a low
And plaintive rustling, telling to the winds
A sweet Æolian tale, and shining out
In glossy twinkling, as they lightly turned
Their surface to the light, and then veered back
With a quick-glancing motion ; in a bend
Of that close thicket, where the mountain gust
Came not, but all was tranquil, and the turf
Was deeper greened, and the new opened flowers
Spread bolder out their tender leaves, and sent
Soft odours on the mellow air, that played
Silently in that hollow, where the quail
Sat often in the clear warm noon, and turned
Her red eye to the silver light, and shook
The dropped leaves in her playfulness ; one day,
When all was purely fair, and the chill winds
Were hushed aloft, and as I upwards gazed,
The frosted fir, the pendent pine, and all
The sable groves of cedar, stood as still,
As when a wood of lances wait the breath
Of the shrill horn and braying clarion,
To sink upon the line of fight, and rush

Forward to meet in conflict—such a day,
When the young sod first quickens, and the pale
Blue eyes of weeping violets part their lids
To drink the first warm rays, I chanced to bend
My wandering foot along the grassy brink
Of the calm-flowing brooklet, pleased to take
With a quick eye its many turns, and dwell
On the clear dashing of its water-falls,
And the soft gliding of its molten gold,
Where the sun met it curving o'er a root
That grew across its channel, or the curls,
That like a pigeon's plumage waving played
Over the sandy shallow, or the still
And tranquil mirror where it rested deep
And dark beneath a willow—as I stood
Looking aside upon the velvet vest
Of the fresh-springing meadow, and above
Where the bent birches hung their tufted flowers,
New purpling like a silken shred, and faint
The scarlet maple buds put out, and fair
The downy willow catkins specked with gold
Their flaxen locks, when life awoke within
The leaf-buds of the forest, then I caught
In that still nook, a pale and lovely girl,
With a fair hand fondling a petted lamb,
That bounded light around her, and with long
And oft repeated fondness licked her hand,
And then renewed its gambols, though it took

Short turns, because a cord of braided blue,
The colour of a dove-wing, or the sky,
When a full moon shines over it, drew back
Her minion to a narrow circle, for
She thus had bound it in a silken chain,
As if it were a loved one, who would fly
To other lands, and leave her here to sing
Her sad notes to the evening wind, and tell
Her hours in weeping loneliness, and look
Where the far path came o'er the hill to catch
Her long departed lover, till the night
Hid the low vale in darkness, and her eye
Turned from the fruitless quest, and then she wept
Tenderly, and her sweet voice took a tone,
In which despair was uttered, till it sunk
Trembling and fainting, as the night wind falls
Softer along the harp strings, till a sound
Just whispers through the air, and all is still.

There was a look of calmness in her thin
And delicate features, wasted to a shade,
Like a pure spirit musing on the dark
And sad afflictions of this life below,
And dwelling for a moment on the grief
And sickness of the better few, who trust
In their most hopeless hours, they yet shall find
A sunshine after darkness, and a calm
After the tempest ceaseth, when the eye
Of love shall rest forever on the friends
They late have seen departing on their long

And unreturning journey, whose cold lids
They closed with pious care, whose stiffened limbs
They laid in decent order, and composed
Their pale lips to a sweet and dying smile,
And shrouded all in whitest lawn, than which
No flaky snow falls purer, and no curl
Catches a softer tincture from the moon,
To throw a thin veil o'er the stars, and dim
Their brightness to a faint and mellow ray,
Like a lone taper through a curtain, when
Sleep broods above the hamlet, and the sound
Of life is hushed, and this alone reveals
To him who walks in darkness, that two hearts
Are pouring out their fulness, or a voice,
In the low consecrated tone of prayer,
Is talking with the Universal soul,
And blending with the perfect purity
And majesty of Godhead, or an eye
Is watching o'er the page of lofty thought,
And catching inspiration at the shrine
Of intellect and fancy, till the heart,
Big with its high conceptions, overflows,
And then his lips pour out the eloquence
Of kindled spirit, and a purer stream
Of language, musical, and grand, and full
Of the quick life of mind, is sent abroad,
Than ever meets the anxious ear, when crowds
Drink in the rhetoric of master souls.

Her looks were purely Grecian, such as charm
Taste in an ancient statue, or a gem,
Of fair intaglio, where a perfect white,
Shaped to a nymph-like beauty, sparkles in
A ground of azure ;—it was such a face,
As had enamoured Raphael, or inspired
The pencil of Corregio to the birth
Of a blue-eyed Madonna, or a calm
And pensive Spirit looking up to Heaven,
Poised on a seraph's wing high in the dome
Of an Italian temple, where the God
Of charity is worshipped, and the form
Of Him who died on Calvary adored.
Her brow was softly arched, and it was pure
And pale as marble, and the dew of death
Seemed resting there, and gave a fearful tint
To its else perfect loveliness, and told
Thoughts were at work beneath it, which might still
Ere long the life within her, but are loved,
Although we know them fatal, as we cling
To the Circean bowl, and dying grasp
At its alluring poison, which conveys
A madness to the brain that hath a touch
Of inspiration in its reveries,
And spreads around the spirit light and calm,
Till earth seems beautiful and life is heaven.

Her hair was of a sunny brown, and fine
As lines of light that stream across a cloud,

Ere the sun rises, or the scarlet tuft,
That floats beneath the green wave, where on rocks
The sea-plume clings, and throws its feeling threads,
Like flowing silk around it. It was full,
And dropped in light profusion down her neck,
And o'er her bosom; and it parted lay
In native ringlets round her brow, and shone
Deeper beside the snow it rested on,
And that came fairer through the curling shade
That waved above it, as the sighing wind
Sent a sweet-breathing air to shake the leaves,
And crisp the sheeted water. As she hung
Her head in deepest sorrow, some few tears
Stole out and pearled her cheek, but these she brushed
With a light touch aside, and then renewed
A song, half sad, half playful, such as comes
From a crazed brain, that says, it knows not why,
A thousand things which are at first as gay
As wild mirth in a revel, and then fall
To a faint tone, in which despair alone
Can have a concord, and at last a sob
Closes it, and her glistening tears o'erflow.

She lifted up her head, and mutely gazed
Awhile upon the world above, and then
Her ashy lips were moving, but no sound
Came through their parting paleness, still it shone
With a faint hectic flush, like the last tint
The sun casts on a wreath of mists, and then

A most intense cerulean veils it o'er,
So that the sky seems tintless. As she looked
Far in the silent atmosphere, methought
Her blue eye had a fixedness, and saw
A form distinctly featured, and she rose
Half from her seat of turf, and threw her arms,
As if to meet it in a fond embrace,
And a sweet smile broke on her lips, and tears
Stood glistening on her eyelids, such quick joy
Stirred in her heart, and one faint word alone
Escaped, it was LEONI:—then she dropped
Suddenly on her settle, and her head
Drooped languidly, and her long flowing locks
Showered their full ringlets o'er her, big round tears
Dropt thick and freshly through them, and her sobs
Shook her, they were so deep; she pressed her brow
And wrung her hands, and then she cast them down
Clasped on the sod beside her, shook her head,
And with a sweet low voice sighed out, "*no more.*"

She plucked the flowers that grew around, and kissed
Their purple and their yellow leaves, and long
Inhaled their perfume; then she opened wide
Her lips to the wild laugh, that tells despair,
And it rang terribly around, and oft
She uttered it still louder, and her eye
Kindled and flashed intensely, and the spot
Of death stood glowing like a ring of fire
On the blue paleness of her cheek, and full

The dark veins throbbed upon her brow, and shot
Their branches o'er her temples, and she waved
Her hand, that seemed a spirit's, where the light
Shone with a purple glimmer through, and then
She outward turned her palm, and often pushed
Some hateful object from her, and a dark
Mysterious look of madness glazed her eye,
And her pearl teeth were set, and her frame shook
With an internal shuddering; then with slow
And broken sounds she muttered, "*false and foul.*"

Suddenly she sank down, and bending low
Hid her face in her mantle; one weak groan
Stole from her, like a dying wind at eve
Through a sere vine in autumn: then her lamb
Drew to her side, and looked with wistful eye
On her wild sorrow; as her dim eye caught
The innocent eye that gazed so fondly, calm
She lifted up her forehead, and composed
Her scattered tresses, and held out her hand
To the compassionate creature, who was now
The only one she trusted in;—she smiled,
As mourners smile, and hanging o'er she spake
Few words of tenderness, "thou wilt not leave,
Fair face of gentleness, thou wilt not leave,
Though the world leave me:" then she gathered flowers
And grass-blades, and she wove them in a wreath,
And bound it round her minion's neck, and clasped
Its soft limbs to her bosom, with a kiss

Of sorrow and of love: her soul seemed calm,
And shone serenely through her clear blue eyes,
Which had in them a meek divinity,
All patience, and all hope, that as she gazed
Upward to the pure vault and the bright sun,
Methought her spirit parted, and took wing,
And angels came to welcome it, and bear
The weary stranger to a resting-place,
And lay her on a pillow which no thorn
Hath ever entered. Such a sacred calm
Was printed in her look, that she became
Sainted to all my feelings, and I stood
To see her spurn the earth, and soar away
To the pure air above the highest cone,
That still looked white behind me; but she soon
Rose gently from her seat, and threw her hair
With a quick motion backward, closely drew
Her russet cloak, and twined her braided line
Around her marble fingers, then looked down,
And said, "we must go homeward, sweet one, night
Is coming in the far sky," and ere I
Could trace her, through the silent wood withdrew.

A TALE.

SHE had been touched with grief, and on her cheek
Sorrow had left its impress in the pale
Soft tint of fading loveliness. She bore
Meekly the burden of her woes, and told
To none the secret of her heart. It preyed
Forever on her life, and blanched away
The roses which had bloomed so wooingly
And freshly on her laughing lips. Her smile
Grew fainter, and it only spread a line
Of a most tender carmine, where the snow
Scarce had a stain to mark it from the pure
And perfect whiteness of her cheek and brow—
So pure, she seemed a living monument
Of Parian marble; and the flaxen curls
That waved around her forehead, and the arch
Darker and brighter bent above that eye,
Which through long lashes spoke in looks of fire,
And was the only eloquence she used—
These, and at times a gushing to her cheek,
Like the first flush of morning, or the faint
Fast-dying purple, when the twilight steals

Into the depth of darkness—these were all
That told she yet was living, and was not
An image of the Graces, or the shade
Of a departed maiden, which at night
Visits the silent walks she loved, and hangs
Over the grave she watered, till she took
Her last repose beside it.

She had been
The gayest and the loveliest, and had moved
Through the light dance, and in the bending crowd
Of young admirers, like an infant queen
Proud of her innocent beauty. There was one
Who looked, but spake not; and when others took
Her hand to lead her through the merry hall,
In steps all grace and harmony, he stole
Aside, and wept in anguish. He was made
Not for the place of mirth, but for the still
And peaceful shade of feeling, and of thoughts,
Which have their home in higher souls, and are
Lone, and unfriended and unknown below.
His was a social nature; yet not made
To blend with crowds, but find in one alone,
One fairy minister of soft delights,
And pure as they are tender, that deep joy,
Which none has ever uttered. Long he sought
To win her to those calm retreats, and give
To her a spirit kindred to his own,
And lead her to the one and only love,

The harmony of thought, and wish, and life,
The union of all feelings, whence the deep
Exhaustless fountain of their blended hearts
Flows ever deeper, and has ever more
Of music in its flow, and more of light
And beauty in its fulness. Thus he dwelt
On her fresh loveliness, until his life
Was linked unto her image, and her form
Mingled with every thought, and every spot,
Where the new spring looked beautiful, was filled
With her pervading presence; but he dared
Speak only to the mountain-winds her name,
And only in a whisper.

She had marked
The silent youth, and with a beauty's eye
Knew well she was beloved, and though her light
And bounding spirit still was wild and gay,
And sporting in the revel, yet her hours
Of solitude were visited by him,
Who looked with such deep passion. She too loved,
And saw more in his melancholy eye,
And in the delicate form, and the still look,
And that high front of intellect, which crowned
Features that were all tenderness and love,
Like the fair shrine of poesy, where thoughts
Dwelt high and solemn, such as from their seat
Of glory visit none, but the great few,
Whose language is immortal—there she saw

More that had charms to win her, than in all
The light unmeaning swarm, who fawned, and danced,
And played their tricks in envious rivalry,
Happy to draw from her one scornful smile.

She loved him with a true and early love,
And with her tenderness there was a sense
Of awe, when on those magic eyes she gazed,
Which seemed to look on spirits, not on men.
Still, in her innocent cheerfulness, she sought
To lead him from his solitary haunts,
And throw bright smiles upon that shaded brow,
And light that eye to rapture from its deep
And mute abstraction. So she laughed and sung,
And called him to the dance; but with a gush
Of feeling irresistible, he stole
Aside and wept. Again he sought her ear,
And told her his fond tale. First she looked cold,
And o'er her forehead curled a playful frown;
Then suddenly, and with a few light words,
She scornfully turned from him, and enjoyed
The moment of her triumph—it was short,
For with a firm, fixed look, in which were seen
More thoughts of grief than anger, he drew back,
And casting one proud farewell glance, that told
There was no after hope, he turned away,
And soon was gone, an exile, none knew where.

He wandered to another land, and found
New friends, who sought to cheer him; but a weight

Hung on his heart, and would not be removed;
The feeling of regret and injury,
The love that will not perish, and the pride
That quenches love, but does not make it hate;
The fondness that will steal at times, and melt
The heart to tears, and then the sudden pang
Of long-remembered scorn, which freezes fast
The fountain in its flow, and leaves the cold
Dim glare of one, whose only hope is death.

He was in happy regions, and the sky
Above him was most beautiful; its blue
Was higher and intenser, and it took
The spirit on a journey into Heaven,
And made it more than mortal: cool, soft gales
Stole from a peaceful ocean, whose bright waves
Rolled gently on to music, and they blew
Through woven trellices of all-sweet flowers,
And sported round long wreaths of festooned vines
Hung with the gayest blossoms, and o'er beds,
That breathed in mellowest airs of balm and myrrh.
Music was in those bowers, and Beauty there
Crowded in mystic dances, and their nights
Were consecrated to the skilful sounds
Of a most witching harmony, to choirs
Such as once moved in Athens to the voice
Of flutes and timbrels. Many an eye was bent
Full on the noble stranger, and they sought
To win his smile; but yet he would not smile,

For all his better thoughts were far away,
And when he looked upon the lovely ones
Around him, it recalled with keener sense,
Her, who to him was lovelier, whom he loved,
But would not in his bitterness forgive.

When it was told her that the youth had fled,
And fled in anger, then her look was changed,
And never more her steps were in the dance,
Nor were the cheerful sounds of her sweet voice
Heard in the crowd of revellers. Alone
She wept the folly which had thrown away
The only treasure she had truly loved,
And left her in the fairest of her days,
The very spring-time of her loveliness,
Only to think of what had been, and grieve.

NIGHT WATCHING.

SHE sat beside her lover, and her hand
Rested upon his clay-cold forehead. Death
Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life
Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye
Woke up from its dim lethargy, and cast
Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak,
Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye
Was now his only language, and it spake
How much he felt her kindness, and the love

That sat, when all had fled, beside him. Night
Was far upon its watches, and the voice
Of Nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
Looked down in tranquil beauty on an earth
That smiled in sweetest summer. She looked out
Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
With the pale beam of midnight—air was still,
And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream
Moved with so slow a pace, it seemed at rest,
Fixed in the glassy water, and with care
Shunned the dark den of pestilence, and stole
Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
Softly along the crisping wave—that sail
Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapped,
Caught moving undulations from the light,
That silently came down, and gave the hills,
And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
Death seemed on all the landscape—but so still,
Who would have thought that any thing but peace
And beauty had a dwelling there! The world
Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
Only a few, who lingered faintly on,
Waiting the moment of departure; or
Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
So strong it mastered fear—and they were few,
And she was one—and in a lonely house.

Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
She watched the couch of him she loved, and drew
Contagion from the lips that were to her
Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
They seemed like a thin snow curl. All was still,
And even so deeply hushed, the low, faint breath
That trembling gasped away, came through the night
As a loud sound of awe. She passed her hand
Over those quivering lips, that ever grew
Paler and colder, as the only sign
To tell her life still lingered—it went out!
And her heart sank within her, when the last
Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
Seemed like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
She dared not look around: and the light wind,
That played among the leaves and flowers that grew
Still freshly at her window, and waved back
The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
In her intense abstraction, seemed the voice
Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
And her fond loves were ended. She had watched
Until her love grew manly, and she checked
The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
To the last solemn duty. With a hand
That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid,
And pressed the lips, and gave them one long kiss—

Then decently spread over all a shroud ;
And sitting with a look of lingering love
Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
Which, as a fountain sealed till it had swelled
To its last fulness, now gave way and flowed
In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
And parting back the curtains, looked abroad
Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
In one unbroken silence, save the moan
From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
Of the slow-moving hearse. The homes of men
Were now all desolate, and darkness there,
And solitude and silence took their seat
In the deserted streets, as if the wing
Of a destroying angel had gone by,
And blasted all existence, and had changed
The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
To one cold, speechless city of the dead !

PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

THERE is a middle place between the strong
And vigorous intellect a Newton had,
And the wild ravings of insanity ;
Where fancy sparkles with unwearied light,

Where memory's scope is boundless, and the fire
Of passion kindles to a wasting flame,
But will is weak, and judgment void of power.
Such was the place I held; the brighter part
Shone out, and caught the wonder of the great
In tender childhood, while the weaker half
Had all the feebleness of infancy.
A thousand wildering reveries led astray
My better reason, and my unguarded soul
Danced like a feather on the turbid sea
Of its own wild and freakish phantasies.
At times the historic page would catch my eye,
And rivet down my thoughts on ancient times,
And mix them with the demigods of old.
Again I girt my loins to cross the waste
Of burning Afric, and amid the wilds
Of Abyssinia seek the modest springs,
Whence bubble out the waters of the Nile,
The infancy of greatness—how I loved
To ascend the pyramids, and in their womb
Gaze on the royal cenotaph, to sit
Beneath thy ruined palaces and fanes,
Balbec or princely Tadmor, though the one
Lurk like a hermit in the lonely vales
Of Lebanon, and the waste wilderness
Embrace the other—scouring with the wind,
I swept the desert on the Arab steed,
Or with the panting camel flew away.

There is an ecstasy in solitude,
Amid the broken images of power,
The serpent, owl and jackal make their home,
Or in the heart of ocean, or the sands
Of Araby, or on the boundless plains
Of central Asia, whence the savage Hun
And Mogol in devouring torrents rushed.
Armed with the rifle, tomahawk and bow,
How oft I wandered through the solemn woods
And tangled morasses of Florida,
Or where the wave of Mississippi pours
Its yet unsullied current o'er the steep
Of Antony, and winds among the hills
Of velvet verdure silently and slow.
The philosophic page was my delight,
To trace the workings of a hand unseen,
In earth, in air, and ocean, and the world
Of wonders, which the canopy of night
Discloses twinkling on its ebon arch.
These were my pleasures, and the varied forms
Of animal and plant, the bird, who cuts
With gliding wing the liquid air, the fly,
That flutters o'er its parent pool a day,
The polished shells that pave the snowy bed
Of ocean, with their many hues in soft
Accordance blended, like the ancient floor
Wrought in Mosaic, or the sprig and flower,
That smile in vale and meadow bathed in dew.

These were at times my pleasures, but at times
The childish part prevailed. Along the stream,
That flowed in summer's mildness o'er its bed
Of rounded pebbles, with its scanty wave
Encircling many an islet, and its banks
In bays and havens scooping, I would stray,
And, dreaming, rear an empire on its shores.
There cities rose, and palaces and towers
Caught the first light of morning, there the fleet
Lent all its snowy canvass to the wind,
And bore with awful front against the foe;
There armies marshalled their array, and joined
In mimic slaughter, there the conquered fled—
I followed their retreat, until secure
They found a refuge in their country's walls;
The triumphs of the conqueror were mine,
The bounds of empire widened, and the wealth
Torn from the helpless hands of humbled foes:
There many a childish hour was spent, the world,
That moved and fretted round me, had no power
To draw me from my musings, but the dream
Enthralled me till it seemed reality;
And when I woke, I wondered that a brook
Was babbling by, and a few rods of soil,
Covered with scant herbs, the arena where
Cities and empires, fleets and armies rose.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

I LAUNCHED my bark upon a waveless sea—
The morning glowed, the sun just risen shone
In dazzling light along the glassy plain,
That seemed a golden mirror, or as oft
A transient zephyr ruffled it, a flood
Of molten amber. How the purple sail,
And blue and crimson streamer wooed the wind.
At times the bellying bosom of the sheet
Received the rising gale, and onward bore
The white and glittering prow, as through the wave
It ploughed and heaved around the crested foam,
Like snow-wreaths resting on a ground of gold.
Again the rising zephyr died away,
The boundless air was still, the canvass flapped
And trembled on the yard, the streamers drooped,
And fluttering waved around the mast-head, sea
And air were motionless—the crystal flood
Opened its awful depths beneath—so clear,
The bark seemed hanging in the midway space
Between the sky above and earth below :
So still the elements, the briny drop,

That trickled from the prow to meet the wave,
Was heard distinctly, and the rippling shoal
Of blue-finned mackerel, or the whispering flight
Of the air-loving dweller of the deep,
Fell on my ear and woke me from my dream.
So passed the bark of life o'er childhood's sea,
But youth came on, and blustering winds arose;
Dark tempests gathered round, the howling blast
Roared through the cordage, every sail was rent,
The loosened helm gave way, and like the steed
Maddened with luxury, that flies the rein
And hurries on to ruin, so the bark
Ran wild before the tempest; now it rose
The billowy mountain, in the yawning gulph
Now headlong plunged; the shriek was then unheard
Amid the vaster tumult; then the night
Of storms enwrapped me, by the bursting foam,
The sparkling fire of ocean, or the flash,
The harbinger of thunder, or the pale
And baleful meteor of sickly green,
That on the bowsprit led the way to death,
Alone illumined. What a deafening roar
From bursting billows, how the breaker's voice,
Conflicting with the sea-beat crag, arose
And bellowed through the gloom; the sea-dog there,
Mounted above his danger, howled and bayed;
The dying whale dashed on the splintery rock,
Groaned out his giant soul; the cormorant

Flapped his black wings around my head; the loon,
Perched on the topmast, sent his baleful scream,
Like the mad moanings of a tortured man.
So raged the storm around me, till a light,
Dimly discovered through the darkness, showed
Where help might yet be found; a secret hand
Then seemed to grasp the rudder, o'er the waves
The bark right onward held its steady course;
The tempest seemed to mitigate its rage,
The thunders ceased, the clouds spread out their veil
In thinner folds, and through a transient break
Sent a faint gleam of sunshine; from behind
A gentle wind blew steady; in the west
The golden sky shone out, a larger curve
Of brightness every instant opened, till
The sun unveiled his face, and far away
The tempest hurried o'er the mountain waves:
It darkling flew, till on its bosom rose
The many-coloured bow; serenity
Then filled the air, the white gull o'er me flew,
And the blue halcyon came and on the wave
Alighted, hid its head beneath its wing,
And slept as on a pillow; still the sea
Lifted its broad green back, and seemed to rock
Its fury to repose; I neared the land,
Blue hills first smiled, then sandy shores, like snow
Bleached on the heaven-ward mountain, caught my eye,
The light-house next, that with its warning fire,

Calls from the deep the wanderer to his home.
The sun in cloudless majesty, as king
Of nature, kindled ocean with his rays,
And made the land more lovely ; on I sailed,
The haven spread its arms to call me in,
And clasp me in its bosom ; there I steered,
And casting anchor, where no storm can rage,
Nor tempest rock me, on the peaceful breast
Of love eternal moored my bark forever.

A PICTURE.

SCENE—*The Valley of the Catskill River north of the Catskill Mountains.*

THE glories of a clouded moonlit night—
An union of wild mountains, and dark storms
Gathering around their summits, or in forms
Majestic, moving far away in light,
Like pillared snow, or spectres wreathed in flame—
Meanwhile, around the distant peaks a flow
Of moonlight settles, seeming from below,
Above the mountain's rude gigantic frame,
An island of the heart, a home of bright,
Unsullied souls, who, clad in purest white,
Their bosoms stainless as their mantles, play
Around the gilded rocks, and snowy lawns,
And azure groves, in choirs like bounding fawns
Around the throne of some imperial fay—

Again the dark clouds brood below; their fold
A moment shrouds the mountain in dun shade,
Like midnight blackness from a crater rolled,
And flashing, as the glimmering of a blade
Amid the wreaths of war-smoke, lightnings quiver,
And crackling bolts the oak's bent branches shiver,
And rumbling echoes from the hollow glens
Roar, like the voice of lions in their dens
Awing the silent desert—then the cloud,
Careering on the whirlwind, lifts its shroud
From off yon soaring pinnacle, and sweet,
Soft moonlight there is sleeping, like the ray,
Whose flashes on a chequered fountain play
Light as the twinkling glance of fairies' feet,
Or brood in burnished brightness on the stream,
Or kiss the tufted bank of dewy flowers,
As if consoling, in his boyish dream,
Her shepherd through her own still magic hours—
Such is the brightness on those rocky towers;
And rising in an arch of double height,
Soaring away beyond that cone, the sky
Smiles to the harmonizing touch of light,
Like the blue iris of a joyous eye—
The moon is there in glory, and the stars
Shrink from her fuller splendour, and grow dim
Behind the veil of her effulgence. Airs,
As if from Eden breathing, blow; clouds swim,
Foamlike and fleecy, round the landscape's brim;

And heaving like a storm-swoln billow's crest,
Rolls the wild tempest in the darkened west,
Its flashes twinkling through the gloom, its peals
Bellowing amid the purple glens ; the rain,
Scudding along the forest, bears the bow
Wreathed round the flying storm-cloud, as it steals
Still and stiller through the night—the stain
Of braided colours, in a softer glow,
Bends o'er the foaming river its tall arch,
As if the spirits of the air might march
From mountain on to mountain, and look down,
In triumph, from the pictured circle's crown,
On hamlets wrapped in slumber, meadows green (bowed
And gemmed with rain-drops, woods, whose leaves are
With the dissolving richness of the cloud,
And brown brooks flashing down the hills, and pouring
Their tribute to the master stream, which wheels
Through the rude valley, foaming, tumbling, roaring,
And on the lonely wanderer, who steals
Abroad in silence to that echoing shore,
And gazing on the mad wave, and the sky,
Which arches o'er the universe on high,
And on the flying cohorts of the storm
Hiding their frowns behind a seraph's form,
With soul subdued, and awed, enchanted eye
Can only bow before them and adore.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! who thy home hast made
In wilds and wastes, where wealth has never trod,
Nor bowed her coward head before her god,
The sordid deity of fraudulent trade;
Where power has never reared his iron brow,
And glared his glance of terror, nor has blown
The maddening trump of battle, nor has flown
His blood-thirst eagles; where no flatterers bow,
And kiss the foot that spurns them; where no throne,
Bright with the spoils from nations wrested, towers,
The idol of a slavish mob, who herd,
Where largess feeds their sloth with golden showers,
And thousands hang upon one tyrant's word—

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! thou, who dwellest alone,
Unblenched, unyielding, on the storm-beat shore,
And findest a stirring music in its roar,
And lookest abroad on earth and sea, thy own—
Far from the city's noxious hold, thy foot,
Fleet as the wild deer bounds, as if its breath
Were but the rankest, foulest steam of death;
Its soil were but the dunghill, where the root

Of every poisonous weed and baleful tree
Grew vigorously and deeply, till their shade
Had choked and killed each wholesome plant, and laid
In rottenness the flower of LIBERTY—

Thou flyest to the desert, and its sands
Become thy welcome shelter, where the pure
Wind gives its freshness to thy roving bands,
And languid weakness finds its only cure;
Where few their wants, and bounded their desires,
And life all spring and action, they display
Man's boldest flights, and highest, warmest fires,
And beauty wears her loveliest array—

Thou climbest the mountain's crag, and with the snows
Dweldest high above the slothful plains; the rock
Thy iron bed; the avalanche's shock
Thou sternly breakest: hunger, cold and toil
Harden thy steeled nerves, till the frozen soil,
The gnarled oak, the torrent, as it flows
In thunder down its gulf, are not more rude,
More hardy, more resistless, than thy force,
When waked to madness in thy headlong course,
Thou rushest from thy wintry solitude,
And sweepest frightened nations on thy path,
A whirlwind in the fury of thy wrath,
And with one curl of thy indignant frown,
Castest the pride of plumed warriors down,
And bearest them onward, like the storm-filled wave,
In mingled ruin to their bloody grave.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! I would with thee dwell,
Whether on Afric's sand, or Norway's crags,
Or Kansa's prairies, for thou lovest them well,
And there thy boldest daring never flags;
Or I would launch with thee upon the deep,
And like the petrel make the wave my home,
And careless as the sportive sea-bird roam;
Or with the chamois on the Alp would leap,
And feel myself upon the snow-clad height,
A portion of that undimmed flow of light,
No mist nor cloud can darken—O! with thee,
Spirit of Freedom! deserts, mountains, storms,
Would wear a glow of beauty, and their forms
Would soften into loveliness, and be
Dearest of earth, for there my soul is free.

HOME.

THERE is a spot, a quiet spot, which blooms
On earth's cold, heartless desert. It hath power
To give a sweetness to the darkest hour,
As in the starless midnight, from the rose,
Now dipped in dew, a sweeter perfume flows;
And suddenly the wanderer's heart assumes
New courage, and he keeps his course along,
Cheering the darkness with a whispered song:
At every step a purer, fresher air
Salutes him, and the winds of morning bear

Soft odours form the violet beds and vines;
And thus he wanders, till the dawning shines
Above the misty mountains, and a hue
Of vermeil blushes on the cloudless blue,
Like health disporting on the downy cheek—
It is time's fairest moment—as a dove
Shading the earth with azure wings of love,
The sky broods o'er us, and the cool winds speak
The peace of nature, and the waters fall,
From leap to leap, more sweetly musical,
And, from the cloudy bosom of the vale,
Come, on the dripping pinions of the gale,
The simple melody of early birds
Wooing their mates to love, the low of herds,
And the faint bleating of the new-born lambs
Pursuing, with light bounding step, their dams;
Again the shepherd's whistle, and the bark,
That shrilly answers to his call; and hark!
As o'er the trees the golden rays appear,
Bursts the last joyous song of chanticler,
Who moves in stately pomp before his train,
Till, from his emerald neck, and burnished wings,
The playful light a dazzling beauty flings,
As if the stars had lit their fires again—
So sweetly to the wanderer o'er the plain,
The rose, the jessamine, and every flower,
That spreads its leafets in the dewy hour,
And catches in its bell, night's viewless rain,

In tempered balm their rich aroma shower;
And with this charm the morning on his eye,
Looks from her portals in the eastern sky,
And throws her blushes o'er the sleeping earth,
And wakes it to a fresh and lovely birth—
O! such a charm adorns that fairest spot,
Where noise and revelry disturb me not,
But all the spirits that console me, come,
And o'er me spread a peaceful canopy,
And stand with messages of kindness by,
And one sweet dove, with eyes that look me blessed,
Sits brooding all my treasures in her nest,
Without one slightest wish the world to roam,
Or leave me, and that quiet dwelling—home.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

HE comes not—I have watched the moon go down;
But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.

I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip ;
But yet I cannot hate—O ! there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too—My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile ;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share ;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

LOVE AT EVENING.

IT was the hour of moonlight—and the bells
Had rung their curfew tones, and they were still ;
The echo died around the distant hill,
Sinking in faint and fainter falls and swells,

Accordant with the fitful wind, that blew
Over the new mown meadow, where the dew
Stood twinkling on the closely shaven stems,
Glittering as 'twere a carpet sown with gems ;
And from the winding river there arose
A mist, that curled in volumed folds, and gave
A snowy mantle to the stealing wave,
Like that which fancy, love-enchanted throws
Over the form it doats on with a feeling
Of most endeared fondness, blind to all,
That is not light and loveliness, concealing
The tints of weakness with a darkest pall :
And as the moon descending on the cloud,
Gives it a rainbow livery, and hues
All softness and all beauty, so imbues
The fond eye of affection with all charms
The image of its awe : and he is proud,
Aye, prouder than the proudest, when his arms
Around that form of loveliness are flung,
And when those melting eyes are on him hung,
And when those lips are moving in sweet tones,
That tell, whate'er the words be, that she owns
No other for her love—and then the sigh
Struggles within her bosom, and her eye
Is wet with rising tears, and then the smile
Plays sweetly on her parting lips awhile,
And then she hangs upon his arm, and tells,
Her heart how happy—and that fond heart swells

To give its feelings utterance, and she sings
Sweetly, as when the lark at morning springs
From out a dewy thicket, and away
Winnows his easy flight to meet the day ;
And thus their eyes are blended, and they gaze
A moment on each other, and then turn
To where the countless fires of ether burn,
And look from Heaven with soft and soothing rays ;
A moment with uplifted brow they pour
The swelling current of devotion o'er,
And then descending from that upward flight,
Again their eyes in tender looks unite,
Again they speak in under tones, as still
As are the winds that rustle on the hill,
Then side by side in links of fondness prest
Steal silently unto their hallowed rest.

SILENT she stood before me, in the light
And majesty of beauty ; and her eye
Was teeming with the visions of her soul—
She stood before me in a veil of white,
The image of her bosom's purity,
And loveliness enveloped her, as bright,
As when, at set of sun, the clouds unrol,
Pavilioning the dusky throne of night.

There is a spirit in the kindling glance
Of pure and lofty beauty, which doth quell
Each darker passion; and, as heroes fell
Before the terror of Minerva's lance,
So beauty, armed with virtue, bows the soul
With a commanding, but a sweet control,
Making the heart all holiness and love,
And lifting it to worlds that shine above,
Until subdued, we humbly bend before
The idol of our worship to adore.

STAR of the pensive! "melancholy Star,"
That, from the bosom of the deep ascending,
Shines on the curling waves, like mourner bending
Over the ruins of the joys that were;
Or lone deserted mother sweetly tending
Her hushed babe in its cradle, often blending
Her plaintive song and sigh repressed—sweet star!
I love the eye that looks on me so far
From all this want, and wretchedness, and wo,
From out that home of pure serenity
Above the winds and clouds—When tempests blow,
The sailor through the darkness looks to thee—
Thou art the star of love, and fond hearts gaze
With feeling awe upon thy trembling rays,

And dream that other eyes are resting there ;
And O! what light around the bosom plays,
When dwelling on the beautiful and fair,
We think that eyes beloved those beauties share.

“ O! there is a bliss in tears”—in tears, that flow
From out a heart, where tender feelings dwell,
That heaveth, with involuntary swell
Of joy or grief, for others' weal or wo—
The highest pleasures fortune can bestow,
The proudest deeds that victory can tell,
The charms that beauty weaveth in her spell,
These holy, happy tears how far below :
Yes, I would steal me from life's gaudy show,
And seek a covert in a silent shade,
And where the cheating lights of being glow,
See glory after glory dimly fade,
And knowing all my brighter visions o'er,
Deep in my bosom's core my sorrows lay,
And thence the fountains of repentance pour,
Gush after gush, in purer streams away.

VAUCLUSE.

THE laurel throws its locks around thy grave
As freshly, as when erst thou lingered there,
And plucked the early flowers to crown thy hair,
Or gathered cresses from the glassy wave,
That winds through hills of olive, vine, and grain,
Stealing away from Vaucuse' lonely dell,
Now murmuring scantily, now in the swell
Of April foaming onward to the plain—
Laura! Thy consecrated bough is bright,
As when thy Petrarch tuned his soft lute by,
And lit his torch in that dissolving light,
Which darted from his only Sun—thine eye;
Thy leaf is still as green, thy flower as gay,
Thy berry of as deep a tint, as when
Thou moved a Goddess in the walks of Men,
And o'er thy poet held unbounded sway—
Methinks I hear, as from the hills descend
The deepening shadows and the blue smoke curls,
And waving forests with the light winds bend,
And flows the brook in softer leaps and whirls—
Methinks I hear that voice of love complaining,
In faint and broken accents, of his hours

Of lonely sorrow, and of thy disdain
And half averted glances, till the bowers
Are pregnant with the hymn, and every rose
With fresher dew, as if in weeping flows,
And every lily seems to wear a hue
Of paler tenderness, and deeper glows
The pink's carnation, and a purer blue
Melts on the modest rosemary, the wind
Whispers a sweeter echo, and the stream
Spouts stiller from its well ; while from behind
The snow-clad alpine summits rolls the moon,
Careering onward to her cloudless noon,
In fullest orb of silver, and her beam
Casts o'er the vale long shadows from the pine,
The rock, the spire, the castle, and away,
Beyond thy towers, Avignon ! proudly shine
The broad Rhone's foaming channels, in their play
Through green and willowed islands, while they sweep,
Descending on their bold, resistless way,
And heaving high their crest in wild array,
With all a torrent's grandeur to the deep.

LIGHT OF LOVE.

FAIR, as the first blown rose—but O ! as fleeting,
Soft, as the down upon a cygnet's breast,
Sweet, as the air, when gales and flowers are meeting,
Bright, as the jewel on a sultan's vest,

Dear, as the infant smiling when caressed,
Mild, as the wind, at dawn in April, blowing,
Calm, as the innocent heart—and O! as blest,
Pure, as the spring from mountain granite flowing,
Gay, as the tulip in its starred bed glowing,
As clouds, that curtain round the west at even,
O'er earth a canopy of glory throwing,
And heralding the radiant path to heaven.

Sweet, as the sound, when waves, in calm, retreating,
Roll back, in gurgling ripples from the shore,
When in the curling well still waters meeting,
Clear, from the spout, the molten crystal pour;
Sweet, as at distance heard the cascade's roar,
Or ocean on the lone rock faintly dashing,
Or dying thunders, when the storm is o'er,
And dim seen lightnings far away are flashing;
Sweet, as when spring is garlanding the trees,
The birds in all the flush of life are singing,
And as the light leaves twinkle in the breeze,
The woods with melody and joy are ringing,
When beds of mint and flowering fields of clover
Are redolent of nature's balmiest store,
And the cool wind, from rivers, hurries over
And gathers sweets, that Hybla never bore.

Fair, as the cloudless moon o'er night presiding,
When earth, and sea, and air are hushed and still,

Along the burning dome of nature riding,
Crowning with liquid lustre rock and hill,
Pencilling with her silver beam the rill,
That o'er the wave-worn marble falling plays,
Sheeting with light the cascade at the mill,
And paving ocean with her tremulous rays,
Through the closed lids of dewy violets stealing,
And gemming, with clear drops, the mead and grove ;
Such is the light, the native heart of feeling
Throws round the stainless object of his love.

FLOWER OF A SOUTHERN GARDEN.

FLOWER of a southern garden newly blowing,
Fair as a lily bending on its stem,
Whose curled and yellow locks, in ringlets flowing,
Need not the lustre of a diadem ;
Than all the wealth of Ind, a brighter gem ;
Than all the pearls, that bud in Oman's sea,
Than all the corals waving over them,
Purer the living light that circles thee ;
And through thy tender cheek's transparency
The vermeil tint of life is lightly flushing,
Or, at the faintest touch of modesty,
In one deep crimson tide is wildly rushing ;
Like rose leaves, when the morning's breath is brushing
Away the seeds of pearl the night-cloud shed,

So thy twin opening lips are purely blushing,
Ripe with the softest dew and clearest red ;
Purer than crystal in its virgin bed,
Than fountains bubbling in a granite cave,
Than sheeted snow, that wraps a mountain's head,
Or lilies glancing through a stainless wave,
Purer the snow, that mantles o'er thy breast,
And rests upon thy forehead—O ! with thee
The hours might flit away so sweetly blest,
That time would melt into eternity.

Go with me to the desert loneliness
Of forest and of mountain—we will share
The joys, that only purify and bless,
And make a paradise of feeling there ;
And daily thou shall be more sweet and fair,
And still shalt take a more celestial hue,
Like spirits melting in the midway air,
Till lost and blended in the arch of blue :
Alone, not lonely, we will wander through
Thickets of blooming shrubs and mantling vines,
Happy as bees amid the summer dew,
Or song-birds, when the fresh spring morning shines ;
And when departing light shall wing its flight,
And render back the gift that God has given,
Be then to me a seraph form of light,
And bear my fleeting soul away to Heaven.

ROSE OF MY HEART.

ROSE of my heart! I've raised for thee a bower,
For thee have bent the pliant osier round,
For thee have carpeted with turf the ground,
And trained a canopy to shield thy flower,
So that the warmest sun can have no power
To dry the dew from off thy leaf, and pale
Thy living carmine, but a woven veil
Of full-green vines shall guard from heat and shower—
Rose of my heart! here, in this dim alcove,
No worm shall nestle, and no wandering bee
Shall suck thy sweets, no blight shall wither thee,
But thou shalt show the freshest hue of love.
Like the red stream, that from Adonis flowed,
And made the snow carnation, thou shalt blush,
And fays shall wander from their bright abode
To flit enchanted round thy loaded bush.
Bowed with thy fragrant burden, thou shalt bend
Thy slender twigs and thorny branches low:
Vermilion and the purest foam shall blend;
These shall be pale, and those in youth's first glow:
Their tints shall form one sweetest harmony,

And on some leaves the damask shall prevail,
Whose colours melt, like the soft symphony
Of flutes and voices in the distant dale.
The bosom of that flower shall be as white,
As hearts that love, and love alone, are pure,
Its tip shall blush, as beautiful and bright,
As are the gayest streaks of dawning light,
Or rubies set within a brimming ewer—
Rose of my heart! there thou shalt ever bloom,
Safe in the shelter of my perfect love,
And when they lay thee in the dark cold tomb,
I'll find thee out a better bower above.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

I AM the light fantastic queen of flowers;
I call the wind-rose from its bed of snow,
I pour upon the springing turf soft showers,
I paint the buds of jasmine, when they blow,
I give the violet leaf its tender blue,
I dip its cup in night's unsullied tears,
So that it shines with richer glances through,
Like beauty heightened by a maiden's fears;
Around the elm's green arch I freely twine
The wooing tendrils of the clasping vine,
And when the vernal air is fresh with dew,
And the new sward with drops bedighted o'er,

I lend the butter-cup its golden hue,
That glitters like a leaf of molten ore;
I dress the lily in its veil of lawn
Whiter than foam upon the crested wave,
Pure as the spirit parted from its grave,
When every stain, that earth had left, is gone,
Shining beneath the mellow sun of May,
Like pearls fresh-gathered from their glossy shells,
Or tints, that on the pigeon's plumage play,
When filled with love his tender bosom swells;
I throw Aurora o'er the cup of gold,
The tulip lifts to catch the tears of Heaven,
Gay as the cloud, whose ever-changing fold
Heralds the dawn, and proudly curtains even;
I take the rainbow, as it glides away
To mingle with the pure unshaded sky,
And melting in one drop its bright array,
I pour it in the crown-imperial's eye;
I weave the silken fringe, that, as a vest,
Mantles the *fleur de lys* in glossy down,
I scatter gold spots on its open breast,
And lift in slender points of blue its crown:
I am the light fantastic queen of flowers,
My bed is in the bosom of a rose,
And there I sweetly dream the moon-light hours,
While vermeil curtains round my pillow close.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

I AM the spirit of the viewless air,
Upon the rolling clouds I plant my throne,
I move serenely, when the fleet winds bear
My palace in its flight, from zone to zone;
High on the mountain top I sit alone,
Shrouding behind a veil of night my form,
And when the trumpet of assault has blown,
Career upon the pinions of the storm;
By me the gales of morning sweetly blow,
Waving, along the bank, the bending flowers;
'Tis at my touch, the clouds dissolving flow,
When flitting o'er the sky, in silent showers;
I send the breeze to play among the bowers,
And curl the light-green ripples on the lake;
I call the sea-wind in the sultry hours,
And all his train of gentle airs awake;
I lead the zephyr on the dewy lawn
To gather up the pearls that speck it o'er,
And when the coolness of the night has gone,
I send it, where the willows crown the shore;

I sit within the circle of the moon,
When the fair planet smiles, and brightly throws
Around the radiance of her clearest noon,
Till every cloud, that passes by her, glows,
When folds of fleecy vapour hang the sky,
Borne on the night-wind through the silent air,
And as they float, the stars seem rushing by,
And the moon glides away in glory there;
I lead the wild fowl, when his untried wing
Boldly ascends the vernal arch of blue,
Before him on his airy path I fling
A magic light, that safely guides him through;
When lost in distant haze, I send his cry,
Floating in mellow tones along the wind,
Then like a speck of light he hurries by,
And hills, and woods, and lakes are left behind:
When clouds are gathering, or when whirlwinds blow,
When Heaven is dark with storms, or brightly fair,
Where'er the viewless waves of ether flow,
Calm, or in tempest rolling, I am there.

CATANIA.

CATANIA! on thy famed and classic shore
I long to plant my foot, and stand between
A paradise, all blooming, gay and green,
And thy earth-circled ocean's gentle roar,
Along whose peaceful waves the sun-beams pour,

From stainless skies, deep amber, and imbue
The ruffled waters with an iris hue,
Like torch-light sparkling in a vault of ore—
And turning I behold thy fields of grain
Waving in yellow floods o'er vale and plain,
And meadows mantled in a waste of flowers,
And hills whereon the golden orange glows,
And purpling with the ripe vines nectared bowers,
And breathing with the myrtle and the rose ;
And higher still, flame-crested Etna towering,
A belt of giant oak and chesnut waves
In gloomy verdure. like the cypress louring
With shade of solemn night o'er eastern graves ;
And loftier, in its virgin robe of white,
The snow-cap, pillowed on the cloudless sky,
Seems like a floating column of pure light,
And round its pointed cone dark volumes lie
Rolled from the volcan's jaws, and sheets of flame
Dart on their path to Heaven, and flowing o'er
The glowing torrent rolls its flashing stream,
And from the mountain's womb comes forth a sullen roar.

SONNETS.

I STAND upon the mountains, 'mid a sea
Of rocks, and woods, and waters, vales and plains,
Where smiling freedom clad in russet reigns,
Beneath a cloudless, deep-blue canopy,
Whereon, in sovereign pomp and majesty,
The lord of day ascends his noontide throne,
And looks o'er all, himself unviewed alone,
Such is the burning brightness of his eye ;
And here with upward breast, and daring wing,
And glance, that dwells undazzled on the blaze,
And finds its home in those unclouded rays,
From off these rocky battlements I spring,
And soaring to a more ethereal height,
My pinions lift me on to Heaven's own world of light.

MONARCH of mountains! whose serenest brow,
O'er clouds and storms uplifted, courts the sky,
And gazes on the all-pervading eye,
To which, in heartfelt awe, wide nations bow,

As Him, from whom their life and being flow—
Monarch of mountains ! at thy feet I lay
The tribute of my wonder, and there pay
The homage of a soul, to whom the bow
Of glory, that encircles thee, when night
Comes on in iris-splendour, and thy height
Glow with unnumbered hues and seems on fire,
And o'er thy pure snows rolls a wave of light—
To whom these glories are a high delight,
An inspiration and a deep desire,
And would be Heaven, could I but hear an angel's lyre.

MY country—at the sound of that dear name
The wanderer's heart awakens, nerved and bold ;
Before him stand the deeds and days of old,
The tombs of ages, and the rolls of fame
Sculptured on columns, where the living flame
Of Freedom lights anew its fading ray,
And glows in emulation of that day,
When on their foes they stamped the brand of shame :
Yes, at the thought of these bright trophies leaps
The spirit in his bosom, and he turns
His longing eye to where his parent sleeps,
And high on rocks his country's beacon burns ;
And though the world be gayest, and sweet forms

Of love and beauty call him, he would fly,
And walk delighted in her mountain storms,
And man his soul with valour at her cry,
And in the fiercest shock of battle die.

NOW to my task—be firm—the work requires
Cool reason, deep reflection—and the glow
Of heart, that pours itself in restless flow,
Must sleep, and fancy quench her beaming fires,
And all my longings, hopes, and wild desires
Must seek their slumberous pillow and be still ;
But energy must mantle o'er my will,
And give the patient toil that never tires :
For Nature stands before me, and invites
My spirit to her sanctuary, and draws
Aside her pictured veil, from where she writes
In living letters her eternal laws ;
And as I stand amid the countless wheels,
That roll the car of being on its way,
A deep serene my silent bosom feels,
I seem a portion of the viewless ray,
And o'er me flows the light of pure, unfading day.

COME forth, fair waters, from the classic spring,
And let me quaff your nectar, that my soul
May lift itself upon a bolder wing,
And spurn awhile this being's base control.
How many a cup of inspiration stole
The bards from out thy sparkling well, and sung
Strains high, and worthy of the kindling bowl,
Till all Aonia and Hesperia rung.—
And on the green isles of the ocean sprung
A wilder race of minstrels, like the storm,
Which beats their rocky bulwarks; there they strung
A louder harp, and showed a prouder form;
And sending o'er the sea their song, our shore
Shall catch the sound, and silent sleep no more.

FAREWELL, sad flowers, that on a desert blow,
Farewell! I plucked you from the Muses' bower,
And wove you in a garland, which an hour
Might on my aching eye enchantment throw—
Your leaves are pale and withered, and your flow
Of perfume wasted, your alluring power
Has vanished like the fleeting April shower;
Too lovely flowers to spread your leaves below—
Sweet flowers! though withered, all the joy I know,

Is, when I breathe your balm, your wreath intwine;
And earth can only this delight bestow,
That sometimes all your loveliness is mine;
And then my frozen heart awhile will glow,
And life have moments, in its path, divine!

WOULD I were but a spirit, veiled in light,
Wafted by winds of Heaven, from flower to flower,
Catching, from bending blades, the crystal shower,
When earth, impearled, awakened new and bright;
Would I were set to guide some rolling sphere,
Amid the glories of eternal day,
Hymning aloud a sweet celestial lay,
That immortality alone can hear;
Would I were but the messenger of love,
To bear, from soul to kindred soul, the sigh,
To kiss the tears that fall from beauty's eye,
And watch the ring-dove in the lonely grove;
Then sounds of melody might ever flow
From lips, that with the fire of feeling glow.

AN ODE TO MUSIC.

Ἑσπετε νυν μοι, Μῆσαι, ὀλυμπία δῶματ' ἔχσαι.

Iliad, B. 2.

I.

DESCEND, and with thy breath inspire my soul;
Descend, and o'er my lyre
Diffuse thy living fire;
Oh ! bid its chords a strain of grandeur roll :
Touched by thy hand their trembling accents ring ;
Borne on thy sounding pinions through the sky,
To Heaven the notes in burning ardour spring,
And as the tones in softened whispers die,
Love seems to flutter round on his Aurora-wing.

II.

Oh ! Muse, who erst in Tempe's flowery vale
Wert wont to tune thy harp and breathe thy soul,
And o'er Peneus pour thy dying wail ;
Who, when loud roaring thunders rocked the pole,
Burst from the dell and 'mid the growling storm
Involved in lurid gloom thy shining form ;
And while the tempest o'er Olympus frowned,
And lightnings glittered round the throne of Jove,
Thy lyre, with hurried notes and awful sound, (grove.
Seemed like the voice that rung through dark Dodona's

III.

Reclined amid the woods that waved around
Castalia's crystal fount and murmuring stream,
While ever blooming flowerets decked the ground,
And brightened in the summer's softened beam,
Thy virgins nine, with lyres of burnished gold,
Around thy Sylvan throne their descant rolled,
And through the mountain glen—the pensive shade,
A mellow echo would the strain prolong,
And as around the hollow cliffs it played, (song.
A thousand heavenly harps seemed answering to the

IV.

Urania, o'er her star-bespangled lyre,
With touch of majesty diffused her soul;
A thousand tones, that in the breast inspire
Exalted feelings, o'er the wires 'gan roll—
She sang of night that clothed the infant world,
In strains as solemn as its dark profound—
How at the call of Jove the mist unfurled,
And o'er the swelling vault—the glowing sky,
The new-born stars hung out their lamps on high,
And rolled their mighty orbs to music's sweetest sound.

V.

Majestic Clio touched her silver wire,
And through time's lengthened vista moved a train,
In dignity sublime ;—the patriot's fire
Kindled its torch in heaven's resplendent ray,
And 'mid contention rose to Heaven again.

In brightness glowing like the orb of day,
The warrior drove his chariot o'er the slain,
And dyed its wheels in gore ;—the battle's yell,
The dying groan, the shout of victory—
Now like the tempest-gust in horror swell,
Now like the sighing breeze in silence melt away.

VI.

But when Erato brushed her flowery lute,
What strains of sweetness whispered in the wind !
Soft as at evening when the shepherd's flute
To tones of melting love alone resigned,
Breathes through the windings of the silent vale ;
Complaining accents tremble on the gale,
Or notes of ecstasy serenely roll.
So when the smiling muse of Cupid sung,
Her melody sighed out the sorrowing soul,
Or o'er her silken chords sweet notes of gladness rung.

VII.

But oh Melpomene ! thy lyre of wo—
To what a mournful pitch its keys were strung,
And when thou badest its tones of sorrow flow,
Each weeping Muse, enamoured, o'er thee hung :
How sweet—how heavenly sweet, when faintly rose
The song of grief, and at its dying close
The soul seemed melting in the trembling breast ;
The eye in dew of pity flowed away,
And every heart, by sorrow's load opprest,
To infant softness sunk, as breathed thy mournful lay.

VIII.

But when, Calliope, thy loud harp rang—
In Epic grandeur rose the lofty strain ;
The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful clang
Mixed with the roar of conflict on the plain ;
The ardent warrior bade his coursers wheel,
Trampling in dust the feeble and the brave,
Destruction flashed upon his glittering steel,
While round his brow encrimsoned laurels waved,
And o'er him shrilly shrieked the demon of the grave.

IX.

Euterpe glanced her fingers o'er her lute,
And lightly waked it to a cheerful strain,
Then laid it by, and took the mellow flute,
Whose softly flowing warble filled the plain :
It was a lay that roused the drooping soul,
And bade the tear of sorrow cease to flow ;
From shady woods the Nymphs enchanted stole,
While laughing Cupids bent the silver bow,
Fluttering like fays that flit in Luna's softened glow.

X.

The rage of Pindar filled the sounding air,
As Polyhymnia tried her skill divine ;
The shaggy lion roused him from his lair,
And bade his blood-stained eyes in fury shine ;
The famished eagle poised his waving wings,
Whetting his thirsty beak—while murder rose,
With hand that grasps a dirk, with eye that glows

In gloomy madness o'er the throne of kings,
And, as she bade her tones of horror swell,
The demon shook his steel with wild exulting yell.

XI.

How light the strain when, decked in vernal bloom,
Thalia tuned her lyre of melody,
And when Terpsichore, with iris-plume,
Bade o'er her lute her rosy fingers fly ;
'T was pleasure all—the fawns in mingled choirs,
Glanced on the willing nymphs their wanton fires,
Joy shook his glittering pinions as he flew ;
The shout of rapture and the song of bliss,
The sportive titter and the melting kiss,
All blended with the smile, that shone like early dew.

XII.

Their music ceased—and rising from thy throne,
Thou took'st thy harp that on the laurel hung,
And bending o'er its chords to try their tone,
A faintly trembling murmur o'er them rung :
At each sweet sound that broke upon the ear,
Started the listening throng, and gazed and smiled ;
The satyr leaning on his ivy spear,
Peeped forth delighted from the flowery wild,
And, while thou tunedst the keys, the raptured soul
Hung o'er the flying tones that on the zephyrs stole.

XIII.

This prelude o'er, a solemn strain arose,
As strayed thy fingers slowly o'er the wire ;

How grand the diapason—and its close,
As when to Heaven the organ notes aspire,
And through the gloomy aisle, the lofty nave,
Swell out the anthem pealing o'er the grave—
Low muttering thunders seemed to roar around,
And rising whirlwinds whispered in the ear;
The warrior started at the solemn sound,
Half drew his sword and slowly shook his spear;
The tiger couched and gazed with burning eye,
In horror growled, and lashed his waving tail;
The serpent rustled like the dying gale,
And bade his tongue in purple ardour fly,
Quivering like lurid flames beneath the midnight sky.

XIV.

The fury of the storm is howling by,
The whirlwinds rush, the bursting thunders roll,
Grim horror settles o'er the lowering sky,
And ruin flashes on the shuddering soul:
So burst with sudden swell thy awful strain,
And every blast of war was on the gale;
The maddening warriors mingled on the plain,
Loud rose the yell, and rang the clanging mail;
The victor's dripping chariot crushed the slain;
The raging tiger with terrific roar
Sprang on his prey, and dyed his claws in gore;
Rising on spires that shone with varied hue—
Bright crimson, burnished gold, and livid blue,
The serpent hissing in his burning ire,
Glanced on his flying foe, and fixed his tooth of fire.

XV.

Struck by thy bounding quill, a mellow lay
 Rang o'er the harp and softly died away :
 As poured the descant in the warrior's ear,
 The roar of conflict ceased along the plain,
 The foes exulting trampled on the slain,
 And shook in mingled dance the glimmering spear ;
 In listless ease reclined, the tiger lay,
 And fondly sported with his bleeding prey ;
 At times the serpent waved his quivering tail,
 Then coiled his folds and all to peace resigned,
 Listened the strain that sported in the wind,
 And hissed his pleasure, shrill as sounds the infant's wail.

XVI.

At last a murmur trembled on the lyre,
 Soft as the dirge that echoes o'er the bier :
 Robbed of his spirit bold, his daring fire—
 The vanquished warrior dropped a tender tear,
 Leant on his bloody sword and breathed a sigh ;
 And as the tiger spread his claws of gold,
 Fawned round thy form and purred his ecstasy—
 His emerald eyes in languid softness rolled ;
 The serpent falling gently from his spire,
 Glided with easy sweep along the plain,
 In graceful windings wantoned round thy lyre,
 And kissed the trembling chord that breathed the soothing strain.

THE JUDGMENT.

HARK! the Judgment trump has blown!
How it rolls along the air!
Time and Hope forever flown,
Sinners for your doom prepare.

Slowly o'er the lurid sky
Rolls a dark terrific storm,
Showing to the startled eye
On its skirts a giant form.

Hark! the rattling hail descends,
See! the forked lightnings glow,
As that form in anger bends,
Frowning on the world below.

Riding on the whirlwind's wing,
Canopied in clouds he flies;
With his voice the mountains ring,
With his presence glow the skies.

Earthquakes roar and rock the ground,
Tyrants bow before his rod,
Nations tremble at the sound,
When they hear the voice of God.

Lo! the God—he comes in wrath—
Vengeance drives his iron car,
Lightnings pave his flaming path,
As he hurries to the war.

“ I have waited long and spared
Ingrates, on my bounty fed—
Now my red right arm is barbed,
Now your day of hope is fled.

I have bid my sun to shine,
I have bid my dew to fall,
I have sent my love divine—
You have spurned and wasted all.

Now the day of trial o'er,
I my fatal shaft let fly;
Mercy can endure no more—
Time must end and you must die.”

Ripe with sin the harvest bends—
See! the mighty reaper stand,
There his burning scythe he sends
And with fury sweeps the land.

See! the fields and forests glow,
See! the mounting flame aspire,
Hark! the sinner's yell of wo,
Gasping in a world of fire.

Helpless wretches! whither fly?
In what den a shelter find?
See! the blasting bolt is nigh,
Flame before, and wrath behind.

Like the chaff by whirlwinds driven,
Like the earthquake-shattered rock,
Like the oak by tempest riven,
Torn and splintered with the shock;

So they fly, a quivering throng,
Urged, by shame, despair and fear;
Hurried by the sword along,
Flashing, falling on their rear.

Hear the crackling whirlwind roar;
Sheets of flame ascend the sky;
Now the feeble cry is o'er,
Quenched in dark eternity.

Now the hills and mountains melt,
Rocks in flashing torrents run,
To earth's heart the rage is felt—
Now the work of wrath is done.

Curling like a lettered scroll,
Crisped and crackling in the flame,
Now Heaven's vaulted arches roll;
Falls the universal frame.

Now the circling blue has fled,
Suns wax faint and stars grow dim,
Heaven and earth away have sped,
Time's last trump their dying hymn.

Matter now has ceased to be,
All is pure ethereal light;
Saints, from all that bound them free,
To the empyrean wing their flight.

In that fount their beings blend,
All their thoughts their views the same;
See! creation's essence end
In one flood of viewless flame.

A TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE.

THOUGH furl'd be the banner of blood on the plain,
And rusted the sabre once crimsoned with gore;
Though hushed be the ravens that croaked o'er the slain,
And calmed into silence the battle's loud roar;
Though Peace with her rosy smile gladden the vales,
And commerce unshackled dance over the wave;

Though music and song may enliven the gales,
And Joy crown with roses and myrtle the brave;
Like spirits that start from the sleep of the dead,
Our heroes shall rouse—when the larum shall blow;
Then Freedom's broad flag on the wind shall be spread,
And Valour's sword flash in the face of the foe.
Our Eagle shall rise 'mid the whirlwinds of war,
And dart through the dun-cloud of battle his eye—
Shall spread his wide wings on the tempest afar
O'er spirits of valour that conquer or die.
And ne'er shall the rage of the conflict be o'er,
And ne'er shall the warm blood of life cease to flow,
And still 'mid the smoke of the battle shall soar
Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe.
When peace shall disarm war's dark brow of its frown,
And roses shall bloom on the soldier's rude grave—
Then Honour shall weave of the laurel a crown,
That Beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

LIBERTY TO ATHENS.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,

And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O ! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From Heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;

The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode:
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaimed the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents rolled,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury tolled:
The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones, that seemed the words of Heaven,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driven:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,
And every eye, that dared aspire
To truth, has long in worship turned:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstained,
And where the intellectual God
In all the light of science reigned:

The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvas live,
Where music rolled her flood along,
And all the charms, that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love, and song:
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod:
On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long-chained city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
Harmodius bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And freedom is their only lord.

THE SENATE OF CALLIMACHI.* ODE.

IN Callimachi's halls are met
The chieftains of a noble line;
The father's spirit lingers yet,
To aid them in their high design;
The spirit, that, in ancient days,
Called forth the boldest Spartan band,
With their own shields and breasts to raise
A living bulwark round their land.

The sound, that erst in Hellas rang,
When war his brazen trumpet blew,
When shields returned the hollow clang,
And ready feet to battle flew;
That sound in Sparta's vale is raised;
The Turkish bar and bolt are riven;
The fire, that erst on Cæta blazed,
In bolder eddies curls to Heaven.

* So it was written in the first accounts of the Peloponnesian Senate. The true name is Calamata. I prefer the name in the text. It has in it an omen. Καλή Μάχη (glorious victory.)

That flame o'er Spartan valour burned,
The brave three-hundred's funeral pyre !
Though now in Grecian earth inurned,
Their fame shall Grecian hearts inspire ;
It blazes on the sacred rock,
It flashes o'er the hallowed glen ;
Advance ye Greeks ! and breast the shock,
And show the world, ye still are men.

The sons of sires, who knew no fear,
When threatening foemen scaled their walls,
The light shall see, the sound shall hear,
And throng to Callimachi's halls :
The altar of their country burns ;
They pledge their oath to liberty ;
Their fathers answer from their urns,
" Be like us, sons, and ye are free."

On old Messene's soil are met
The sons of Aristomenes ;
Your ancient wrongs and feuds forget
In wrongs so foul, so deep, as these :
A new Aristodemus flings
His iron gauntlet on the foe ;
At once, a nation's valour springs
To deal the liberating blow.

Who would not glow in such a cause ?
Who—not exult in such a name ?

Blest be the sword, each Maynote draws
To lop away his bonds and shame :
The fire is kindled in his soul ;
The spirit flashes in his eye ;
A nation's blended voices roll
The vow of freedom to the sky.

Leap from your tombs, ye men, who stood
At Pylæ, and at Marathon ;
The sire shall find his boiling blood
Throb in the bosom of his son :
Haste demi-gods ! with shield and spear,
And hover o'er the coming fight ;
O ! let the rocks of Sparta hear
The gathering word, " Unite ! unite ! "

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

NOW launch the boat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live, a cowering slave,
In these polluted islands, more—
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly—

My music is the dashing roar
My canopy the stainless sky—
It bends above so fair a blue,
That Heaven seems opening on my view.

I will not live, a cowering slave,
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
And sky be drawn in tints divine—
Give lowering skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter, than spicy gales, that blow
From orange groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow—
But 'tis an atmosphere of death;
The lotus, which transformed the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer, than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast;
And brighter, than the morning beam,
In golden swell, be round it tost—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So power can never threat me more.

Brighter than all the tales, they tell
Of eastern pomp and pageantry,

Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry—
The horrors of a wintry storm
Swell brighter o'er a freeman's form.

The spring may here with autumn twine,
And both combined may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine
In frosted clusters still be near—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills,
Where hale and ruddy freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me,
A welcomer and dearer shore;
There hands, and hearts, and souls, are twined,
And free the man, and free the mind.

ODE TO FREEDOM.

SPIRIT of the days of old!
Ere the generous heart grew cold;
When the pulse of life was strong,
And the breath of vengeance long;
When, with jealous sense, the heart
Felt the least indignant smart;

When, alive at every pore,
Honour no injustice bore,
But, like lions on their prey,
Sprang and washed the stain away;
When the patriot's blood was shed
At the shrine, where valour bled;
When the bard, with kindling song,
Roused them to avenge their wrong;
When the thought of insult, deep
In the heart, could never sleep,
But, though cherished many a day,
Still, at last, it burst its way,
Rolling with impetuous tide,
Till the foeman crouched or died.

Spirit of the days of yore!
When the lofty hero bore,
On his brow, and on his crest,
Signs of thought, that could not rest;
When the eager, active soul
Spurned, and broke through all control,
Nature was his only rule,
Feeling taught his only school;
When his vigorous frame was nursed,
By no arts, that poison, cursed;
When his heart was firm to will,
And his hand was strong to kill;
When he sternly struggled through
All, that he resolved to do;

When he recked not, if his path
Smiled in peace, or frowned in wrath;
When he started at the call,
Country gave and left his all,
Onward trod to front the foe,
Nerved to deal the deadly blow;
When the fight, to him, was play;
When he cared not, if his way
Led to victory, or the grave—
Either fate becomes the brave:
Days of strength gigantic! fled,
Valour sleeps, and fame is dead.

Spirit of the bold and free!
Mountain breath of liberty;
Parent of a hardy breed,
Fiery as the Arab steed;
Master of the mighty charm;
Knitter of the brawny arm,
Of the knee that cannot kneel,
Heart of oak, and nerve of steel;
Ruler of the craggy wild;
On a throne of granite piled,
Like a giant, altar thou
Biddest all, who love thee, bow,
Bend the neck, and fold the knee,
To no conqueror, but thee;
In that hold thou bidst them wait,
Till some proud, ambitious state,

Marching in the pomp of war,
Spread its flaunting banner far,
And with high and threat'ning breath,
Call to slavery, or death;
Then thou bidst them gird the brand,
Plant the foot, and raise the hand,
Draw the panting nostril wide,
And with stern and stately stride,
Forward, like the eagle's wing,
On the proud invader spring,
And in one resistless rush,
All his power and splendour crush.

Spirit of the great and good!
Such as, in Athenæ, stood,
Stern in justice, on the rock,
Moveless at the people's shock,
And when civil tempest raged,
And intestine war was waged,
With serene, but awful sway,
Rolled the maddening tide away:
Such as met at Pylæ's wall,
Ere that glorious freedom's fall—
When the life of Greece was young,
Like the sun from ocean sprung,
And the warm and lifted soul
Marching onward to its goal:

Such as at those holy gates,
Bulwark of the banded states,
With the hireling Persian strove,
In the high and ardent love,
Souls that cannot stoop to shame,
Bear to freedom's sacred name :
Such as with the Saxon flew,
Ever to their country true,
From the rock, the wood, the fen,
From the cavern and the den,
Eager to the field of fight,
Like a cloud that comes by night,
Tore away, at once, the chain
Fastened by the robber Dane,
Drove him headlong from that shore,
And embalmed his host in gore ;
Then secured their country's cause,
With a bond of equal laws,
And bequeathed the sacred trust,
When their bones should fall in dust,
To that island race, who bear
Light, and warmth, and glory, where
Ocean's unchained billows roll
From the mid-day to the pole ;
And to that more daring shoot,
Bent with flowers, and promised fruit,
Who have dared, beyond the sea,
To assert their liberty,

Who, upon the fortified hill,
Braved a tyrant father's will,
Down the bloody gauntlet threw,
Grasped and snapped the links in two ;
And unshackled ventured forth,
Noblest of the sons of earth.

Spirit of the stirring blood,
Rolling in an even flood
Through the hale and ruddy cheek ;
Scorner of the pale and weak,
Who in festering cities crawl,
Victims of a sordid thrall,
And for ever draw their breath,
Lingering on the brink of death :
But to thee the giant limb,
Strong to leap, to run, to swim,
Strong to guide the plough or brand,
Guard, or free, or till their land ;
But to thee the godlike frame,
Such as puts our dwarfs to shame,
Firm, erect, and fair, as first
Adam from his Maker burst,
And exulting leaped to see
His angelic symmetry ;
But to thee the eagle eye,
Lifted to its parent sky,

Drinking in the living stream,
And again, with ardent beam,
Sending all its fires abroad,
Like the language of a god;
But to thee the mighty brow,
Fixed to dare, unused to bow,
Now in placid kindness bright,
Like a rock in evening's light,
Then with anger's wrinkled frown,
Gathered eyebrows lowering down,
Awful, as the storm, whose fold
Round a columned Alp is rolled;
But to thee the mind of fire,
Toil can never damp, or tire,
Glancing like a sun-beam, through
Nature with a spirit's view,
And from out its choicest store,
In its fulness flowing o'er,
Sending, like a bolt, the flow
Of thought upon the crowd below.

Healthful Spirit! at this hour,
There are haunts, where thou hast power,
Haunts, where thou shalt ever be,
As thou ever hast been, free;
Where the stream of life is led
Stainless in its virgin bed,

And its magic fire is still
Blazing on its holy hill.
There are mountains, there are storms,
Where thou feedest thy hives and swarms,
Whence thou sendest them, to restore
Virtue, where it dwells no more ;
Safe in those embattled rocks,
Life its native vigour locks,
And its kindling energy
Lives, and moves, and feels in thee ;
In those bulwarks is our trust,
For the boundless power is just,
Nor wilt thou, from earth, arise,
Linked with justice, to the skies,
But below, with mercy, dwell,
Till the world shall hear its knell.

A PLATONIC BACCHANAL SONG.

FILL high the bowl of life for me—
Let roses mantle round its brim,
While heart is warm, and thought is free,
Ere beauty's light is waning dim—
Fill high with brightest draughts of soul,
And let it flow with feeling o'er,
And love, the sparkling cup, he stole
From Heaven, to give it briskness, pour.

O ! fill the bowl of life for me,
And wreath its dripping brim with flowers,
And I will drink, as lightly flee
Our early, unreturning hours.
Fill high the bowl of life with wine,
That swelled the grape of Eden's grove,
Ere human life, in its decline,
Had strowed with thorns the path of love—
Fill high from virtue's crystal fount,
That springs beneath the throne of Heaven,
And sparkles brightly o'er the mount,
From which our fallen souls were driven.
O ! fill the bowl of life with wine,
The wine, that charmed the gods above,
And round its brim a garland twine,
That blossomed in the bower of love.

Fill high the bowl of life with spirit,
Drawn from the living sun of soul,
And let the wing of genius bear it,
Deep-glowing, like a kindled coal—
Fill high from that ethereal treasure,
And let me quaff the flowing fire,
And know awhile the boundless pleasure,
That Heaven-lit fancy can inspire.
O ! fill the bowl of life with spirit,
And give it brimming o'er to me,
And as I quaff, I seem to inherit
The glow of immortality.

Fill high the bowl of life with thought
From that unfathomable well,
Which sages long and long have sought
To sound, but none its depths can tell—
Fill high from that dark stainless wave,
Which mounts and flows for ever on,
And rising proudly o'er the grave,
There finds its noblest course begun.
O ! fill the bowl of life with thought,
And I will drink the bumper up,
And find, whate'er my wish had sought,
In that, the purest, sweetest cup.

HERE'S to her, who wore
The myrtle wreath, that bound me ;
Here's to her, who bore
The twine of bay, that crowned me—
O ! had not her light
So brightly shone upon me,
Still the cloud of night
Had darkly brooded on me ;
There was in her eye
A spirit, that inspired me ;
Still to do or die,
The electric sparkle fired me ;

And though the ice of death
Should chill the heart within me,
The music of her breath
Back to life again would win me ;
So here's to her, who wore
The myrtle wreath, that bound me ;
The girl, who kindly bore
The twine of bay, that crowned me.

No more the iron chain
Of doubt and fear enthrals me ;
I lift my wing again,
For 'tis her voice that calls me ;
Still higher, higher still,
In search of glory soaring,
I feel my bosom thrill
To the song her voice is pouring ;
And though I stretch my flight,
Where Heaven alone is o'er me,
I see her form of light
Still floating on before me :
O ! when foes the direst move
In columns to assail us,
Let us hear the voice of love,
And our courage cannot fail us :
So here's to her, &c.

And when my drowsy soul
A heedless moment slumbers,

Away the vapours roll
At the magic of her numbers ;
Back to life again I start,
At her thrilling summons waking,
Every link, that bound my heart
Down to earth, indignant breaking ;
Then I follow, where she flies,
Like a shooting star, before me,
And her fascinating eyes
Shed their fire in flashes o'er me :
O! cold the heart, could sleep,
When her silver trumpet called it,
And the soul, that would not leap,
When her flowery chain enthralled it :
So here's to her who wore
The myrtle wreath that bound me ;
The girl, who kindly bore
The twine of bay that crowned me.

DITHYRAMBIC.

FILL the cup for me,
Fill the cup of pleasure;
Wake the fairy lyre
To its wildest measure.
Melancholy's gloom
Now is stealing on me.
But the cup and lyre
Can chase the demon from me.

Fill the cup for me,
Fill the cup of pleasure;
Wake the fairy lyre
To its wildest measure.

In the shades of night,
When every eye is closing,
On the moonlight bank
All in peace reposing,
There is nought so sweet,
As the cup of pleasure,
And the lyre that breathes
In its wildest measure.

Fill the cup, &c.

This the smiling star,
That guides me o'er life's ocean,
This the heavenly light,
That wakes my heart's devotion:
'T is when Beauty's smile
Gives the cup of pleasure,
And awakes the lyre
To its wildest measure.

Fill the cup, &c.

If the fiend of sorrow
With his gloom affright thee,
There may come to-morrow
One who will delight thee:
'Tis the fair, whose smile
Beams with sweetest pleasure,
And whose hand awakes
The lyre's delightful measure.

Fill the cup, &c.

Form of Beauty! bind
Pleasure's wreath of roses
Round this brow of mine,
Where every joy reposes:
Yes—my heart can bound
To mirth's enlivening measure,
When the lyre is tuned,
And smiles the cup of Pleasure.

Fill the cup, &c.

Drive dull Care away—
Why should gloom depress thee?
Life may frown to-day,
But Joy will soon caress thee.
While there's time, my friend,
Drink the cup of Pleasure,
And awake the lyre
To its wildest measure.

Fill the cup for me,
Fill the cup of Pleasure,
Wake the fairy lyre
To its wildest measure.

THE SERENADE.

SOFTLY the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night—
Wake! O awake!
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar,
List ye! O list!
To the lively Guitar.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gaily and cheerily—
Wake ! O awake !

See the light pinnacle
Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides
At the heave of the oar,
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant ear,
Nearer and nearer
The lively Guitar.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash, where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat
Like a wild swan is seen
On the waters to float;
And the light dipping oars
Bear it smoothly along
In time to the air
Of the Gondolier's song.

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of the night,
That are sacred to love.

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his Guitar.

She opens her lattice,
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight and starlight,
A statue of snow ;
And she sings in a voice,
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

His love-speaking pantomime
Tells her his soul—
How wild in that sunny clime
Hearts and eyes roll.
She waves with her white hand
Her white fazzolett,
And her burning thoughts flash
From her eyes' living jet.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapour of snow ;
Her voice and his rebeck
Alternately flow ;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill ;
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O ! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose ;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,

* Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—*Virg.*

And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er

With a few big drops, that are soon repressed,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
In this enlivened and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the Heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose ;
And the lip, that swelled with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds, in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honour the sun at his golden set :
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,

As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to Heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

TO THE HOUSTONIA CERULEA.*

HOW often, modest flower,
I mark thy tender blossoms, where they spread,
Along the turfy slope, their starry bed,
Hung heavy with the shower.

* A very delicate and humble flower of New-England, blossoming early in spring, and often covering large patches of turf with a white or pale blue carpet. The botanical allusions in this piece are repeated, and perhaps it will not be fully relished by those, who have not examined the structure of the flower.

Thou comest in the dawn
Of nature's promise, when the sod of May
Is speckled with its earliest array,
And strewest with bloom the lawn.

'Tis but a few brief days,
I saw the green hill in its fold of snow;
But now thy slender stems arise, and blow
In April's fitful rays.

I love thee, delicate
And humble, as thou art; thy dress of white,
And blue, and all the tints where these unite,
Or wrapped in spiral plait,

Or to the glancing sun,
Shining through chequered cloud, and dewy shower,
Unfolding thy fair cross. Yes, tender flower,
Thy blended colours run,

And meet in harmony,
Commingling, like the rainbow tints; thy urn
Of yellow rises with a graceful turn,
And as a golden eye,

Its softly swelling throat
Shines in the centre of thy circle, where
Thy downy stigma rises slim and fair,
And catches as they float,

A cloud of living air,
The atom seeds of fertilizing dust,
That hover, as thy lurking anthers burst ;
And O ! how purely there

Thy snowy circle, rayed
With crosslets, bends its pearly whiteness round,
And how thy spreading lips are trimly bound,
With such a mellow shade

As in the vaulted blue,
Deepens at starry midnight, or grows pale,
When mantled in the full-moon's silver veil,
That calm ethereal hue.

I love thee, modest flower !
And I do find it happiness to tread,
With careful step, along thy studded bed,
At morning's freshest hour,

Or when the day declines,
And evening comes with dewy footsteps on,
And now his golden hall of slumber won,
The setting sun resigns

His empire of the sky,
And the cool breeze awakes her fluttering train—
I walk through thy parterres, and not in vain,
For to my downward eye,

Sweet flower ! thou tellest how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy that peace imparts.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air :
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :

There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean.
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own :
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

*On finding the ANEMONE HEPATICA, the earliest Flower
of Spring.*

BESIDE a fading bank of snow
A lovely Anemone blew,
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow
Its leaves of Heaven's serenest hue ;

The snowy stamens gemmed them o'er,
The pleasing contrast caught my eye,
As on the ocean's sandy shore
The purple shells and corals lie.

I saw the flower—what tumults rose
Within my heart, what ecstasy ;
The captive soul no brighter glows,
When hailing life and liberty.

'Tis spring, I cried, pale winter's fled,
The earliest wreath of flowers is blown,
The blossoms withered long and dead
Will soon proclaim their tyrant flown.

How smiles the sun in yonder sky,
How pure the vault of ether swells,
How sweet to hear on mountain high
The tinkle of the shepherd-bells.

The meadows don their green array,
The streams in purer currents flow ;
On sunny knolls the lambkins play,
And sport amid the vales below.

The humble Anemone blows,
The blue-bird now is on the wing,
How soon will breathe the blushing rose,
How soon will all around be spring !

A TULIP blossomed, one morning in May,
By the side of a sanded alley ;
Its leaves were dressed in a rich array,
Like the clouds at the earliest dawn of day,
When the mist rolls over the valley :
The dew had descended the night before,
And lay in its velvet bosom,
And its spreading urn was flowing o'er,
And the crystal heightened the tints, it bore
On its yellow and crimson blossom.

A sweet red-rose, on its bending thorn,
Its bud was newly spreading,
And the flowing effulgence of early morn
Its beams on its breast was shedding ;
The petals were heavy with dripping tears,
That twinkled in pearly brightness,
And the thrush in its covert thrilled my ears
With a varied song of lightness.

A lily, in mantle of purest snow,
Hung over a silent fountain,
And the wave in its calm and quiet flow,
Displayed its silken leaves below,
Like the drift on the windy mountain ;

It bowed with the moisture, the night had wept,
When the stars shone over the billow,
And white-winged spirits their vigils kept,
Where beauty and innocence sweetly slept
On its pure and thornless pillow.

A hyacinth lifted its purple bell
From the slender leaves around it ;
It curved its cup in a flowing swell,
And a starry circle crowned it ;
The deep blue tincture, that robed it, seemed
The gloomiest garb of sorrow,
As if on its eye no brightness beamed,
And it never in clearer moments dreamed,
Of a fair and a calm to-morrow.

A daisy peeped from the tufted sod,
In its bashful modesty drooping ;
Where often the morn, as I lightly trod,
In bounding youth, the fallow clod,
Had over it seen me stooping ;
It looked in my face with a dewy eye
From its ring of ruby lashes,
And it seemed, that a brighter was lurking by,
The fires of whose ebony lustre fly,
Like summer's dazzling flashes.

And the wind, with a soft and silent wing,
Brushed over this wild of flowers,

And it wakened the birds, who began to sing
Their hymn to the season of love and spring,
In the shade of the bending bowers ;
And it culled their full nectareous store,
In its lightly fluttering motion,
As when from Hybla's murmuring shore
The evening breeze from her thyme-beds bore
Their sweetness over the ocean.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom,
When the day was dark and chill ;
It smiled, like a star, in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And I watched it many a day ;
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by ;
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

BALLADS.

A few years since, a small lake in a wildly romantic situation in the northern part of Vermont, was unfortunately drained by the bursting of one of the banks that confined it. The following stanzas are intended for a description of that event.

A LAKE once lay, where the thunder clouds sail,
On the lofty mountain's breast,
Whose ripple, when raised by the rustling gale,
Was so gentle, it seemed at rest ;
The pine waved round, and the dark cliff frowned,
Their shadow was gloomy as night ;
But when the sun shone, on his noon-day throne,
The lake seemed a mirror of light.
There the red-finned trout like a flash darted by,
And the pickerel moved like the glance of an eye.

When the wind breathed soft at the dawning of day,
When the morning-birds warbled around,
And the rainbow shone on the scarce seen spray,
No lovelier place could be found :
Oh ! this scene was as dear to mine eye and mine ear,

As the glance and the song of my love,
And the lake was as bright, and as pure to the sight,
As the bosom of angels above :
The surface flashed with a golden glow,
And a forest of verdure seemed waving below.

The year rolled away, and I saw it no more
Till the spring bloomed sweetly again,
Till the birch first unfolded its leaves on the shore,
And the robin first warbled its strain :
But no lake smiled there, with its bosom fair,
'T was a dell all with bushes o'ergrown,
From my dream of delight, like a sleeper at night,
I awoke and I found me alone.
Through the vale it had burst with the swiftness of wind,
And left but a path of destruction behind.

The leaves were all dead on the wave-loving willow,
It whispered no more in the wind ;
No moonbeam slept on the water's soft pillow,
Or smiled like the tranquillized mind ;
The flower-bush there was the foxes lair,
And the whippoorwill sung all alone,
Where the moonbeams pale, glancing through the vale,
Just gleamed on the moss-gray stone.
Where the trout once darted, the adder crept,
And the rattlesnake coiled, where the Naiad wept.

By the moon's chill light, the white pebble shone
On the beach, where the wave once rolled,
And the lustre gleamed on the water-worn stone,
But told to the eye it was cold :
No rippling wave that beach shall lave,
No white foam shall toss on that shore,
And the billow's flash, and its scarce heard dash,
Shall be known in that valley no more.
For the wave, shall be heard the serpent's breath,
For the dash of the billow, the hiss of death.

Where the foam once sparkled, the cedar-bush waved,
And the reed rustled sweet in the gale ;
And the rock that the water so silently laved
Was hid by the gray lichen's veil ;
There the dark fern flings on the night-wind's wings
Its leaves like the dancing feather,
And the whippoorwill's note seemed gently to float
From the deep purple bloom of the heather.
Where the surface glittered, the weed grew wild,
And the flower blossomed sweet, where the wave once
smiled.

So when life first dawns on the infant soul,
'Tis as pure as the lake's clear wave ;
Not a passion is there but can brook controul,
Not a thought that is pleasure's slave :
But youth comes on, and this purity's gone,

Fair innocence smiles there no more,
And cold is the guest, that lives in that breast,
As the stone on this desolate shore ;
A poison floats in its balmiest breath,
And where the flower smiles is the serpent of death.

THE MERMAID.

I.

THE waning moon looked cold and pale;
Just rising o'er the eastern wave,
And faintly moaned the evening gale,
That swept along the gloomy cave :
The waves that wildly rose and fell,
On all the rocks the white foam flung,
And like the distant funeral knell,
Within her grot the Mermaid sung.

II.

It was a strain of witchery
So sweet, yet mournful to my ear,
It lit the smile, it waked the sigh,
Then started pity's pearly tear ;
There was a ruffle in my breast,
It was not joy, it was not pain,
'T was wild as yonder billow's crest,
That tosses o'er the heaving main.

III.

Along the wave the moon's cold light,
With trembling radiance feebly shone ;
A lustre neither faint nor bright
Sparkled on yonder watery stone :
There, seated on her sea-beat throne,
The Mermaid eyed the dashing wave,
Then waked her wild harp's melting tone,
And breathed the music of the grave.

IV.

Her silken tresses all unbound,
Played loosely on the evening gale,
She cast a mournful look around,
Then sweetly woke her wild harp's wail ;
And, as her marble fingers flew
Along the chords, such music flowed—
Her cheek assumed a varied hue,
Where grief grew pale—where pleasure glowed.

V.

The sound rose sweetly on the wind,
It was a strain of melancholy—
It soothed each tumult of the mind,
And hushed the wildest laugh of folly.
It flowed so softly o'er the main,
And spread so calmly, widely 'round ;
The air seemed living with the strain,
And every zephyr breathed the sound.

VI.

The seal, that sported on the shore,
His gambols ceased, and pricked his ear ;
He heeded not the billow's roar—
That strain was all he seemed to hear.
As through the surf the dolphins flew,
They stopped and played around her throne,
It seemed, Arion woke anew
His harp to some celestial tone.

VII.

With what a thrilling ecstasy
I heard the music of her lyre ;
The very soul of melody
Seemed warbling on the trembling wire :
O ! never o'er her infant dear
The mother half so fondly hung,
As when I bent my soul to hear
Those heavenly strains the Mermaid sung.

*On viewing, one summer evening, the house of my birth,
in a state of desertion.*

THE crescent moon with pallid light
Was silvering o'er the brow of night ;
With downy wing the summer-breeze
Sported amid the rustling trees,
Waving the leaves that lightly flew,
And kissing off the night-fallen dew.

Along the gently-winding vale,
Its surface ruffled by the gale,
The softly-flowing rivulet strayed,
While o'er its wave the moonbeam played,
Smiling, as calmly stealing by,
Like tears of joy in beauty's eye.

Through the wood my fancy loved,
Rapt in kindling thought, I roved;
Not a zephyr shook the spray
To brush the trembling gems away;
Not a warble met my ear,
All was silent far and near,
Still as cypress boughs, that wave
Slowly o'er the lonely grave,
And weave their deep, impressive gloom—
Fit emblem of the dreary tomb.

Down a glen, where half unseen,
Banked with turf of deepest green,
Flowed a winding rill along,
Tinkling like the milk-maid's song;
Where the moon's reflected ray
Smiling on the surface lay,
Seeming to sleep in soft repose,
Like morning dew-drops on the rose;
Where the evening-splendours fade
In the maple's quiet shade;

Lonely, desolate appears,
Pale as in the vale of years,
The mansion where my infant eye
First saw the rocks, the woods, the sky.
O ! it was a lovely sight,
Though obscured by shades of night ;
And though the ivy-mantled wall
At intervals was heard to fall,
Breaking with faintly rattling sound
The quiet hush that reigned around.

Through the walks, where privets blew
And purple lilacs wildly grew,
'Mid entangling weeds and briars,
And the rye-grass' waving spires,
'Neath the pear-tree, where, as Spring
Bade her untaught music ring,
Purest blooms of snowy white
Charmed the fond-reposing sight,
And gales of incense whispered by
Gentle as the lover's sigh——
I wandered slow, and fondly viewed
This scene in evening tears bedewed,
And felt around my heart the throe
Of tender grief and melting wo,
To see a spot so sweet, so dear,
Now laid on desolation's bier,
And view a scene of loveliness
In ruin's wildest, roughest dress.

With trembling hand I oped the door,
And wandered o'er the mouldering floor ;
Along the slowly crumbling wall,
Where wintry fires were wont to fall
And smile with beams of ruddy light,
Chasing away the gloom of night,
Nought was seen but shadows drear
And sights that filled my soul with fear :
Darkened by trickling autumn rains,
That left their wild fantastic stains,
Seeming, as stars with feeble ray
Reflected o'er the ceiling play,
Spirits that swiftly flutter by
And glance like visions on my eye.
And there the slowly creeping snail
Drew o'er the wall its slimy veil ;
Its silken web the spider wove
To trap the flies that idly rove ;
While, slumbering through the summer's day,
The bat in some lone corner lay,
Till started by my solemn tread
He flapped his wings around my head,
And darting through the broken pane
Sailed on the evening breeze again.

The moonbeam shone along the room,
Like starlight glistening on a tomb ;
The clock was still—its sweet-toned bell
No longer rung Time's funeral knell,

No more its index seemed to say
How swift the moments flew away.
All was lonely, all was still,
The thrush was silent on the hill,
The sheep-bell's shrilly tinkling note
Was heard no longer in the cote,
No breathing soul the silence broke,
No flageolet its sweetness woke,
No voice was singing in the vale,
No echo floated on the gale ;
'T was hushed, but when with droning sound
The slow-winged beetle hummed around.

Resting on a broken chair,
Relic of the ruin there,
By the window I reclined
And listened to the moaning wind,
That whispered through the broken pane,
Mournful as the funeral strain.
O'er my head the woodbine blew,
All its flowers were wet with dew,
And sweeter fragrance flowed around,
Than ever charmed enchanted ground ;
So sweet the scent, that Eden's gale
Seemed breathing through the desert vale.
Ivy hung its tendrils there,
And trembled in the dewy air,
Twisting around the shattered frame,
Where still a rudely sculptured name

Half hid in lichens caught my eye,
And told me of the years gone by.

Beneath my eye and in the shade,
An aged elm low-bending made,
A modest rose-bush reared its head
And far around its sweetness shed.
Two damask flowers with leaflets pale,
Were lightly trembling on the gale,
And, as the moonbeam o'er them shone,
Seemed like two mourners left alone
Amid those scenes, where gay delight,
Frolic ever dancing light,
Woke their shouts of rapture wild,
And cheerfulness serenely smiled.
All—all were gone. Like insects gay,
That sport them in the summer ray,
Young Happiness, so sweetly blown,
With hurrying wing away had flown,
Vanished in night the vision fair,
And left these two to wither there.

Soon I glanced my roving eye
On a sprig of rosemary ;
Hid in grass that rankly grew
There the humble flow'ret blew,
Bashful 'neath the rose's shade
All its modest hues displayed ;

As the maiden sweet as May
With her eye of heavenly ray
Shrinking from the world's rude storm,
Hides in shades obscure her form.
On its lip of paley blue,
Smiled in peace a pearl of dew;
'T was a melancholy flower,
Such as in affliction's hour
O'er the heaving turf I'd throw,
To deck the friend that rests below.

Glancing farther o'er the scene,
Gay with flowers and soft with green;
But now beneath the moon's pale light
All seemed one colour to the sight.
Such the mellow fading tint,
When the fays their footsteps print,
Where the tiny billows break
On the gently heaving lake :
'T was not ebon, 't was not green,
Mingled hues that melt between;
As when beside the taper's ray
The maiden weeps the hours away,
And seen at distance faintly glows,
Her grief-worn cheek's decaying rose,
Till every soft and winning charm
Dissolves into a sylphid form.

O'er the slowly winding flood,
Mid the shadows of the wood,
And in the meadow spread before
The ruined mansion's broken door,
I saw in gently veering flight
The insect lightning of the night,
Shining with a feeble ray,
As it slowly sailed away,
Or twinkling with a sudden spark,
Spangling the scenery wild and dark.
So the meteor light of fame
Glowes with such a fickle flame,
So all happiness below
Is an insect's transient glow :
For a time it sweetly smiles
Dressed in fancy's dearest wiles ;
Mirth amid his rosy bowers
Laughs away the gliding hours,
The moments of a short-lived day
That steals like air unseen away ;
Love entwines his silken chain
And breathes his soft enchanting strain,
Joy awakes his twisted shell
To the notes that please him well,
Hope's gay colours richly blend
And tell of sports that never end,
While jovial Pleasure's golden dawn,
Sparkles awhile, and all is gone.

Farther still I turned my eyes,
Where the waving forests rise,
Where the hills with easy swell
Rising from the lowly dell,
Smile beneath the pallid ray,
Till they fade in mist away.
Upward to the sky I turned,
Where the stars serenely burned,
And around the lonely pole.
Saw the bear its lustre roll.
There amid the lofty blue,
Veiled in robe of silver hue,
Luna showed her crescent pale,
And trembled through her misty veil:
Round her orb the halo shone
Lovely as the milky zone,
When in winter's cloudless night,
It spreads o'er Heaven its belt of light.
"Silvery planet—kindly shed
On thy humble votary's head
Thy serenest rays, and shine
On my brow with beam divine.
Light me through this world of sorrow,
Till I find a fair to-morrow;
Till the woes that rack my breast
Slumber in an infant's rest.
When my corpse is lowly laid
Where the yews inweave their shade,

Through the boughs that slowly wave
Smile serenely on my grave.

“Never will thy pallid ray
O'er such lovely waters play,
Never shine on fairer bowers
Through the evening's quiet hours,
Nor shed thy flood of spotless light
On scenes more beauteous or more bright.”

Land of my Nativity!
How thou charmest the wearied eye;
O! thou hast a genial balm,
That can the saddest bosom calm.
Smiling in the dewy dawn,
When the songsters o'er the lawn
Open their mellifluous throats
And warble their enchanting notes;
Glowing when the noon-tide beam
Gilds the flowery bordered stream,
And charming at the close of day,
When the twilight fades away.

Mountains swelling to the sky,
Forests frowning on the eye,
Waving woodlands, meadows gay,
Streamlets where the minnows play,
Winding valleys, swelling hills,
Crystal fountains, tinkling rills,

Smile in morning's rosy light—
And melt amid the shades of night.
Such thy scenes, for ever dear,
Whether far away or near;
Whether smiling on the eye,
Or in the hues of memory.
When I leave this desert vale
Thou wilt ever bid me wail,
Always wake the parting sigh
And draw the tear-drop from my eye.

THE BROKEN HEART.

HE has gone to the land, where the dead are still,
And mute the song of gladness;
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
And his life was a dream of madness;
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,
From hope to darkness driven,
His agony was the rack of Hell,
His joy the thrill of Heaven.

He has gone to the land, where the dead are cold,
And thought will sting him—never;
The tomb its darkest veil has rolled
O'er all his faults for ever;

O! there was a light that shone within
The gloom, that hung around him;
His heart was formed to woo and win,
But love had never crowned him.

He has gone to the land, where the dead may rest
In a soft, unbroken slumber,
Where the pulse, that swelled his anguished breast,
Shall never his tortures number;
Ah! little the reckless witlings know,
How keenly throbbed and smarted
That bosom, which burned with a brightest glow,
Till crushed and broken-hearted.

He longed to love, and a frown was all,
The cold and thoughtless gave him;
He sprang to Ambition's trumpet-call,
But back they rudely drave him:
He glowed with a spirit pure and high,
They called the feeling madness:
And he wept for wo with a melting eye,
'T was weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardour full and keen,
To rise to a noble station,
But repulsed by the proud, the cold, the mean,
He sunk in desperation;

They called him away to Pleasure's bowers,
But gave him a poisoned chalice,
And from her alluring wreath of flowers
They glanced the grin of malice.

He felt, that the charm of life was gone,
That his hopes were chilled and blasted,
That being wearily lingered on
In sadness, while it lasted;
He turned to the picture fancy drew,
Which he thought would darken never;
It fled—to the damp, cold grave he flew,
And he sleeps with the dead for ever.

THE PARTING OF
WILLIAM AND MARY.

“WE part, perhaps to meet no more—
To distant lands from thee I go;
Far, far beyond the ocean's roar,
For thee my tears will ever flow:

An exile from my native land,
I long must plow the raging main:
Alas! no Mary's gentle hand
Shall sooth my bosom's inward pain.

Thou weep'st, my love:—how dear those tears,
What treasures to thy William's heart:
They banish all his anxious fears—
They blunt the point of sorrow's dart—

They tell me Mary loves me still,
And grieves to bid her last adieu:
Oh, guard her, Heaven, from every ill,
And keep her to her William true.”

“And wilt thou, William! think no more,
When far beyond the raging main,
How Mary lingers on this shore
And strains to catch thy sail in vain?

Oh, William! let thy wishes rise
And send them o'er the wave to me:
The Power, that rules in yonder skies,
Will hear the vows of constancy.”

Yes! I will think when far away,
How thou art weeping on this shore;
Dark be the hour, and curst the day,
When I shall muse on thee no more.

But hark! the signal! we must part:—
While life remains let us be true;
Yes! though I feel a bursting heart,
I now must bid my last adieu.”

Her drooping head his Mary laid
Upon the youth she loved so well:
He gently kissed the sinking maid
And breathed upon her lips *farewell*;

Then tore him from her fond embrace
And dashed the tear-drops from his eye—
Just gazed upon her angel-face;
Then turned and marked the streamers fly.

He shouted, as he leaped on board,
To hide his bosom's inward pain;
The sails were set—the loud winds roared—
The ship plowed foaming to the main.

“VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY.”

ON Reggio's classic shore I stood,
And looked across the wave below,
And saw the sea, a glassy flood,
In all the hues of morning glow;*
Groves waved aloft on sunward hills,
Their leaves were green and tipt with gold,
And all the dazzling pomp, that fills
The sunset skies, was round them rolled;

* The Fata Morgana.

Arches on arches, proudly piled,
Seemed towering to the deep-blue sky,
And ruins lay deserted, wild,
And torrents foamed and thundered by;
And flowery meadows soft and green,
In living emerald met the light,
And o'er their dewy turf were seen,
In countless gems, the drops of night ;
And gardens, full of freshest flowers,
Unfurled the pictured veil of Spring,
And round the gay and perfumed bowers
Sweet-warbling birds were on the wing ;
And many a tall and stately spire
Rose to the clouds, that loosely curled,
And kindled each with solar fire,
Seemed beings of a brighter world ;
And mountains reared their giant head,
And lifted high their peak of snow,
And o'er its wide majestic bed
The ocean seemed to ebb and flow ;
And all the wonders of the skies,
And earth and sea were thrown around,
And all were stained in deepest dyes,
And vast as Being's utmost bound ;
And on the magic scene I gazed,
And as behind the hills arose
The golden Sun, awhile it blazed
In brighter tints, and then it closed,

And all the changing pageant passed,
In faint and fainter hues, away,
Until a tender green, at last,
Glassed o'er the still and waveless bay,
And Reggio's towers, Messina's wall,
The hills, the woods, the frequent sail,
That trembled on the stream, were all
The relics of the Fairy tale.

'Twas evening, and the Sun went down,
Deep crimsoned in the frowning sky,
And Night, in robe of dusky brown,
Hung out her lurid veil on high;
A mist crept o'er the lonely wild,
That heaved, a sandy ocean, round,
And loosely lay, in billows piled,
To the horizon's farthest bound;
The Sun, as if involved in blood,
Shone through the fog with direful beam,
And from behind the hills, a flood
Of liquid purple poured its stream,
And o'er the dusty desert flowed,
Until, as kindled by the rays,
The heated plain intensely glowed,
Like some wide forest in a blaze;
And riding o'er the distant waste
The burning sand-spout stalked along,
And as the horrid phantom passed,

The driver keener plied his thong,
And shrieked, as on the Simoom roared,
As if the gathered fiends of hell,
Around in vengeful armies poured,
Had rung the world's decisive knell:
But far away a bright Oase*
Shone sweetly in the eastern sky,
As fair, as in the magic glass
Groves, lawns, and hills, and waters lie;
A lake in mirrored brightness lay,
Spread like an overflowing Nile,
Its peaceful rippling seemed to play,
And curl in summer's sweetest smile;
The sunset tinged the surface o'er,
And here it lay in sheeted gold,
And there the ruffled stream, before
The evening breeze, in emerald rolled;
And many a white and platted sail
Dropped softly down the silent tide,
Or as the rising winds prevail,
Careening low was seen to glide;
And there the fisher plied his oar,
And spread his net, and hung his pole,
And drove with palm boughs to the shore,
In crowds, the gaily glittering shoal;

* The Mirage of the Desert.

And birds were ever on the wing,
Or lightly plashing in the flood,
And gorgeous, as an eastern King,
In stately pomp the Flammant stood;
And herds of lowing buffaloes,
And light gazelles came down to drink,
And there the river horse arose,
And stalked a giant to the brink;
And shepherds drove their pastured flocks
To taste the cool, refreshing wave,
And on the heathy-mantled rocks
The goats their tender bleating gave:
And o'er the green and rice-clad plain,
In coats of crimson, gold and blue,
The small birds trilled their mellow strain,
And revelled in the falling dew;
And there the palm its pillar heaves,
And spreads its umbelled crown of flowers,
And broad and pointed glossy leaves,
Whose shade the idle camp embowers;
And there the aged sit and tell
Their tales, as high the light smoke curls,
And eye the dance, around the well,
Of fiery youths and black-eyed girls,
Or where in many a leap and curve
They keenly rush around the ring,
And with an aim, that cannot swerve,
In eager strife the jerreed fling;

And there beside the bubbling fount
The date its welcome shadow threw,
And many a child was seen to mount,
And pluck the fruit that on it grew;
And with its broad and pendent boughs,
The thickly tufted sycamore,
The image of profound repose,
Waved silently along the shore;
And mangroves bent their limbs to taste
The wave, that calmly floated by,
And showed beneath, as purely glassed,
A softer image of the sky;
And groves of myrtle sweetly blew,
And hung their boughs with spikes of snow,
And beds of flowering cassia threw
A splendour like the morning glow;
And o'er the wild, that stretched away
To meet the sands, now steeped with rain,
The lilies, in their proud array,
With pictured brightness gemmed the plain;
And roses, damask, white, and red,
Stood breathing perfume on the rocks,
And there the dry acacia spread
Its deep, unfading yellow locks;
And gardens brighter bloomed the while
Around the silver tiled kiosk,
And brighter shone with sacred smile
The gilded crescent on the mosque;

And over all calm evening drew
A tender, softly dimming veil,
And mellowed down each gayer hue
To tints, that seemed divinely pale ;
It was a lovely resting place,
The traveller's home, the pilgrim's well,
Where he might sit at ease and trace
His wanderings, and his dangers tell ;
It rose at once upon their sight,
Like paradise from Heaven descending,
And there, with keen and eager light,
Each look, in panting hope, was bending ;
An island on the pathless waste,
It caught the weary camel's eye,
And on he flew in wildest haste,
As if to drink the wave, and die ;
And there the fainting Bedouin gazed,
As if the cup of life were given,
And then with thankful look he raised
His withered hands in prayer to Heaven ;
And as he hurried on his road
O'er burning sand, and flinty rock,
Before his eye the phantom flowed,
A flattering, but delusive mock ;
Its brightest tints grew wan and pale,
Its fairer features faded dim,
Till in a dark and lonely vale
A mist alone was seen to swim ;

And as the tear in anguish stole,
The last and faintest beam of day
Fled, and the dream was seen to roll
And vanish in the night away;
And cold the wild Harmattan blew,
And rolled the dusty billow by,
But still no welcome rain nor dew
Came down to soothe their misery;
Parched, burnt, in agony they tread
The waste, in hopeless longing, o'er,
A frowning sky above their head,
A shoreless sea of sand before.

And life is but a fairy tale—
Its fondest and its brightest hours
Are transient as the passing gale,
Or drops of dew that melt in flowers;
And life is but a fleeting dream,
A shadow of a pictured sky,
The airy phantom of a stream,
That flattering smiles, and hurries by;
The mists that hover o'er the deep,*
And seem the storm-beat sailor's home,
And still retiring, always keep
Their station on the farthest foam;

* The Mirage of the Ocean.

Till imaged out, his woods and hills,
His father's cot, the village spire,
And all his heated fancy wills,
And all his eager hopes desire,
The white chalk coast that fronts the billow,
The boat that trimly scuds below,
The brook that glides beneath the willow,
With lulling chime and quiet flow;
Till all he loves, and all he longs
To meet and fold his arms around,
Come crowding in alluring throngs,
And every charm of home is found;
And round the ship the meadow lies,
That filled his hand with flowers in May,
And as the billows onward rise,
They spread and blossom green and gay;
But if he stoop to pluck the grass,
That waves in frolic mimicry,
Away the darling phantoms pass,
And leave alone the bitter sea:
And life is but a painted bow,
That crowns our days to come with smiles,
The mingled tints of Heaven, that throw
Their pomp on glory's airy piles;
But when we run to catch the gay
And glittering pageant, all is o'er,
And all its bright and rich array
Can draw us fondly on no more;

'Tis like the moon who shines so clear
Above the mountains and the groves,
And seems to float along so near
The boy, he grasps the moon, he loves,
And dreams, it is some sweet, bright face,
Who smiles in such a pleasant sky,
And he would think it Heaven to pass
His still, soft nights, that maiden by ;
He sits upon the grassy bank,
And rests his face upon his hand
And looks intent, as if he drank
The light that silver sea and land ;
And though she smiles so sweetly on
Her fond and loving shepherd boy,
The same bright face is ever won
By those, who make the night their joy :
O ! life and all its charms decay,
Alluring, cheating, on they go ;
The stream for ever steals away
In one irrevocable flow ;
Its dearest charms, the charms of love,
Are fairest in their bud, and die
Whene'er their tender bloom we move,
We touch the leaves, they withered lie ;
At distance all how gay, how sweet,
A very land of fairy blisses,
Where smiles, and tears, and soft words meet,
And willing lips unite in kisses ;

But when we touch the magic shore,
'The glow is gone, the charm is fled;
We find the dearest hues it wore,
Are but the light around the dead,
And cold the hymeneal chain,
That binds their cheated hearts in one,
And on, with many a step of pain,
'Their weary race is sadly run;
And still, as on they plod their way,
'They find, as life's gay dreams depart,
To close their being's toilsome day,
Nought left them but a broken heart.

THE FAIREST ROSE IS FAR AWA'.

THE morn is blinking o'er the hills
With softened light and colours gay;
Through grove and valley sweetly trills
The melody of early day;
'The dewy roses blooming fair
Glitter around her father's ha',
But still my Mary is not there—
'The fairest rose is far awa.'

The cooling zephyrs gently blow
Along the dew-bespangled mead—
In every field the owsen low—
'The careless shepherd tunes his reed—

And while the roses blossom fair,
My lute with softly dying fa'
Laments that Mary is not there—
The fairest rose is far awa'.

The thrush is singing on the hills,
And charms the groves that wave around,
And through the vale the winding rills
Awake a softly murmuring sound;
The robin tunes his mellow throat
Where glittering roses sweetly blow,
But grieves that Mary hears him not—
The fairest rose is far awa'.

Why breathe thy melody in vain
Thou lovely songster of the morn—
Why pour thy ever-varying strain
Amid the sprays of yonder thorn—
Do not the roses blooming fair,
At morning's dawn or evening's fa',
Tell thee of one that is not there—
The fairest rose that's far awa'.

THE FLOWER OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET flower of the valley, why droopest thou so
low,

Ah! why is thy beauty all faded and gone,

Ah! who could destroy thee—who wield the sad blow,

Who rifle *thy* charms in their earliest dawn?

So gay was the morning, that rose as you blew,

So fragrant the zephyrs that fluttered around—

So soft did'st thou smile through thy mantle of dew,

No lovelier *flower* in the valley was found.

But see, on the turf all thy beauties are laid,

Thy leaves, they are scattered, thy sweetness is gone:

Thy colours—once gay as the rainbow—now fade

As fast, as the hues that enliven the dawn.

Sweet flower! once the sweetest that bloomed in the
vale—

Sweet flower! we will weep, for thy beauties are fled—

For those charms that are gone we will pour the sad

wail,

And chant o'er thy ruins the dirge of the dead.

*Written on hearing a lady sing in the tower of
Montevideo, near Hartford.*

THE soft dews of twilight are steeping the plain,
And gemming the boughs of the willow—
The eve-star is lighting its twinkle again,
To shine on the foam of the billow—

The south breeze is brushing the breast of the lake,
That swells with a light heaving motion,
And its ripple is heard on the pebbles to break
Like the slumbering wave of the ocean—

The gale on its pinions of gossamer flies
Through the boughs of the low bending willow,
And sweeping the forest, it mournfully sighs
O'er the turf of my flowery pillow—

It bears on its wing, from the dark lonely tower,
O'er the mead, and the wave's "playful motion,"
The song of the maid, who at eve's balmy hour
Sings her sweet breathing strain of devotion:

Like the hymn of a seraph, it floats through the grove,
And sighs o'er the slope of the mountain ;
How sweet—how enchanting its warble of love—
How it lulls, like the flow of the fountain.

As I listen, I fancy the dew-dropping cloud,
That glows with a lovely "to-morrow,"
An angel conceals in its ebony shroud,
Whose harp breathes her accent of sorrow.

ONCE, on a cloudless summer-day,
Beneath a mantling vine I lay,
When Cupid came by chance that way,
And aimed at me an arrow.

He laid the dart upon the bow,
And drew the horn and sinew so—
And said, "my friend, you soon will know,
How keenly stings my arrow."

His cheek was gay, his eye was bright,
And shot a piercing, bitter light—
He drew the nerve all tense and tight,
And then let fly his arrow.

The bow twanged sharp, and with a bound
At once its mark the weapon found;
I tingled with the fiery wound
Of that soul-kindling arrow.

He flapped his wings, away he flew,
And turning backward looked me through,
And slily laughed, as forth I drew
The heart-encrimsoned arrow.

I felt my blood like lava glow,
I writhed, and twined, and wrestled so,
As madmen in their dying throe—
I broke and cursed the arrow.

It is indeed a cruel thing,
When early youth is on the wing,
To feel, and keenly feel the sting
Of such a poisoned arrow.

MY heart too firmly trusted, fondly gave
Itself to all its tenderness a slave;
I had no wish but thee and only thee;
I saw no joy, no hope, beyond thy smile;
I knew no happiness, but only while
Thy love-lit eyes were kindly turned on me.

I took the tender image to my breast,
I made it there a dear, a cherished guest,

I laid it on the pillow of my soul;
I gave it all my feeling, and around
The fond idea all my heart-strings bound;
In that one point I blent my being's whole.

But thou hast gone, and left me here to bear
The weight of loneliness—thou thinkest not, where
Bright forms caress thee, of my bosom torn
By thee so coldly—but I cannot rend
Thy image from my heart, I cannot blend
Hate with the love so long, so fondly borne.

I feel my spirit falter, and my frame
Trembling and faint with weakness, but the flame
Of passion burns as brightly—I will lay
My forehead on my pillow, and resign
My bosom to its torture, nor repine,
And let the fire consume my life away.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

“HOW beautiful is Night!”
A smile is on her brow;
Her eyes of dewy light
Look out, serenely bright,
Upon the wave below:
The waters, in their flow,
Just murmur, and the air
Hath scarce a breath to show
A spirit moving there:
The world is purely fair;
The winds are hushed and still;
The moonlight on the hill
Is sleeping, and her ray
Along the falling rill,
In lightly dancing play,
Soft-winding steals away:
A cool and silent breath,
From water-falls and streams,
Comes o'er my ear, like dreams,
Which, in the pictured death
Of slumber, on the soul
Delicious whispers roll;
And lead, in mazy light,
Before the spirit's eye,

Sweet visions of delight,
In trains of beauty, by.—
How fair and calm is Night!
Amid the dewy bowers
She guides the silent hours,
With fairy steps, along,
And round the floating throng
A cloudy vesture throws;
And loosely on the air
She spreads their raven hair
To every wind that blows:
They seem to hover by
Between me and the sky,
Each with a golden zone,
A waving robe of snow,
A veil, whose folds are thrown
In undulating flow,
Like clouds, when breezes blow;
So to my fancy's view
The sylphid people play
Around the vaulted blue,
And then they melt away,
And leave the sky all bright,
With lamps of living light;
And as I fondly gaze,
Where countless cressets blaze,
I look to Heaven and say—
“How beautiful is Night!”

OFTEN, when at night delaying,
Where the winding river flows,
On the silent waters playing
How the star of beauty glows;
In the clear wave brightly sparkling,
Brightly as the love-lit eye,
Now again its beams are darkling,
As the clouds athwart it fly:
With a soft and tender feeling
Then I whisper out my song,
While the mellow brook is stealing
Silently the sand along.

There is in that twinkling planet
More than all the stars can boast,
And my fond eye loves to scan it,
Like a light-house on a coast,
Where the budding spring is ever
Pranking out her wooing bowers,
And the locks of beauty never
Float without a crown of flowers,
And her eye is ever straying
Round and round with kindling beam,
Like her own bright planet playing
Sweetly on the silent stream.

Now the star is near the mountain
Slowly setting in the west,
Shining on a crisping fountain,
Or a lakelet's ruffled breast ;
Now its maiden brightness mingles
With the mist that hovers there,
Rising from the woody dingles,
Like a streaming tress of hair ;

Now a form is imaged round it,
'Tis the form that I adore,
Every charm of earth has crowned it,
Fairer beauty never wore :
O ! how dear that tender feeling,
When the rays of beauty play,
Where the mellow brook is stealing,
Lighted by the moon, away.

SONG.

O ! PURE is the wind,
As it blows o'er the mountain ;
And clear is the wave,
As it flows from the fountain ;
And sweet are the flowers
In the green meadow blooming ;
And gay are the bowers,
When the soft air perfuming.

O! go, dearest, go
To the heath, and the mountain,
Where the blue violets blow
On the brink of the fountain;
Where nothing, but death,
Our affection can sever;
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us for ever.

O! bright is the morn,
When it breaks on the valley;
And shrill is the horn,
When the wild huntsmen sally;
And clear shines the dew,
As the hounds hurry o'er it;
And light blows the wind,
As the sail flies before it.

O! go, dearest, go, &c.

O! soft is the mist,
When it curls round the island;
And dark is the cloud,
As it hangs on the highland;
And sweet chimes the rill,
O'er the white pebble flowing;
And quick glides the boat
O'er the smooth water rowing.

O! go, dearest, go, &c.

O! fleet is the deer
Through the blue heather springing,
And loud is the shout
Through the wild valley ringing;
And soft is the flute
O'er the lake faintly sighing,
When the wide air is mute,
And the night-wind is dying.
O! go, dearest, go, &c.

O! go, dearest, go
To the heath and the mountain;
Where the heart shall be pure,
As the clear-flowing fountain;
Where the soul shall be free,
As the winds, that blow o'er us;
And the sunset of life
Smile in beauty before us.
O! go, dearest, go
To the heath, and the mountain,
Where the blue violets blow
On the brink of the fountain;
Where nothing, but death,
Our affection can sever;
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us for ever.

O! HAD I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long,
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song;
O! then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow,
That rolls o'er the ever green bowers of the line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there, alone;
I would take me a dear little martin to keep
A sociable flight to the tropical zone:
How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away,
And for ever our song and our twitter should be,
"To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruits and its flowers,
That always are flowing with honey and balm;
And there we would stay, till the winter is o'er,
And April is chequered with sunshine and rain—
O! then we would flit from that far-distant shore
Over island and wave to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are rolled
Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime;
And break on the beaches in surges of gold,
When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime:
We would touch for a while, as we traversed the ocean,
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings with an easier motion
Through the breath of the cedar that blows from the
shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves;
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,
“No land is so lovely, when winter is o’er.”

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

THE sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
And bright is the last look of day in the west,
And broadly the beams of its parting glance sweep,
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest:

All golden and green is the sea, as it flows
In billows just heaving its tide to the shore ;
And crimson and blue is the sky, as it glows
With the colours, which tell us that day-light is o'er.

I sit on a rock, that hangs over the wave,
And the foam heaves and tosses its snow-wreaths below,
And the flakes, gilt with sunbeams, the flowing tide
 pave,
Like the gems that in gardens of sorcery grow :
I sit on the rock, and I watch the light fade
Still fainter and fainter away in the west,
And I dream, I can catch, through the mantle of shade,
A glimpse of the dim, distant land of the blest.

And I long for a home in that land of the soul,
Where hearts always warm glow with friendship and
 love,
And days ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
Like the age of eternity blazing above :
There, with friendships unbroken, and loves ever true,
Life flows on, one gay dream of pleasure and rest ;
And green is the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
That mantle and arch o'er the land of the blest.

The last line of light is now crossing the sea,
And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky ;
It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly :

“Far over the wave is a green sunny isle,
Where the last cloud of evening now shines in the west;
'Tis the island that Spring ever woos with her smile;
O! seek it—the bright happy land of the blest.”

RETROSPECTION.

THERE are moments in life, which are never forgot,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day:
These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears;
The first look of love, and the last parting given;
As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,
And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in
Heaven.

There are hours—there are minutes, which memory
brings,
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,
They may darken awhile, but they never depart:
O! these hallowed remembrances cannot decay,
But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;
And in days that are darkest, they kindly will stay,
And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with them
still.

They come, like the dawn in its loveliness, now,
The same look of beauty, that shot to my soul;
The snows of the mountain are bleached on her brow,
And her eyes, in the blue of the firmament, roll:
The roses are dim by her cheek's living bloom,
And her coral lips part, like the opening of flowers;
She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume,
Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine bowers.

From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame,
That kindled my young blood to ecstasy's glow;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same,
As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow:
That touch, as her hand meets and mingles with mine,
Shoots along to my heart, with electrical thrill;
'T was a moment, for earth too supremely divine,
And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to me still.

We met—and we drank from the crystalline well
That flows from the fountain of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we looked—though we never were talking of love:
We parted—the tear glistened bright in her eye,
And her melting hand shook, as I dropped it for ever;
O! that moment will always be hovering by,
Life may frown—but its light shall abandon me—never.

CALM AT SEA.

THE night is clear,
The sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the ocean;
And far and near
The silent air
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale
To fill the sail,
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop,
And trembling stoop,
Like boughs, that crown the weeping willow.

From off the shore
Is heard the roar
Of waves in softest motion rolling;
The twinkling stars,
And whispering airs
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The moon is bright,
Her ring of light,

In silver, pales the blue of Heaven,
Or tints with gold,
Where lightly rolled,
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

How calm and clear
The silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy ocean!
While stars above
Seem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion.

MY heart was a mirror, that showed every treasure
Of beauty and loveliness, life can display;
It reflected each beautiful blossom of pleasure,
But turned from the dark looks of bigots away;
It was living and moving with loveliest creatures,
In smiles or in tears, as the soft spirit chose;
Now shining with brightest and ruddiest features,
Now pale as the snow of the dwarf mountain rose.

These visions of sweetness for ever were playing,
Like butterflies fanning the still summer air;
Some sported a moment, some, never decaying,
In deep hues of love are still lingering there:

At times some fair spirit, descending from Heaven,
Would shroud all the rest in the blaze of its light ;
Then wood nymphs and fays o'er the mirror were driven,
Like the fire-swarms, that kindle the darkness of night.

But the winds and the storms broke the mirror, and
severed

Full many a beautiful angel in twain ;
And the tempest raged on, till the fragments were
shivered

And scattered, like dust, as it rolls o'er the plain :
One piece, which the storm, in its madness, neglected
Away, on the wings of the whirlwind, to bear,
One fragment was left, and that fragment reflected
All the beauty, that MARY threw carelessly there.

O! NOW'S the hour, when air is sweet,
And birds are all in tune,
To seek with me the cool retreat,
In bright and merry June ;
When every rose-bush has a nest,
And every thorn a flower,
And every thing on earth is blest,
This sweet and holy hour.

O come, my dear, when evening flings
Her veil of purple round,
And zephyr, on his dewy wings,
Sweeps o'er the flowery ground;
When every bird of day is still,
And stars are bright above,
O come, my dear, and we will fill
Our cup, and drink of love.

We'll fill it from the pure blue sky,
And from the glowing west,
And catch its spirit in thine eye,
And in the small bird's nest;
And take its sweetness from the flowers,
Its freshness from the spring,
Its coolness from the dewy hours,
When night-hawks take the wing.

Then we will wander far away,
Along the flowery vale,
Where winds the brook, in sparkling play,
And freshly blows the gale;
And we will sit beneath the shade,
That maples weave above,
And on the mossy pillow laid,
Will drink the cup of love.

O! WILT thou go with me, love,
And seek the lonely glen?
O! wilt thou leave for me, love,
The smiles of other men?—
The birds are there aye singing,
And the woods are full of glee,
And love shall there be flinging
His roses over thee.

O! wilt thou go with me, dear,
And share my humble lot?
O! wilt thou live with me, dear,
Within a lowly cot?—
Though beauty hath enshrouded thee
With all that's sweet and fair,
The sorrows, that have clouded thee,
Shall all be wanting there.

O! wilt thou go with me, Anne,
To yonder mountain side,
And happy there in me, Anne,
Ne'er sigh for aught beside?—
Oh! Heaven shall there be over us
Uncoloured, pure, and bright,
And wings of love shall cover us,
And all around be light.

Yes, thou wilt go with me, love,
I see it in thy smile,
And I will be to thee, love,
Thy shelter all the while;
And thou shalt spread thy bloom around,
And be all sweet and fair,
And every sight, and touch, and sound
Shall be ecstatic there.

Yes, thou wilt go with me, dear,
The cot shall be thy home,
And never near its roof, dear,
Shall want or sorrow come;
O! I will be the parent dove,
That hovers o'er her nest,
And we will know how sweet is love
Caressing and caressed.

Yes, thou wilt go with me, Anne,
Though seas are now between,
And thou wilt dwell with me, Anne,
In woodlands flowered and green;
I cannot cross the sea to thee,
I do not love that shore,
So cross the ocean, dear, to me,
And we will part no more.

HERE the air is sweet,
Fresh from the roses newly blowing;
Here the waters meet,
Down the grassy valley flowing;
Here the bands of ivy twine,
Here the bells in yellow shine
On the flowering gelsemine,
Round the woven trellice growing.

Here the flitting breeze
Wafts afar the musky treasure,
And the wanton bees
Sip the honied fount of pleasure;
Here the loving spirits dwell,
Here they sit, and weave their spell,
And within the blossom's bell
Tune their soul-dissolving measure.

Here the wind is balm,
Laden with the breath of roses;
Here the air is calm,
And the sleeping noon-flower closes;
Now the sun is setting bright,
And his arch of purple light
Heralding the summer night,
Earth in dreams of bliss reposes.

Here's a magic bower—
O'er it budding vines are creeping,
And a dewy shower,
By a bank of turf is steeping;
Though the fallen winds are mute,
Faintly from the sweet-blown flute,
Tones, that with the stillness suit,
Harmonies of love are keeping.

I am here alone—
Far has fled my flowery dreaming,
All its beauty flown
Like a bow by moonlight gleaming,
Fancy's day of love is o'er,
All its rich and golden store
Ne'er can charm my spirit more
With its false, but fairy seeming.

THE WANDERING SPIRIT.

THERE'S a voice that is heard in the depth of the
sky,
Where nothing is seen, but the blue-tinted Heaven;
That voice with the wind rolls its mellowness by,
And a few notes alone to our fond ears are given:

The spirit, who sings it, still hastens away,
He is doomed round the wide earth for ever to roam,
He may settle a moment, but never will stay,
For he ne'er found, and never will find here a home.

There is grief in the voice, as it comes through the air,
Like the low-moaning wind in the calmness of Even,
Or the tone, as we dream, of the angels, who bear
The pure soul, that rises to mingle with Heaven;
It was clear, when it first came, but quickly afar
It murmured and died, like the wave on the shore,
When the mariner hails the benevolent star,
That rises and smiles, and the tempest is o'er.

O! that voice is the dirge, that for ever is sung
O'er the wreck and the ruin of beauty and love,
But in ears that are deaf, is its melody flung,
There are none, who will listen, but pure ones above :
O! Earth is no place for the spirit, who feels
Every wound of the heart with the pang of despair,
He will mourn and be never at home, till he steals
To the skies, and the bright world, that welcomes him
there.

FAREWELL TO MY LYRE.

LYRE of my soul! the parting hour draws nigh,
The hour that tears thy votary away—
The hour when death shall close my fading eye,
And wrap in earth my cold and lifeless clay.

I feel his icy fingers chill my heart,
And curdle all the blood that warms my breast;
Charm of my darkest moments! soon we part—
Soon shall thy chords in endless silence rest.

What if thy sounds have charmed the coldest ear—
What if they breathed like melody divine—
What if they stole the fair one's purest tear,
Or bade the downcast eye with pleasure shine!

Still I must sink in Death's unbroken sleep,
And coldly slumber 'neath the hallowed ground;
And thou must all thy chords in silence keep,
Nor sweetly wake them to the feeblest sound.

Sleep in yon cypress shade—its heavy gloom
Becomes the awful stillness of the grave—
Rest, where above yon maiden's early tomb,
The willow's boughs in sorrow seem to wave.

There should the fainting zephyr, whispering by,
Awake one note along thy tuneful string,
Oh! be it sadder than the mourner's sigh,
And in my ear like funeral dirges ring.

Let not a trill of joy invade my ear,
This gloomy hour asks nothing of delight—
Let all be like the pall that shades the bier,
Or like the darkest canopy of night.

Let no sweet songster pour its witching spell—
No voice of comfort to my spirit come;
Nought but the echo of the passing bell,
The hollow murmur of the muffled drum.

And yet I seem to hear thy seraph strain
Pour like a gentle stream along the gale—
It ceases—now its music wakes again,
And breathes as sweetly as the turtle's wail.

Ah, I would brush thy chords and faintly wake
To sounds of joy thy melody awhile—
Would charm my heart a moment ere it break,
And gild my dying features with a smile:

But no ! my hand refuses : 'tis but clay—
The touch of death has withered all its powers—
Soon will his wings my spirit waft away
From thee—thou charmer of my darkest hours !

Farewell, thou lyre of sweetest minstrelsy !
Distraction calls, its sufferer must obey—
The ruthless hand of dark adversity
Has chilled my soul, and torn thy chords away :

The mist of death, that hovers o'er my eyes,
Withdraws thy lovely image from my view,
Like fancy's midnight dream, th' illusion flies—
Lyre of my soul, adieu ! a long adieu.

CARE-WORN, and sunk in deep despondency,
I bless the hours that lay my thought at rest :
I woo the covert of a midnight sky,
But sink in feverish dreams by doubt distress.

The pleasing morning of my early days,
My opening fortune's bright and flattering bloom,
Gone are they all—and mute the voice of praise,
How hard to one, who shone, this cruel doom ?

Would I were in some lonely desert born,
And 'neath the sordid roof my being drew;
Were nursed by poverty the most forlorn,
And ne'er one ray of hope or pleasure knew.

Then had my soul been never taught to rise;
Then had I never dreamed of power or fame;
No pictured scene of bliss deceived my eyes,
Nor glory lighted in my breast its flame.

What to the wretch like me this towering mind!
'T is but a curse—a pang that racks the soul.
Better in humble life to be resigned
To ceaseless toil, as round the seasons roll.

Happy the life, that in a peaceful stream,
Obscure, unnoticed, through the vale has flowed;
The heart that ne'er was charmed by fortune's gleam,
Is ever sweet contentment's blest abode.

But can I leave the scenes, my fancy drew
In colours rich as Heaven, and strong as light;
Can I avert from fame my longing view,
And plunge again amid my native night?

Hard is the pang that rends these links away,
And humbling to my soul to rise no more;
How cruel to abandon wisdom's ray,
And find my hopes, my fame, my prospects o'er.

Yes, I must yield—but slowly I retire;
 O! can I dim the light that science gave?
 O! can I quench my bosom's ardent fire?
 Welcome, ye paths! that lead me to my grave.

ANACREONTICS.

I.

Ἡ γῆ μελαινα πίνει. Anac. Od. 9.

EARTH is a thirsty drinker,
 The trees drink from its bosom,
 The ocean drinks the wet winds,
 The fiery sun the ocean,
 The moon drinks in the sun's light.
 Then why, my friends, be angry,
 Because I love to drink too.

II.

FULL bosomed maids of Chio—
 Around your auburn tresses
 The woven roses twining,
 Now sport in circling dances.
 The moon is on the ocean,
 The light, loose clouds around her
 Their fleecy heaps are piling,
 And gird her with a halo :

No longer from the billow
The fresh sea-wind is stealing ;
His pinions wet with night-dew,
And bathed in liquid odours,
He slumbers on the flower bed,
And lies till morning wake him.
Then come ye maids of Chio—
And while your dark eyes sparkle,
Full eyes of living brightness,
Weave in your mazy dances
The flowery chain of Ero,
And round our yielding bosoms
Its rings of roses linking,
Give us those glowing kisses,
That drop the tempting treasures
Of Aphrodite's nectar.

III.

DEAR girl of Mytilene—
Thy dark locks loosely flowing,
Thy full, round, jet eye sparkling
With soul-subduing glances,
Thy brown cheek flushed and glowing,
Thy lips, like opening rose buds
Their earliest balm exhaling,
Thy slender hands of coral,
Whose light and fairy fingers,

The cittern sweetly tuning,
Awake the song of Sappho,
And echo "lovely Phaon!
Adored, but cruel Phaon!"
Dear girl of Mytilene—
Beneath the bending vine-bower,
That hangs its loaded clusters
Full-swoln with purple nectar,
And o'er the vaulted trellice
Its tendrils, wildly ramping,
With broad, green leaves inwoven,
Shut out the star and moonlight—
Dear girl of Mytilene—
As in that secret bower
Thy love-lorn song is flowing,
The shepherd, on the moss bank,
All silvered o'er with moonlight,
Beside a dimpling fountain,
Shall play upon his tabret,
Responsive to thy echoes,
The dying song of Sappho
To loved, but cruel Phaon.

HORATIAN.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel.—Horat. Od. L. IV. 3.

FAIREST of all, bright Urania!
Who, on Helicon's top, sing to the golden stars,
When night draws all her curtains round,
And far over the hills shines the moon's mellow light;
First she gilds the tall mountain-top,
Then on glittering streams, and the wide-spreading
plain,
And the dark waves of the tossing sea,
Pours all her mellowest beams, till earth and ocean
smile—
Fairest of all, bright Urania!
Sing to thy golden-stringed lyre, sing the sweet song
of Heaven.

COME on your sky-blue wings, ye Paphian doves!
And o'er me drop the pure Idalian dew,
Come, fan the air with silken pinions,
Pluck with tender bill the roses,
While they open in the thickets,

Heavy with the tears of morning:
Bear them on the faltering breezes,
As they waken with Aurora,
Lightly brushing o'er the meadow,
Kissing, as they pass, the lilies;
Sighing through the silent forest,
Waking from their nightly slumbers,
All its murmuring tones and echoes;
Floating o'er the sleeping ocean,
When without a wave or billow,
Like a green and golden mirror,
In the morning light it glows,
Bear these nectar-breathing blossoms,
Hovering round on rustling pinions,
Drop them on my mossy pillow,
Till a heap of crimson sweetness
Buries in its down my head.
O! come, ye Paphian doves! from Cyprus come;
Close, o'er the smiling queen of love and joy,
Your wavy pinions, that a canopy
Of living sapphire, gold and amethyst,
Emerald and hyacinth and orient pearl,
Cool her and shield her in its moving shade.
The Paphian Goddess, on her sea-born car
Of polished shell, sails lightly on the wind:
Before her chirp the bounding sparrows,
As they draw the lovely burden
With a trace of gauzy film:

She nearer comes and sends before
Her harbinger, the breath of roses,
Sweeter than the spicy gales,
That blow from Araby, the blest;
Where resting on white coffee-beds,
Or groves of frankincense and myrrh,
They drink the airs of Paradise;
Sweeter than a languid zephyr,
From a flowering myrtle thicket,
Which, beside the briny billow,
Sucks the essences of love,
And by the secret arts of nature,
To the most refined sweetness,
Floating in a cloud of ether,
Turns the salt and bitter wave.
Drop on my head those thrilling dews,
So oft, in childhood's tender hours
You poured in kindling showers around:
But no—my brow is cold—
Passion's fire is spent—
The dews no sooner touch my forehead,
Than they freeze to crystal drops,
And scornful bound away.

I once thought of writing a Poem in the irregular measure of Thalaba, the scene to be laid in Peru, among the Incas. I however wrote only the following *morceaux*.

MAN is born to die,
And so are nations. Thus I mused,
As on the Inca's pyramid
I sat and gazed around.
Here, methought, a royal race,
To whom a nation bowed,
As if they were the sons of Heaven,
Came and paid their adoration
To the all o'er-seeing Sun.
And where is now that royal race?
Gone, and mingled with the ages,
That have passed away.
Here a countless multitude
Of self-made slaves, through weary years
Toiled and built this stately pile.
Years on years have rolled away,
Since they, who built it, lived.
Still it rears its massy front,
And stands unmoved, in proud defiance,
'Gainst the scythe of time
And ruin's crumbling hand;
While the same winds bleach the bones

Of the poor slave, that toiled,
And the great king, who bade.

'T WAS midnight—and the full round moon
Was riding in the midway Heaven,
And poured her faint, but spotless light,
Around the pillow, where he lay.
On the tender grass, and half-shut flower,
That closed their leaves against the nightly air,
The dews, that hung in falling drops,
Sparkled with a feeble ray.
Sleep poured her poppy dews,
And spread her gauzy mantle o'er him;
Like an infant in its cradle,
There in innocence he lay,
Unconscious of impending harm.
Sudden, from the ground he starts,
And feels it rock beneath his feet,
And like the ocean roll.
From the north, a growling sound
Rushes on his ear.
Louder—louder, on it comes,
Like the never-ending din
Of some wide waterfall,
That in the desert pours its ceaseless flood;
Or like the roar of ocean
When the tempest rages,
And on a reef of broken rocks

The billows chafing, bursting foam;
Or like the rush of myriad horsemen,
When to conflict fierce they ride,
And 'neath the thundering tramp
Quivers the embattled plain.

Never ending, still increasing,
On it comes, and now beneath him
Bellows like the groans of hell:
Instant to the ground he falls,
And long entranced is lost.

Hark! the volcan's thunder
Rolling o'er the hills.
As at midnight, when the storm
Rears its front in Heaven,
And sheds a thicker darkness o'er the gloom,
Bursts the thunder-bolt,
And shakes the solid ground:
So the volcan's thunder rolls.
See the lightning's flash
Quivering in the sky—
Long red streams of flaring light
Rise and lick the stars.
From the crater's mouth
Rolls the fiery flood:
Down the rocks it sweeps its way,
And the ice of ages
In an instant melts,
And bursts a torrent to the plains below.

Slower rolls the fiery flood—
From cliff to cliff it tumbles,
And like the mingled roar of thousand cataracts,
Deeper—deeper strikes the ear.

Hast thou seen Niobe's statue,
Stand in speechless agony,
With eye upraised—and clasped hand,
As if to curse the bolt of Heaven?
So Atalpa stood.

THE night draws on,
And closer o'er the wave
Her sombre curtain spreads.
The dark-blue Heaven swells o'er the sea
And rests its pillars on the tossing deep.
The star of evening,
Has lit its lamp,
And hanging o'er the western wave,
Sparkles upon the foam below.
How calmly steal the winds along the main,
And heave the water round the cleaving prow.
The sail swells lightly overhead,
And the streamer scarcely flutters; all is still,
But the petrel as he circles round,
And skims the wave with snowy wing.

'Tis midnight—and the moon
Has lit her lamp in Heaven.

Around her silver throne
The twinkling stars grow pale,
So bright she pours her beams.
Below her, o'er the sea,
Spread like a floor of glass,
Unruffled by the winds,
Her image travels on.
As the mariner looks at the wake of the ship,
He sees a long track of light behind,
And the sparkling foam a world of gems.
I hear the voice of mirth,
The song of love, and the flute's soft note
Floating o'er the wave.
A white sail steers its course against the moon,
And seems a sheet of snow.
Beneath its shade the music breathes—
'Tis the ship of joy that sails.
Streamers of silk wave on the topmast
Shining with purple and gold.
So light the west wind blows—
The sails flap and the cordage creaks;
While moving to the sound of flutes
The long white oars in order strike
And cut the marble main.

The morn is young in Heaven,
And the light is spread over the mountains;
The sky is blue above,

And the earth is green below;
The mist rolls over the rocks,
And curls its light folds in the valley;
The grass is wet with dew,
A gem is on every twinkling blade;
The song of the birds has awaked the sleeper,
And he starts on his journey anew.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 28 line 18 for *cluster* read *clusters*.

- 50 — 11, for *day* read *days*.
- 56 — 18, for *bear* read *bare*.
- 71 — 23, for *mortal* read *moral*.
- 79 — 23, after *shepherdess* a comma.
- 100 — 1, for *have been sung of old*, read *have been sung, of old*
- 104 — 10, for *fountain's* read *fountains*.
- 111 — 8, for *Pynx* read *Pnyx*.
- 134 — 20, for *has* read *hast*.
- 141 — 7, at the end a comma.
- 146 — 16, for *bean* read *beam*.
- 159 — 18, for *hardened* read *harden*.
- 160 — 1, for *was calm* read *was the calm*.
- 162 — 7, for *not have* read *not to have*.
- 185 — 13, for *The* read *She*.
- 197 — 1, for *glory's effulgence* read *glory's full effulgence*.
- 228 — 3, for *Of* read *Or*.
- 239 — 9, for *air* read *all*.
- 254 — 1, for *form* read *from*.
- 265 — 23 for *light* read *life*.
- 285 — 11 for *barbed* read *bared*.
- 352 — 12 for *silver* read *silvers*.
- 392 — 7 for *flower* read *flowers*.



